WHY HUSBANDS DIE TOO YOUNG By DR. HERBERT POLLACK

TODAY'S WOMAN

The magazine for young homemakers

November 1949
25 cents

150 Christmas Gifts for $1 to $10



Modess . . . *because*



DENTAL RESEARCH SHOWS HOW IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Scientific research based on daily dental examinations now proves that every time, *any* time you brush your teeth with Ipana, it helps fight tooth decay by effectively reducing and *keeping down* acid-forming bacteria. *No other paste or powder is more effective for this purpose.* Moreover, Ipana helps remove sticky, bacteria-trapping deposits that invite decay.



DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!

In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *Just as important as fighting decay,* for you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both.*



HERE'S ALL YOU DO—EASY AS 1, 2:

*The Ipana way is doubly-effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana after every meal. (Ipana's special alkaline cleansing formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner, brighter.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula stimulates circulation — promotes healthier gums. *Feel* the invigorating tingle!)

"Most tooth loss comes from gum troubles," say dentists.

Fight Tooth Decay and Gum Troubles Both!

New dental research proves you can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—this doubly-effective Ipana way!*

Dentists warn that to save your teeth, you must protect your teeth and gums *both.*

For not only does tooth decay cause untold misery and expense. *Gum troubles cause even more tooth losses than decay,* say dentists. And gum troubles can strike anyone — even healthy youngsters and teen-agers — with little warning!

*Now you and your family can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH — the doubly-effective Ipana way!**

For new dental research proves that Ipana's special alkaline formula effectively reduces *and keeps down* acid-forming bacteria — considered a major cause of tooth decay. *Ipana fully meets these standards for an anti-decay dentifrice.*

And Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed *to stimulate gum circulation — promote healthier gums.*

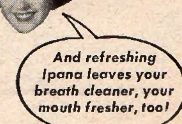
THIS FAMILY SAFEGUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH WITH IPANA DENTAL CARE!



Mrs. Stephen Schwartz of Catonsville, Md., doesn't let *her* family risk halfway dental care! One of Baltimore's most successful fashion models, Mrs. Schwartz knows that an attractive smile depends on healthy teeth and healthy gums *both.* So she makes sure her family fights decay and protects their gums, too — the Ipana way. Give *your* family the same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS—

IPANA for Both!



And refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Today's Woman

A Fawcett Publication

is the young homemaker

NOVEMBER 1949
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GERALDINE E. RHOADS, Editor

Fiction

Articles and Special Features

New Homes for the Young Family

Today's Woman At Home

Cover photograph by Leslie Gill. Blouse by Timbertop

TODAY'S WOMAN AT HOME *cover photograph, page 81, by George Lazarnick*

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PINK-ICE BECOMES A LIVING PART OF YOU, TRIMS AWAY UNWANTED BULGES, ALLOWS COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION

PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Success story of a new kind of girdle that gives young life to your figure

Introduced only four months ago, PLAYTEX *PINK-ICE* has already set records in thousands of stores, made friends with hundreds of thousands of women.

Not just a color—*PINK-ICE* is a new *kind* of girdle—with a power stretch that dynamically slims you to the perfect lines of fashion's new, slender silhouette. With all its figure-moulding qualities, *PINK-ICE* is so comfortable you'll forget you have it on.

PINK-ICE, made of tree-grown latex, washes in ten seconds, pats dry with a towel. And it's absolutely invisible—even under your sleekest dress.

. . . in SLIM shimmering Pink Tubes

sizes: extra small, small, medium, large

PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE	$3.95
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE PANTY GIRDLE WITH GARTERS	$4.95
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GARTER GIRDLE	$4.95
Extra Large PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GARTER GIRDLE	$5.95

Also, see PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE, **$3.95** *and* PANTY GIRDLE, **$3.50**

At all modern corset and notions departments and bettar ★ specialty shops everywhere ...yes, everywhere!

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N. Playtex Park, Dover Del. ©1949

TOP PARISIAN AND AMERICAN DESIGNERS AGREE NEW SLENDER FASHIONS CALL FOR PLAYTEX



PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant fashion originator: "My 1950 silhouette will be my slenderest. And the PLAYTEX Girdle is the best way to a slender figure."



MME. SCHIAPARELLI, world-renowned Paris designer: "This season the silhouette is slenderer than ever—that's why you need the PLAYTEX Girdle."



OMAR KIAM, favorite designer of movie stars: "Today, a woman's figure is so important! PLAYTEX is the ideal way to look right in the new fashions."



PHILIP MANGONE, holder of "Golden Thimble" award: "I prefer to see my clothes on women with the slender figures PLAYTEX gives so effectively."



LILLY DACHE, noted American designer: "I've always said every dress looks better with PLAYTEX; for PLAYTEX slims inches off—and it's invisible!"

Sketched by Lowell Hess



Here There and Everywhere

by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

I meet a cocktail-loving ghost, learn about a sure-fire dieting device, and interview a career-changing expert who has had thirty-four different jobs

T. V. Fur Democracy

Dorothy Doan blew in to see me the other day, on the heels of celebrating her first year as mistress of ceremonies for Columbia Broadcasting's popular television program, Vanity Fair. With the subject of winter clothes in mind, I asked Dorothy what sort of furs look best on the video screen.

"You're bringing up a very democratic point," she told me. "In television, the lower-priced furs nearly always look better than the most expensive furs."

Mink looks pretty good, she said, but let-out muskrat looks better. The silky hair of the muskrat is a little longer, which makes the shadings more effective for the video camera. The costliest black Persian lamb looks bad in television, and the finer the curl, the worse it televises. The cheaper kinds of Caracul lamb, with large curls to pick up the light, televise much more attractively. Ermine doesn't look good, but white mink looks stunning, since the hair is soft and does not eat up the light. White mink is probably the only exception to the video rule against white. No white dresses or hats are worn. Even the white tablecloths have to be tinted pink or blue.

As to the human element on the television screen, Dorothy's program features a guest every day, which gives her plenty of experience at judging video personality. She says, "The television camera seems to get right inside you. No matter what lovely sentiments you express, if they are without inner conviction, the camera somehow reveals it."

Occupational Matchmaker

While I sat with Anne Heywood in her office at the Career-Changing Clinic, the phone kept ringing and people kept dropping in. Wreathed in smiles, young men and women exclaimed how much more contented they are now than they were before Anne Heywood helped them change their careers.

"How do you do it?" I asked her.

She explained, "We get quite a few cases like this: Here is a man who says he ought to be ashamed of himself for thinking of quitting his job. Says he's earning good money, around fifteen thousand a year, and should be happy and satisfied. But he hates the work so much it is making his whole life miserable."

"What will you do for him?" I inquired. "How will you go about it?"

"That depends entirely on circumstances. Every problem is individual. Look at some of our case histories."

From her files, Miss Heywood outlined the case of a college girl, twenty-four years of age, who had worked three years in a science laboratory. Found she hated the seclusion, yearned to be a receptionist in an advertising agency, where she would have contacts with a wide variety of people. Although it would be a pity to waste her science training, she was willing to sacrifice it.

The clinic discovered that she had worked her way through college by taking children for nature walks, and that she still did this as a hobby. The clinic helped her write letters

New Sensational Money-Saving Plan!

The Famous DuBarry Success Course

with Introductory Supply of DuBarry Beauty Preparations *Only* $12.95

Now—by a new plan—you can have the benefits of the DuBarry Success Course—the famous Course you have read and heard so much about—at the lowest price at which it ever has been offered: only $12.95. Yes—the same Course that 340,000 women and girls have taken at home, the same analysis of your beauty problems, the same easy-to-follow lessons, the same individual guidance in helping you to be the slender, attractive woman or girl you want to be.

How can we offer this Course at such a low price? Here is the answer: It has been the practice to furnish with the DuBarry Success Course an assortment of twenty DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations. The tuition for the Course, including these Preparations, has been—*and still is*—$28.50. But hundreds of women have written to ask: "Isn't there some way I can have the Success Course on an easier plan? Why can't I just enroll for the Course and get the Preparations as I need them?"

Lowest Price Ever Offered!

Out of these suggestions has come this new plan: With your Course you receive not twenty, but the *three* preparations you start using at once in your daily beauty ritual—DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation, Cleansing Cream and Skin Freshener. Then you also receive a DuBarry Beauty Guide, showing you what Beauty, Make-up and Hair Preparations you can purchase as you need them at your local store.

This plan makes it possible for *you* to have the DuBarry Success Course for only $12.95—a price so low that you can surely start right away.

The very day your lessons arrive, you start on the most exciting experience of your life. It's just like stepping into the famous Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York, where beauty-maker Ann Delafield has been working her "miracles" for years. You get an individual analysis of your needs—skin, hair, figure, posture, weight. You eat tempting, delicious foods while pounds fade away. You learn professional secrets for making your lips more alluring, your eyes more sparkling, your hair more beautiful.

It's a never-to-be-forgotten adventure in beauty. Keep it a secret if you wish, but you won't be able to keep it a secret long. For the rewards are wonderful—compliments of family and friends, tender attentions from the man in your life, and deep-down pride in what your mirror tells you.

Here's How Easy It Is to Start

Simply fill out and mail the special coupon below, indicating the plan on which you wish to enroll and how you wish to pay your tuition. (Yes, if you prefer, you may enroll for the Course with 20 Preparations for $28.50.) You'll be thrilled with what comes hurrying back to you: Your first lessons, your Success-O-Scope to enable the Salon to give you an individual analysis, and your supply of DuBarry Beauty Preparations (three if you enroll on Plan A; twenty, if you enroll on Plan B).

Don't miss this chance to have the famous DuBarry Success Course at the lowest price ever. Don't wait another day. The sooner you send this coupon, the sooner you will be started on your own exciting adventure in beauty.

Mrs. Inga Merriman, Portland, Maine, took the DuBarry Success Course, lost 15 pounds in 6 weeks. She says: "I never saw anything work so like magic. My skin glows like satin, my hair is soft and lustrous. Let the Success Course show you how to get slim and stay slim."



Before *After*

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SY-44, 693 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Included with your Course when you enroll under **PLAN A**

DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation
DuBarry Cleansing Cream
DuBarry Skin Freshener



Included with your Course when you enroll under **PLAN B**

DuBarry Cleansing Cream
DuBarry Skin Freshener
DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation
DuBarry Lubricating Cream
DuBarry Derma-Sec Formula
DuBarry Foundation Lotion
DuBarry Hand Beauty Cream
DuBarry Rose Cream Mask
DuBarry Eye Cream
DuBarry Make-up Base
DuBarry Lipstick
DuBarry Cream Rouge
DuBarry Eye Shadow
DuBarry Face Powder
DuBarry Lash Beauty
DuBarry Dainty-Dry

Also, Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Creme Hair Dressing, Dandruff Lotion.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SY-44, 693 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Please enroll me for the DuBarry Success Course on the plan before which I have marked X:

☐ **PLAN A** — DuBarry Success Course, with introductory supply of three DuBarry Beauty Preparations.

☐ I enclose $12.95 as payment in full.
☐ I enclose $6.95 and will send $6.95 in one month.

☐ **PLAN B** — DuBarry Success Course with twenty DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Richard Hudnut Hair Preparations.

☐ I enclose $28.50 as payment in full.
☐ I enclose $7.50 and will send $7.50 a month for three more months.

(Send all payments by check or money order payable to Richard Hudnut Salon. Do not send currency).

Miss
Mrs. ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ *Zone* ___ *State* ______________

(If under 21, consult parent or guardian and have their consent before taking this Course.)

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Whether you enroll under Plan A or Plan B, please let us have the following important information so that we may send you DuBarry Beauty Preparations for your type.

Color of Hair ____________
Eyes ____________
Lashes ____________
Skin: Dry ☐ Oily ☐
Age ____________
Height ____________
Weight ____________
Skin Color: Cream ☐ Fair ☐ Med. ☐ Dark ☐

to museums of natural history, stating her special qualifications. The response offered her four jobs to choose from. Now she is happily employed at a museum, doubling as receptionist and monitor of children's tours.

"What about chronic malcontents?" I asked Miss Heywood. "Aren't you pestered by people who never like any job, no matter how often they change?"

She said, "We don't accept everyone who comes to us. We don't psychoanalyse their attitudes. We just find out what abilities they have, what work they care for, and how well they can do it."

I was interested in the case of a highly-paid accountant who switched his career to turkey farming. Raised on a North Dakota farm, he had rebelled against the chores, fled to the city, educated himself as a bookkeeper, and had sworn he never would set foot on a farm again. Eventually his past caught up with him. After some years in New York he longed for the country, bought a small New Jersey cottage, loved it so deeply he gave up bookkeeping, swore he'd never again set foot in a city office.

"It took us eighteen months," Miss Heywood says, "to adjust his re-adjustment. We persuaded him to raise turkeys, and to keep books on the side for neighboring farmers. His wife stood bravely by him, facing their reduced income without a whimper. He is a thriving turkey-farmer now."

Clients of all ages and all financial conditions seek the Career-Changing Clinic. In the two years since Miss Heywood founded the service, 87 per cent of her accepted clients have changed their occupations successfully.

Housewives who never have worked before are numerous among the applicants. Some urgently need to earn money, others haven't enough to do since their children are grown. Though they may not know it, they possess tangible assets, Miss Heywood says, for every housewife has had to be a dietician, nurse, hostess, home decorator and public-relations counselor to her husband. Three housewives who told the clinic they had no aptitudes are now prospering busily. One was advised to open a nursery school, one to enter the catering business, one to conduct a children's costume agency specializing in outfitting school dramatics.

The Career-Changing Clinic has an advisory board made up of executives in key industries and specialized fields of work. Many of the board members are former clients. The first half hour of preliminary consultation at the clinic is free. Thereafter, the fee for helping you change your career runs from twenty-five dollars upward. Eighty-five dollars is the highest fee the clinic has ever charged.

Anne Heywood possesses the triple assets of an unhurried manner, a charming voice and curly nut-brown hair. She is a tallish, good-looking woman in her middle thirties. She seems level-headed and tolerant and besides all these advantages, she really likes people. You can see she does.

No wonder she knows so much about career-changing. Before she created the clinic, she tried thirty-four different jobs herself.

Listen to Lester

The orchestra that plays for a great many society shindigs these days is that of Lester Lanin. I was dizzy after hearing how many engagements his outfit plays in one week. Six in New York, three on Long Island, two in Connecticut, two trips to Pittsburgh, one trip to Cincinnati.

I said, "How do you bandmen keep going?"

"On milk, cat naps, and plenty of clean clothes," Lester informed me. His design for living in a hurry can be of value to any one who has to rush hither and yon. He said:

"We drink gallons of milk, never anything stronger while we are working. We drop off to sleep the minute we climb into a car, train or plane. We change shirts and suits before and after each engagement, and we often change during long sessions of playing. Clean clothes are good for the nerves."

At smart dances these days, says Lester, favorite tunes are the hits from the Broadway shows. When Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney arrives at a party, the band goes right into her pet number, Whirlwind. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., wants Begin the Beguine. Jock Whitney demands that old-timer, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby.

Outstanding among jitterbugs is

JEANNE CRAIN starring in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of "PINKY" a 20th Century-Fox Production



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

WHEN THE STORK CALLED AT JEANNE CRAIN'S HOLLYWOOD HOME, THEY HAD TO CALL THE PAINTER AS WELL AS THE DOCTOR

A big surprise package wrapped in blue ribbon instead of pink—that's what Jeanne Crain's baby, Mike, turned out to be.

"I ordered a girl!" Jeanne told Mike. "I'll have to change this nursery from a rosy glow to a blue room first thing!

"I'll swap the dolls for teddy bears. Change the name on that little bank account we started for you.

"But there's one thing I won't have to change—whether your name is Michael or Michele. It's a brand new idea in skin care to comfort and soothe you, Mike. Now, watch...



"First, you! I'll smooth on Jergens Lotion! In tests on hundreds of tots, doctors found it 5 times better than usual hospital cares. Guards against diaper rash and chafing!



"Then, me! Of course, Mike, I'm an old hand at using Jergens Lotion. Because I know rough, red hands aren't photogenic. And Jergens keeps mine lily-white. Now we both have perfect skin care."



Try this Film Test: To soften, a lotion should be *absorbed* by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend —no heavy oils that merely *coat the skin.* Proof? Water won't form "beads" on a hand smoothed with Jergens (left) as with a lotion that leaves a heavy, oily film (right).

Jergens Lotion

HOLLYWOOD STARS PREFER JERGENS LOTION 7 TO 1 (THEIR BABIES LOVE IT, TOO!)

husky Henry Ford, 2nd. "He's a real artist," Lester declares.

Testing and Tasting

From remote Afghanistan, Mr. Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani arrived in Hollywood for a long sojourn. I don't know why he came here, but here he was, and he couldn't get rice cooked the way he liked it. On an electric stove with only one burner, he set to work concocting dehydrated pre-cooked rice. Now he's rich. The grocery item he evolved was perfected and launched as Minute Rice by General Foods.

There you have one of the true-life stories I heard during a morning of visiting the kitchens, the pantries and the cookbook library maintained by the Consumer Service department of the General Foods Corporation.

Everything connected with General Foods is on a vast, nationwide scale. Hundreds of chemists analyze G. F. foodstuffs from coast to coast. Agricultural wizards grow acre upon acre of fruits and vegetables for experiment. Armies of home economists test the recipes. The kitchen equipment is something to rave over. Kitchen closets dazzle your eyes with gleaming tin and copper molds of every conceivable shape and measure.

Piloted by Marie Sellers, director of the Consumer Service, I paused first to admire the collection of 500 cookbooks, and my interest was keenly drawn to those published by churches in communities such as Hobart, Ind.; Bennettsville, S. C.; and Davenport, Ia.—each containing unique regional recipes from the leading home cooks of the locality.

"Our geographic representation is important," Miss Sellers told me. "In our taste-testing kitchen," she said, "we have found by experience that the most reliable testers are girls who are thoroughly familiar with the food of the region where they grew up. It takes a Western girl to judge Western cooking, a Southern girl to verify real Southern dishes, a New England girl to estimate the true quality of a New England recipe. Girls are more adept than men. Girls know more about the ingredients."

In the baking kitchen, my nostrils were delighted by odors of fresh cake. Four gas stoves were in use, each with a different sized oven, to test the four sizes of ovens commonly used in home kitchens. The cake mix was being baked in animal molds—lambs, rabbits and hens. If the results were satisfactory, the molds would be offered as premiums.

"Who eats the cakes?" I inquired.

"We give them away," Miss Sellers said. "We are proud that nothing cooked here is ever wasted. Jellies and preserves go to charity organizations. Members of our staff help themselves, and employees of the building get their share. The neighborhood pigeons stay fat on our crumbs."

Inspecting two more kitchens where innumerable products are tested, I learned that before the public ever had a chance to sample Birds Eye frozen peas, a hundred varieties from a five-acre plot were grown, cooked and tasted, till every G.F. taster was heartily tired of green peas. The testers put in eleven years of continuous experimentation getting orange juice concentrate ready for the consumers' market.

Patience is a standard G.F. ingredient.

Visit With a Ghost

Esther Selby and her husband, John, editor at Rinehart & Company, recently found a handsome new apartment. It is on New York's Park Avenue, among the large private residences transformed for apartment-dwellers. Hardly a place for ghosts.

But shortly after they moved in, a guest made the announcement that she recognized the room. She had been there years before. The coat of arms over the fireplace, she said, are those of Reginald De Koven, noted musician, composer of that loveliest of operettas, Robin Hood. He built the house, and the room had been his library. She went on to inform the Selbys that the room is supposed to be haunted. Spiritualistic seances were held in it after De Koven's death in 1920. Mysterious rappings, insistent tappings, are reported to emanate from the mantel-piece.

I went to see the Selbys and their ghost on Park Avenue. As we sat over cocktails I admired the forty-foot living room, paneled in solid oak, and the overmantel above the huge fireplace, embellished with the De Koven arms.

"The sound of tapping," Mr. Selby told me, "never comes except around the cocktail hour, about this time of day, as though De Koven were trying to join us."

My glass halted halfway to my lips. I stared at the coat of arms. "Have you heard the ta-tapping?" I stammered.

"Well—not lately," John Selby replied.

Who's That?

The two most recent volumes added to the Ten Greatest Novels of the World series, published by the John C. Winston Company, are revised translations of War and Peace, by Tolstoy, and The Brothers Karamazov, by Dostoevski. I did the revising of the translations, and my biggest headache

The Most SURPRISED Bride in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Woy to the Gollows—ond Plonned to Forget Him! But No Mere Hongmon Could Cheot Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!

WHAT mad purpose drove the ravishing young Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than twenty-four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breatbless but arrogant, to claim at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

What happened on Lord Johnnie's wedding night, and the strange pact that was to take him halfway across the world on a mission of pirateering and vengeance, make this one of the most exciting novels of the year. And here's our amazing offer: BOTH *Lord Johnnie* and Frank Yerby's new best-seller, *Pride's Castle,* are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

BOTH HITS YOURS FOR 3¢!

if you join the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now!

Lord Johnnie

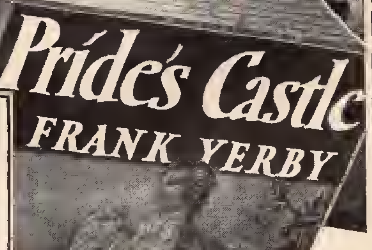
Lord Johnnie
a novel by Leslie T. White

THE Dollar Book Club offers to send you both *"Lord Johnnie"* and *"Pride's Castle"* for just a 3-cent stamp—as a generous sample to new members of the wonderful reading entertainment and equally wonderful savings that nearly a million families enjoy through the Club.

The Dollar Book Club is the only club that brings you popular current novels for only $1.00 each. Yes, the very same titles sold in the publisher's retail editions for $2.75 to $3.00 come to members for only $1.00 each—an incredibly big saving of almost two-thirds!

Such values are possible because of the great economies effected in printing huge editions for so large a membership. And the Club's own new book plant is equipped for money-saving production on a scale never before possible. These big savings are passed on to you!

Take as Few as Six Books a Year!
Membership in the Dollar Book Club requires no dues of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year fulfills your membership requirement. Upon receipt of the attached coupon with just a 3-cent stamp, you will be sent BOTH *Lord Johnnie* and *"Pride's Castle."* You will also receive the current selection for only $1.00. Thereafter, every month, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections, also other popular books offered at only $1.00 each. Buy only the books you want!



More Thrills Than "The Foxes of Harrow"!
Pride's Castle is the exciting new story of a handsome, ruthless fighter and the woman who bartered her beauty, her decency and her riches for his love!

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH JUST A 3-CENT STAMP!

Send No Money—Start Enjoying Membership Now!

When you see the wonderful pockoge of reading you will get immediately and realize these baoks are typicol of values you will cantinue to get from the club for only $1.00 eoch, you will be delighted ta hove become a member! Moil coupon now.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

2 Books for 3c with this offer

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
Dept.11-TWO, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Lord Johnnie* and *Pride's Castle*—BOTH for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me the current club selection and bill me for $1 plus shipping cost.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at $1.00* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr.
Mrs. .... Please Print
Miss

Address ....

City, Zone
& State ....

Occupation .... If under 21, age, please........

*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

was the task of thinning out the confusing swarm of nickname diminutives.

In English we have a moderate use of diminutives such as Betty for Elizabeth and Bill for William, but in Russian each name has many different diminutives, which is very bewildering to most English readers of Russian novels. I am proud to declare that no reader of the novels I revised will need to trace back a character first introduced as Maria, then almost immediately referred to as Manya, Mashenka, Moura or Moussia.

Actually, the glut of Russian nicknames constitutes a language refinement, for each diminutive conveys a particular shade of meaning, but no one who hasn't grown up with the language can possible cope with all their elaborate variety.

As a glaring example, take the diminutives applied to Alexandra, my name. I have at least fourteen of them in Russian. When Russians are being formal with me, they call me Alexandra Petrovna, the patronymic Petrovna meaning daughter of Peter, because Peter was my father's given name. Next comes Sasha, the nickname all my friends call me by. In Russia, however, I might also be nicknamed Shoura or Sanya. All three, however, also are used as diminutives of Alexander. Some fun, huh?

Now for the complications. If you want to call me *dear* Sasha, the way to do it is to call me Sashenka or Sashichka. Sashka means *naughty* Sasha. *Little* Sasha is Sashok, and *funny* little Sasha is Sashenok. All these meaningful nicknames may equally take the forms of Shurenka, Shurik, Shurka, Sanychka or Sanyushka.

And that isn't all—but I guess it's enough.

Riding Gote

The stylish new tight-waisted, full-skirted coats that Paris is wearing this autumn are known as redingotes. The word "redingote" has been batted back and forth between the English language and the French language in a most peculiar way. Originally it was plain English "riding coat." Paris borrowed it in the Eighteenth Century, and misspelled it "redingote." Then after awhile we took the word back again, but with the twisted French spelling. . . . Languages can be as unaccountable as styles.

Strictly Human

An Ohio wife nagged her husband into insisting on a raise in pay, and he got fired for it. Work was scarce in his line. He and his wife and children drifted toward ruin. In desperation the wife went to the Family Service supported by the local Community Chest. She took all the blame for the situation, promised to make what amends she could if it were remedied. A Family Service committee called on her husband's former boss, laid the cards on the table, talked the boss into giving the job back to the husband. All hands profited from the deal. A family saved from disaster is an asset to any community.

I thought you would want to know about this down-to-earth instance of help provided by the Community Chest. It is merely one of a great many similar incidents that have come to my attention. In addition to Family Service work, the Community Chest provides essential funds to the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, visiting nurses and most of the neighborhood welfare units that uphold our American way of life. Your Community Chest deserves the very largest contribution you can afford.

She's an Executive

The female of the family Cervidae, which includes all kinds of deer, has long been a classic symbol for gentleness. "Gentle as a doe" is a familiar expression. From her New Jersey farm, a friend of mine now tells me a different story about a doe.

This doe is a lone operator, doesn't hang around with the other deer, prefers solitude. But she is no weak sister.

As the late pears ripened on a tree less than a hundred yards from my friend's farmhouse, the doe came every day to nibble a leisurely fruit diet. She felt very much annoyed when the pears were discovered by a neighbor's cows. With her head lowered for efficient butting, the gentle little doe hauled off and chased five big fat cows away from the pear tree. She ran them right into their own barn, a quarter of a mile across the field, then she very calmly returned to her dainty lunch.

—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

Are you
CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If you are moving, advise us in time so you won't miss your next issue of Today's Woman. Allow five weeks for a new delivery. When ordering a change, please name magazine and furnish an address label from a recent issue. If unable to do so, supply old and new address, including postal zone number. Address all subscription correspondence to: Today's Woman, Fawcett Building, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn.

Nylon

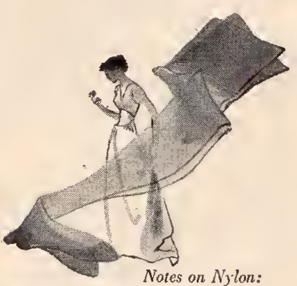
IS CHRISTMAS to a lady! Here, in incredibly fine Tricot knit nylon, her Dream-Gown . . . exquisite with scattered petal applique . . . practical, too, to dip, dry and don for care-free eons. The Gown, about $8.95, is from the Luxite Cotillion Set of Gown, Slip, Petticoat, Bed Jacket and Panty. All in new Dancing Colors . . . and at all fine stores.

Luxite

Underthings and Sleepwear by

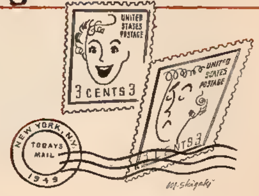
HOLEPROOF

® Holeproof Hosiery Company
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
In Canada: London, Ontario



Notes on Nylon:
Holeproof Makes Proportioned Nylons of Note, too.

Today's mail



Selfish Blues?

Just read your First-Baby "Blues" (August). Where do you get your ideas? I have had three children and have yet to look down upon the head of my newest born and feel dislike for it.

Anyone who can go through childbirth, take the tiny babe into her arms and feel anything but relief, joy and affection for it, most certainly is selfish and inhuman.

Beth Belanger
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

My first baby was born March 1st and I am only now completely on the road to recovering from first-baby "blues."

Your article could have warned me of what to expect and relieved my tension. I am suggesting that my doctor give copies of this article to all his first-baby patients.

D. K.
New York City

Family Gold Mine!

Louise Bruner's article Are We Fools To Be Parents? (July) brings up a subject that we all talk about.

She suggested three basic reforms. Her first one was: The financial burden must be eased for parents. Canada has an extensive plan to aid her families. Why couldn't our government help us? If enough of us ask, it might. Let's try.

Mrs. Barrett
El Cajon, Calif.

I believe that the divorce rate would drop if we could settle some of the problems of parenthood and relieve the worries about finances.

Helen Deffendall
Orange, Calif.

One of your readers wants Bigger and Better Families (July). I'm all for them, but first let's have not "a chicken in every pot," but a "gold mine in every backyard."

Virginia Davis
Great Falls, Mont.

Books Abroad?

Some parents tell me that they don't want to have their children read books that have foreign backgrounds and characters. Can some of your readers tell me how they feel about this and why?

We have our annual national celebration of Children's Book Week from November 13 to 19 this year. Don't you think we should make this an *international* event?

Sybil V. Jacobsen
Executive Director
Children's Book Council
62 West 45 St.,
New York 19, N. Y.

Editor's Note: How do you feel about it? We're interested, too!

Kicks and Kudos for Krimmer



Dora Krimmer (Today's Mail, August) proposes that women assume the business and political responsibilities of the country and men should keep house.

She omitted one important item: Are the men supposed to bear the children, also?

Mrs. Laurence Thompson
Painesville, Ohio

I don't understand this question of whether American women do or do not make good policy-makers. They settled that for us long ago. American women are our top policy-makers. Most of them, shrewdly concealing their power under the designations "housewives," "homemakers," etc., are too important to mess with such trivia as making money, passing laws, running industries. They let American men do stuff like that. And they run the men.

Al Capp
Creator of Li'l Abner

If Dora Krimmer is looking for battle, my pen is loaded. If women did put on the pants, they'd find that pants don't fit comfortably.

The male is by nature physically and emotionally more able to carry on the affairs of our world. The difference in sex hormones isn't responsible for the mess the world is in, but universal ignorance and misconceptions of basic economic principles, confusion of purpose, lack of sound logic in reasoning and thinking, and failure to apply the Golden Rule. These have led one civilization after another to destruction.

Women can do something to correct this. The world belongs to the new generation and women are the mothers of men, so in the last analysis we do wear the pants!

With the sharpened needle of Knowledge we can tailor those pants to the exact size and style we want!

Mrs. May W. Hall
East Hampton, Conn.

. . .Her letter is an open declaration of frustration. She has a strong secret itch to don her husband's trousers, take over his razor and pipe, and relegate the poor guy to the kitchen while she expounds her own political views.

Let me warn Mrs. Krimmer that the men who are "running around too much" are usually running from a woman. If a home is attractive and pleasant as well as comfortable—all the job of a woman—a blast of dynamite can't force a man out of it.

Marion H. Home
Augusta, Ga.

I heartily agree with Mrs. Krimmer. My husband is so busy being civic minded that he's the perfect example of the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees.

There is genuine surprise in our daughters' voices when they say, "What are you doing home?"

Men should go back to the kitchen (home). If enough wives and mothers yell loud and long we can cut down enough trees so our husbands can see the forest.

Alice Taylor
Toppenish, Wash.

No More Modern!



Most of the houses in your building section are modern in design. I dislike them because they don't lend a warm feeling to a home. Most of those I have been in are small and have low ceilings.

I feel that you buy a house for a lifetime investment. Give me the good old-style house with plenty of room. I'd like to see some colonial or Cape Cod houses in TODAY'S WOMAN. Don't your other readers want some of the "old-fashioned" warmth too?

Mrs. B. F.
Chicago, Ill.

Fiction Fans

What in the world ever happened to those short novels you formerly ran every month? I miss them enormously. I wish you'd come clean and tell us why you're not running them and when you will be using them again?

Mrs. N. A.
Baltimore, Md.

Let's forget the oh-so-happy marriage stories that fail to reflect the subtle heights and depths of this complex relationship.

I particularly like your Marriage Today series, because it is realistic; characters talk to each other the way people do in real life, and there is no sugar-coating the problems they face.

Why don't you continue this series indefinitely?

Mrs. J. E. M.
Portland, Ore.

Editor's Note: What do you think, readers? Would you like to see the Marriage Today series continued in 1950?

Down With Ducas!



Dorothy Ducas defeats her own purpose in Cut Your Own Pattern for a Happy Marriage (August). She cuts hers a little crooked!

To her pattern for a happy marriage, I say Nuts!

Mrs. Betty Sutherland
Berea, Ohio

Thank heavens there are so few lost souls like her running around. Marriage in my estimation is a home and a family, not a lot of dates and a restaurant.

My, how she will look at fifty, dyeing her hair so that she can have just one more date!

Betty Weaver
Kansas City, Mo.

Let all of us live in our own way, not by book patterns. Dorothy Ducas is strictly right!

Pearl Davis
Sand Fork, W. Va.

From Fat to Fit

I threw away your September issue before my husband could get hold of it. He likes your fiction but I wasn't going to let him see that diet article by Dr. Pollack. He kids me to death every time he gets a chance because I never can stick on a diet. So I certainly don't want him to see yours.

Can any of your readers help me? I'd like to lose weight but can't seem to stay on a diet more than a couple of days. Do other women know any tricks to help me stick to a diet?

Mrs. Louis Grossman
New York City

We'd like to learn a trick or two ourselves! It's unfair, we've always said, that every dish we love is fattening. Have you got a pet way to cut down your calories? Let's pool our ideas and send them to: The Editor, TODAY'S WOMAN, *67 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Don't forget to include your full name and address.*

....Adventures in

★★★When Charlotte Montgomery's daughter was asked to fill in a questionnaire telling what part of her mother's time went into (1) paid work, (2) homemaking, (3) unpaid work, young Miss Montgomery said her mother gave "half time to all three."



Charlotte Montgomery, who tells readers how to stretch their shopping dollars in What Makes a Good Shopper? See page 49

Mrs. Montgomery is the mother of two, wife of Harry M. Montgomery, President of the advertising agency, Hanly, Hicks and Montgomery.

In her home town, Watchung, New Jersey, she is on the Board of Education, President of the Council of Social Agencies, on the Board of the League of Women Voters, Vice President of the New Jersey State Planned Parenthood organization (in which she has been active for fifteen years), and on the Supervising Committee of a new community activity, the Community Audit.

With her special knowledge of the merchandise market, she's especially equipped, we feel, to do such a helpful article for TODAY'S WOMAN as What Makes a Good Shopper? which appears on page 49.

She has published two novels and a number of magazine articles, and does free-lance copy writing for several advertising accounts. For a year and a half she has been doing "The Woman's Viewpoint" column in Tide magazine, trade paper of advertising and merchandising. Apparently women readers of Tide welcome her as their great new spokesman. "So be it," they write. And, "Hear, hear." And, "Wait till I show this to some of the men."

★★★James Aswell comes right out of the territory described in his story Shadow of Evil. With Mrs. Aswell, he lives on a farm two miles outside the oldest white settlement in the State of Louisiana. This town of about 7500 souls is named Natchitoches. It is properly pronounced Na-Ka-Tosh (stress each syllable equally), but long-distance telephone operators call it most anything, and soldiers bivouacking on the Aswell farm during the war renamed the town "Smith." Let us call it that.

For ten years Mr. Aswell was a good citizen of Manhattan (New York), devoted to newspaper work. Then he and his wife decided they didn't have enough room. They planned a house with a living room 20x30 feet, a fireplace so large they would have to use a dragging team to bring in logs. Then they moved to Louisiana and arranged a house exactly like that.

In 1940 he ran for Congress from his district. "Lost my sense of humor during the excitement over readmission of Louisiana to the Union in 1940," he says; "but the voters saved me from a fate worse than death."

Now he is out of politics, though not out of the local news. There was great excitement in "Smith" when The Midsummer Fires, his most recent novel, came out. It was burned in the public square as "obscene and an invitation to lust." A local lawyer got out a special edition marked with his identification of the characters as real people in the neighborhood. "He was



Drawing by Rosalind Hightower

James Aswell, author of Shadow of Evil, as he was drawn by his talented wife

Editing

wrong in every case," says Mr. Aswell. One of Aswell's kin heard that *he* was burned on the public square. Her comment: "I always said James would bring something like this down on us."

As for the author himself, asked to make some statement on his sensational reception, he contented himself with the following: "The idea of burning books gives me the creeps, but I imagine the publisher will be able to meet the demand if the idea spreads."

★★★Al Dorne is famous for he-man illustrations. When his painting for Shadow of Evil (page 33) came in, we said, "My, what a pretty and interesting girl Al has in his picture!" Our art



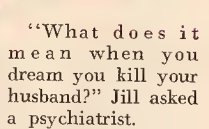
Al Dorne, illustrator of Shadow of Evil, who can draw anything—including beautiful girls. He's that rare breed—a native New Yorker, never saw a cow until 21

editor called up the artist to pass on to him this fine bouquet. "I can draw girls," said the artist, drawing back. "It's just that I'm never *asked* to draw a girl."

Actually, we can't name anything that Al Dorne can't draw. He is able to see a room once, and carry away so vivid a memory of it that months later he can describe it to you. This isn't just photographic memory. It's a memory of color and design of the scene, *plus* an emotional reaction to what he has observed. "I don't sketch outdoors, or take photographs anymore," he says. "I get more out of looking. For example, my impression of Yosemite is much more profound than any collection of photographs of it could be. I can make a better painting of Yosemite, working from my emotional feelings, than I could from pictures.

[*Continued on page* 156]

Why you want to murder



"What does it mean when you dream you kill your husband?" Jill asked a psychiatrist.

"Your dream shows that even though you love your husband, you resent him," he said.

Before Jill could protest, the psychiatrist explained: "Every normal woman has some hostile feelings toward her husband, her children or others close to her. It's impossible to love someone unless you also hate him. Psychologists call this two-way feeling *ambivalence*."

The woman who mocks her husband in public, especially before his friends, may insist she's kidding. But psychologists call that a typical demonstration of ambivalence. They say the same about women who perpetually nag their husbands and children.

Why are you ambivalent? You and all normal people were born with two sharply opposed instincts:

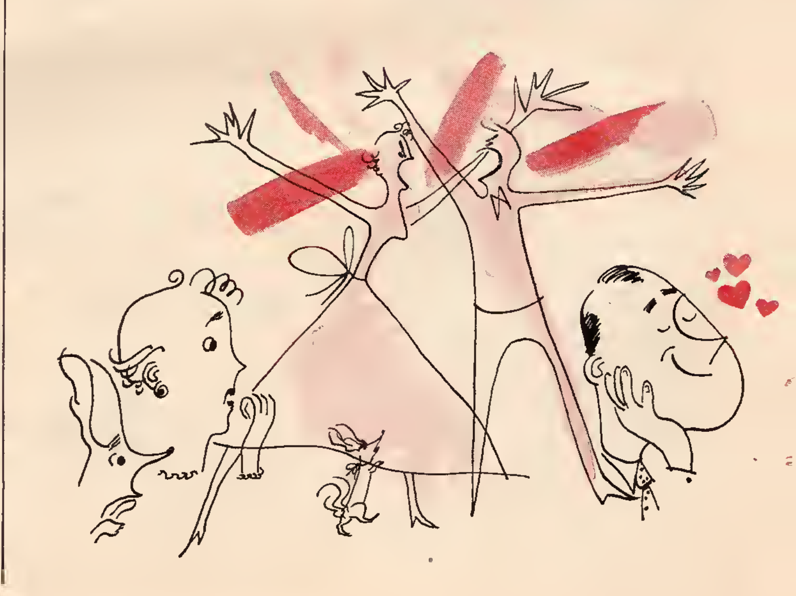
1) The need to be loved and protected.

2) The need to be self-sufficient and independent.

These two instincts are so contradictory that any situation satisfying one thwarts the other. So, while you treasure your husband for loving and protecting you, you resent his robbing you of your independence.

The average adult finds its morally repugnant to perform unkind deeds or harbor unkind thoughts toward someone she loves. Rather than admit such impulses, she pushes them into her subconscious mind. No longer feeling her impulses consciously, she no longer is ashamed of them.

But repressed emotions grow strong and more dangerous; they generate an overwhelming guilt complex. This, like the emotions themselves, may remain subconscious. Psychologists say that repressed hostility and its com-



your Husband

by Amy Selwyn

panion guilt often cause serious illnesses which, in turn, may increase emotional conflict.

This vicious cycle can be broken, though, if you're willing to:

1) Admit you can't avoid feeling hostile toward those you love.

2) Get your hostility out of your system.

This doesn't mean that you must shout at your husband or bruise your children, to make sure your aggressive feelings don't boomerang and make you sick. But forget the idea that it's morally wrong to have such impulses toward those you're supposed to love.

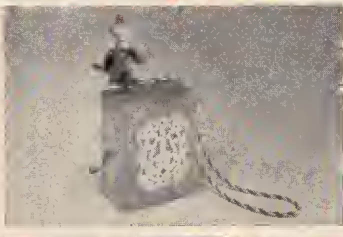
There are many ways to get rid of repressed emotions. Anything that consumes physical energy consumes emotional energy too. When you take the baby out, don't sit on a bench. Walk him around the block a few times. If you haven't a baby, walk anyway. Sing in the bathtub. Cry at the movies. Sew your own clothes. Mental hygiene experts maintain that even doodling provides a worthy outlet for buried emotions.

Authorities agree, though, that the best way to lose your inner hostility is to express it directly to the person who's causing you to feel as you do. When your husband does something annoying, air both sides of the question, then and there. Otherwise, momentary irritation may emerge later as chronic anxiety, headaches or sexual coldness.

If you're afraid to express your feelings for fear of what your husband may think, remember these words of psychiatrist Karl A. Menninger: "True love can endure only between husbands and wives who allow themselves to express the anger, resentment and frustration which inevitably develop."

Sketch by Marion Shigaki

shop with today's woman



Hurrah for the hurdy-gurdy! We just love this toy version of the organ-grinder's box and are tempted to try a hand at earning some pennies with it. Just turn the handle, the music box plays and the monkey dances up and down. Buy a few and put them away for Christmas. $2.50 ppd. Edith Chapman, 50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.



Aluminum handled steak knives are modern in design, light in weight and low in price. Blades are finest quality stainless steel, hollow ground, hand honed and polished. Handles are cast directly onto the blade so they'll never loosen. Knives are 9" long overall with 5" blades. Set of 6 is $7.95 ppd. Post Mart, 260 E. 78th St., New York 21.



Christmas card album solves the problem of how to display your favorite cards. Sturdy album has 11 pockets to hold cards of all sizes and shapes. After the holidays, album can be folded and put in the bookcase as a permanent record of cherished greetings. $2.95 ppd. Ward Phillips Co., Box 3451, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by mail directly from the stores.

shop with today's woman

Now is the time to order as many of these gay Christmas stockings as you'll be needing for December 25th. Each member of the family will want his own bright red felt stocking with his name in white. The nice thing about these is that you'll use them again year after year. $1.50 each or 3 for $3.50 ppd. Salt & Pepper Shop, 445 E. 86th St., New York 28, N. Y.



If he smokes a pipe—here's a buy in a humidor for Christmas giving. It's made of top grain leather, tooled in 24 kt. gold, has a brass knob handle, a removable glass liner and an Aztec humidifier under the lid. Humidor holds 12 oz. of tobacco and comes in wine, green, saddle and blue. $2.95 plus 25c postage. State second color choice. Ellison's, Box 284, Orange, N. J.



Daisy Bumstead, familiar to all Blondie and Dagwood fans, is now three-dimensional. She's made of washable foam rubber, can turn her head and is so well behaved that she barks only when her stomach is squeezed. Both jacket and collar are removable. 12" high, 12" long and costs $4.95 ppd. Novelty Mart, 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.



All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.



Card Table Playhouse

$3.25 *postpaid*

It's a play house that slips easily and snugly over any card table—and transforms it into a private haven for small fry. Of durable cotton cloth, realistically colored—complete with prop for peaked roof. Slotted entrance provides ventilation. No. TG1868.



Omelet Pan

$1.98 *postpaid*

A double frying pan that folds in the middle. Makes an omelet as light as a breeze. Perfect pan for frying two foods separately. Omelet pan is of heavy gauge aluminum, 10¼" in diameter when open and 1¼" deep. Cool black handles 5" long fit together when pan is closed. No. HK3128.



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A TIE'S BEST FRIEND

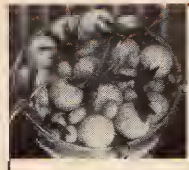
Ties cannot wrinkle or fall off. Flexible plastic holders hold ties individually with a smooth, sure grip, keeping them neat, orderly, each tie visible, easy to select.

Sturdy steel rack 10½" long with baked enamel Ivory finish. 24 colorful plastic holders in assorted Ivory, Red, Green and Blue colors. **TI-D-Tie Rack is an Ideal Gift** for every man on your Xmas list. Attractively boxed. $1.75 postpaid. 3 racks for $5.00. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s Please.

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U. S. Patent No. 2403834



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Tree-Ripened Super Quality *FRESH*

Safe delivery guaranteed. Free booklet on request. ORDER NOW—EXPRESS PREPAID (Add twenty-five cents for extra shipping charges in far west.)

BUSHEL basket (approx. 55 lbs.) $4.95

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Bun and Lena Pipkin, Owners

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Disc "Belt" Bracelet $3.75—With monogram $4.75

(Tax included—postage prepaid)

HANDSOMELY BUCKLED "BELT" BRACELET of gold or rhodium link chain swings a monogram disc. For monograming, underline first initial of last name—allow 10 days for delivery (no C.O.D.'s).

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glorious white lapin!

Luxuries for a white Christmas! Fur barrel muff with black satin lining, zipper closing. $12.75

Matching ascot, 38" long with black satin lining. $10.95

Smart fur beret, black satin lined, in all sizes. $10.95

Also Head Band in this or stenciled leopard lapin. $3.95

Also fur by the yard, fur buttons for suits, coats.

Tax and postage included.

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. . . personalized pottery



COMPLETE 4 PIECE SET *ONLY* $5.00

***prepaid in* United States**

Colorful, durable dinner and butter plates, mug, bowl. Child's first name baked into all pieces. Special design for boy or girl. Enthusiastic letters from pleased customers received daily. Ideal Christmas, birthday or occasional gift that pleases parents and child. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt delivery. This original design, fine pottery sold only through mail order by us. Send child's name and sex, with check or money order to

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Hundreds of Exciting Gifts!

You've never seen such unusual gifts before! All kinds of newest, latest gifts for men, women, kiddies; useful articles for the entire home, kitchen; toys, flattering personalized gifts, etc. It's a great catalog—and you'll enjoy thumbing through its many pages.

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Write Today for Big Free Catalog

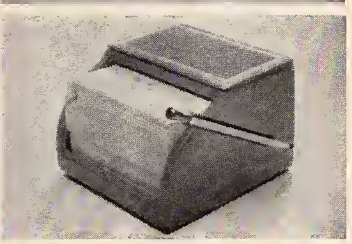
Bancroft's

2433 So. Indiana Ave., Dept. 151, Chicago 16, Ill.

shop with today's woman



Entrance elegance—a solid brass Early American door knocker with a full name hand-engraved in Old English lettering. It is 7" long and costs $4.25 ppd., including engraving. The companion door knocker for bedroom or guest room is engraved with a first name in block lettering for $1.97. Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. No COD's.



Magnetic memo pad—just the gift for a busy executive. Leather pad comes with a gold-plated mechanical pencil which magnetizes to its right side. Florentine leather with gold tooling and three stamped initials. Brown, forest green, red, maroon, blue or ivory. 900 memo sheets about 4" x 4". $5.95 ppd. including initials. Camalier & Buckley, 1141 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.



Three little pigs and the mama piggie, too. Mama is a whopping big bank, hand-painted with a clover design and the owner's name on one side. The little ones are purely decorative and insist on tagging along. This set is the kind of gift that is suitable for children or adults. $3 ppd. La Palette, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. No COD's

More Shopping News

shop with today's woman

Mouli julienne—imported from France to make kitchen chores simpler than ever. Rotary-action gadget will julienne, shred or slice vegetables and fruits with just a few cranks of the handle. Three stainless steel disks for the various tasks are removable for easy cleaning. A wonderful, practical gift at $2.49 ppd. Spencer Gifts, Atlantic City, N. J.



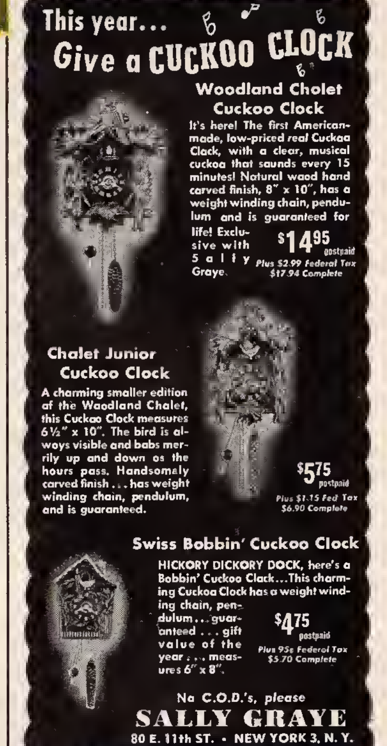
Masculine appeal ashtray is handsome enough to win feminine approval. Solid brass tray measures 7" in diameter and has a huge carved initial as its focal point. Brass is non-tarnishable and is alcohol- and burn-proof as well. Comes in all letters, including Mc. $4.95 ppd. Abbott Gifts, 22 W. 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y. Specify initial.



The wild and woolly West—home of rootin', tootin' cowgirls and boys. The rage for western outfits is not limited to the boys, it seems. Here's a sturdy denim outfit for tomboys—skirt and bolero trimmed in traditional fashion. For brother, matching chaps and bolero. Small, medium, large sizes for ages 3 to 10. $3.75 ppd. Northmore's, Box 756, Highland Park, Ill.



on pages 141 through 155



PERFECT BREAKFASTS!



Serves Bacon Hot with your eggs! No curled-up bacon slices—no greasy paper draining! Bacon will fry through—no need to turn it! Send for your polished chrome steel Bacon-Egger today! Postpaid anywhere in U.S.A. (Check or Money-order only) to:

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73-04 37th Ave., Dept. ET, Jackson Heights, L.I., N.Y.

Xmas gift problems solved!

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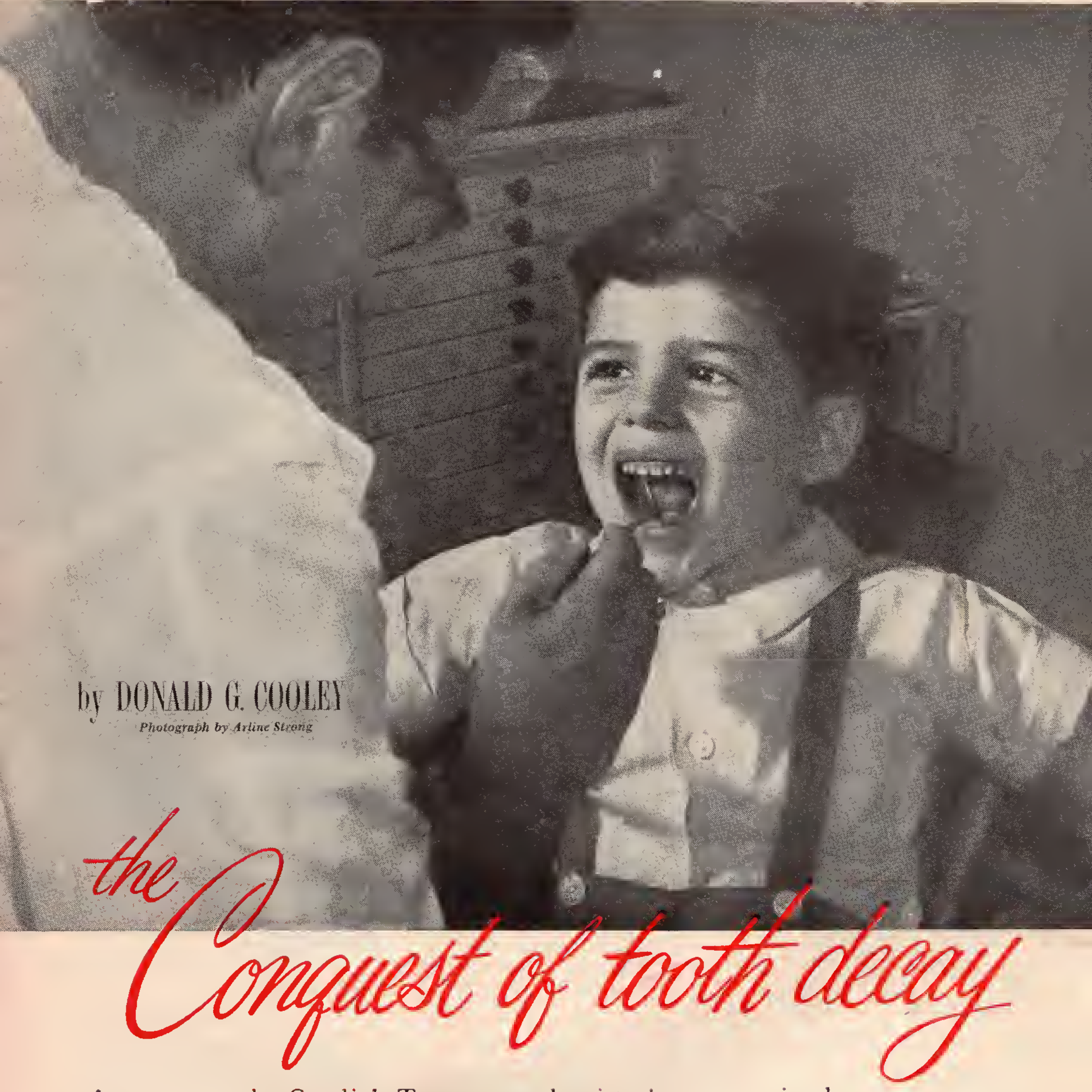


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by DONALD G. COOLEY

Photograph by Arline Strong

the Conquest of tooth decay

A report on the Gottlieb Treatment—dentistry's newest miracle

Your children may never need to know what it means to have a tooth filled. There's real hope now that the dentist can give their teeth an invisible armor plating that stops decay before it gets started.

The same treatment can give your own teeth a "beauty coating" that makes them practically self-cleaning. And if you have the kind of sweet tooth that shoots pain clear to your toes when you eat sugar, or sensitive teeth that jab you with agony when cold foods or liquids touch them—you can bid the tenderness good-by.

These sound like irresponsible promises—especially when you realize that 95 per cent of Americans suffer from tooth decay, and that at this moment we have an estimated half-billion cavities aching to be filled. But a new treatment, credited with ability to stop in its tracks nine-tenths of all tooth decay, has run a brief but critical gauntlet of dental testing and experience.

All that is required is a gentle application of certain chemical salts to tooth surfaces. The dentist dips a tuft of cotton into a liquid, rubs it thoroughly over the tooth surface, then applies another solution in the same way. The job is done. Nothing could be simpler!

The entire procedure is as painless as brushing one's

teeth. I discovered that when I was introduced to the treatment by my own dentist.

After the cavity was prepared my dentist applied the liquids as described. I didn't know what he was up to, but I knew too well what was coming when he reached for an air bulb syringe. So I curled up my toes; then— All I felt was the cool air in my mouth!

Naturally, the dentist was quite pleased with himself. When I asked what he'd done, he explained that he had given me a Gottlieb treatment and he handed me a mirror so I could see the tooth. The cavity had a finely crusted white coating deposited by the liquids he had applied.

The treatment gets its name from Dr. Bernhard Gottlieb, who developed it. Dr. Gottlieb, who is director of the department of oral pathology and dental research at Baylor University's College of Dentistry, Dallas, Tex., calls the technique "positive-impregnation." There is nothing secret or mysterious about the treatment. Indeed, Dr. Gottlieb spends much of his time addressing dental societies to drive home his message that 90 per cent of tooth decay is preventable.

Don't confuse positive-impregnation with the now general practice of applying sodium fluoride to children's teeth to prevent decay. Fluorides are excellent, forestalling about 40 per cent of decay—but only about half as effective as a Gottlieb treatment.

You can reduce mouth acidity by avoiding an excessive intake of sugars and sweets and by brushing your teeth, or at least rinsing your mouth right after meals. Some toothpastes and powders contain new kinds of decay inhibitors—either ammonium-ion or the less well-known Chloresium. The latter contains chlorophyll, the miracle substance in green leaves that converts sunlight into food energy. Both of these substances help to reduce the mouth acidity associated with tooth decay.

Why should *any* tooth decay? Tooth enamel is so granite-hard that it dulls steel drills. It's harder than the porcelain surface of your kitchen sink. Yet decay organisms do penetrate tooth enamel. Dr. Gottlieb's theory of tooth decay explains how cavities get started —also, how chemical impregnation blocks decay, desensitizes touchy teeth.

If you were able to look at a sliced section of one of your teeth under a microscope, you could see the junction where the hard outer shell of enamel merges with softer dentine of the inner tooth. And you would notice something very curious: delicate lines like soft fuzzy threads, run through the enamel and in some cases continue into the dentine. These are known as lamellae. They are veins of soft, or-

ganic material—open highways along which decay-causing bacteria can filter past the enamel.

This theory of tooth decay by-passes a score of other theories upon which dentists have never fully agreed. The vital point is that Dr. Gottlieb concentrated on one factor of the problem about which something practical could be done. For, if you can seal the microscopic soft pits on a tooth's surface (the lamellae openings) decay organisms can't penetrate—so, no decay.

The road from theory to practice is usually long. Dr. Gottlieb's research did not end until a working team of sealing-off chemicals was found with the help of his associates at Baylor University.

Suppose it's your child in the dentist's chair having a Gottlieb treatment. First the teeth are cleaned and kept dry with cotton rolls or rubber dam. Then a zinc chloride solution is applied to all tooth surfaces for one minute. This is followed by a solution of potassium ferrocyanide applied in the same way. In the case of back teeth, a third liquid, an aqueous solution of silver nitrate, gives added protection.

That's all. The process may take as long as an hour for the whole mouth, since three or four teeth are treated at a time. Chemical action causes a cement-like deposit of a white salt to be laid down through the entire length of the lamellae, the soft crevices in the teeth.

How often should the treatment be repeated? Twice a year, Dr. Gottlieb advises, since new, unprotected tooth areas come through the gums as the teeth erupt. At about the age of six, the first permanent molars make their appearance. This is a vital time to begin protection of the last set of natural teeth your child will ever have. If Junior falls off his bicycle and chips a tooth, the freshly exposed surface should be impregnated at once.

Even baby teeth are helped by impregnation when they're full of cavities and filling is impractical. The treatment won't fill the cavities but it will coat the walls and keep decay from reaching the pulp. This serves the purpose of a filling in teeth that will soon be shed anyway.

Why won't the treatment work for adults too? It will. But by the time we reach our early twenties, most of us have gained some immunity to tooth decay. Dr. Gottlieb surmises that minerals from saliva are gradually deposited through the years, doing a natural sealing-off job. By the time children develop such defenses they aren't children any more, and decay has done its worst harm.

A simple test proves that impregna-

tion has "taken." If a blast of cool air directed on a tooth can't be felt, the absence of pain proves that invasion routes are closed off. The disappearance of sensitivity to sweets suggests that the blocking of pain routes has also blocked bacterial invasion routes.

Indeed, as my own experience with a sensitive molar indicates, impregnation may well become routine procedure in preparing cavities for fillings or inlays involving chewing surfaces. Teeth often remain sensitive to cold or pressure after large fillings are in place. A method of taking the touchiness out of cavities is a boon indeed.

As for beauty, tooth impregnation gives us the real possibility of "self-scouring" teeth. Some teeth are notoriously hard to keep shining despite faithful scrubbing. Enamel surfaces which seem hard and shiny to the eye may actually be freckled with minute pits—the openings of invasion channels. Food particles and debris stick like glue to these rough spots. Impregnation fills up the depressions, not unlike plaster smoothing a rough stone wall. As a result the teeth are not only easy to keep clean, but the normal flow of saliva itself may keep them shining.

Where can you get the impregnation treatment for yourself or your children? Perhaps your dentist is using it. Last fall, when Dr. Gottlieb reported his technique at a Boston meeting of the American Dental Association, at least five hundred New York dentists were doing tooth impregnations. Any dentist can give the treatments, without buying a single piece of equipment or learning any new skill. In most cities there are at least several dentists who have had practical experience with the Gottlieb treatment and can exchange technical information with fellow members of the profession. The best possible source of professional information is, of course, Dr. Bernhard Gottlieb, of Baylor University, Dallas, Tex.

Don't jump to the conclusion that if your children have their teeth impregnated twice a year, they'll never have any dental troubles at all. Gum disorders, improper bite, lack of dietary essentials for building good teeth can still afflict them. But if they never have to have teeth extracted because of advanced decay, their chances of developing pyorrhea will be lessened.

The war on tooth ills advances on many different fronts. If you co-operate with your dentist, you will agree with the statement of Dr. Allen O. Gruebbel, executive secretary of the council of dental health of the American Dental Association: "There is no longer a reason for loss of teeth because of dental cavities."

—Donald G. Cooley



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I'm thankful because there is nothing that I want; I have everything. I'll never have the biggest house in town, or a Hattie Carnegie original. My grocery bill hasn't been paid yet this month. But my husband and I are worth, well, I'd say—five million dollars. We've got five children. And our days are brimful of blessings.

I've never had dinner in New York's Twenty-One Club nor do I expect to. But at dinner in our house today we had sweet potato pie made North Carolina style. I'll wager the chef at Twenty-One has never heard of my recipe nor would he have the *touch* to put in the right amount of sugar, butter and vanilla. He wouldn't care whether it was the best pie in the world to a ten-year-old boy because he couldn't see his eyes grow big and hear him ask excitedly, "Can we have seconds?"

We didn't have dinner music by a name band at our house unless a boy whistling as he wiped the dishes, a little girl practicing her accordion, Stephen practicing Lesson Six on a rented clarinet and the record player blaring Woody Woodpecker all at the same time could be called a name band: Smith's Supper Hour Program.

I haven't had my house *done* by an interior deco- [*Continued on page* 115]



Sketch by Jan Balet

I'm worth FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

A young mother's Thanksgiving proclamation · by Joan Smith



Mrs. Baxter and the Boned Turkey

In which Mrs. Baxter stimulates the digestion of a poor, starved millionaire. P.S. He's also her husband's boss!

Peggy Baxter trailed after Sissie Jamieson through the town's most elegant department store, feeling rather like a puppy on a leash. Mrs. Jamieson was a head taller than Mrs. Baxter, who stood five-feet-two and who still, despite having been married about a year, looked like a college freshman. To give herself poise, she always thought of herself as Mrs. Baxter.

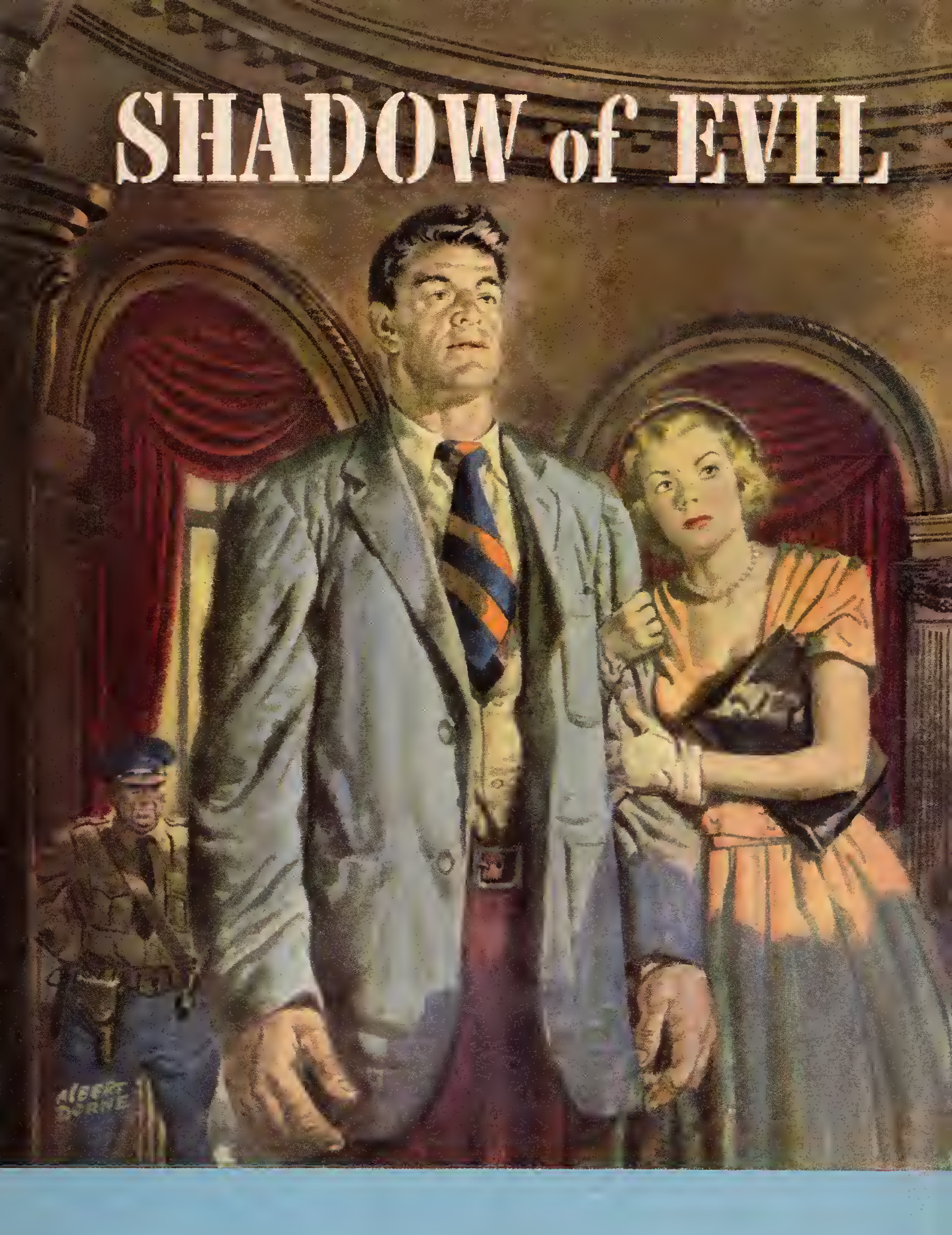
Sissie Jamieson, on the other hand, was the epitome of stylishness; everything about her was trimmed, polished, lacquered and eye-catching in an elusively snobbish way. It was a way Mrs. Baxter never could hope to achieve, nor did she particularly want to. But for some reason it always gave her keen pangs of inferiority.

Sissie [*Continued on page* 108]

BY FRANCES SHIELDS

ILLUSTRATION BY RITA BERNARD





"I'm gonna make your husband governor," Kanger said. "But watch yourself, girl.



The dawn was cool and full of promise, but the promise was false. By ten o'clock even dogs and children and the bloodless old would be gasping under the obscenities of the sun.

Clari thought, There should be no dilemma—this should be the happiest day of our marriage so far. Yet she had begun to feel nervous from the very moment they started loading the car for the trip to the Capital City.

"This is it, Babe." Steve grinned proudly. "Ten to one this is it."

"Yes." Clari smiled brightly.

She was a small girl, a bright Baltic blonde with an uptilted nose, frailly made, not beautiful, but freshly cute against Steve's massive maleness. Sometimes, lying beside his great bulk in bed at night, she had reflected wryly, "How huge this boy, and yet how weak. How little I am beside him. And yet—how strong." But then she would be possessed of doubt that she was strong at all or, if she were, in what places. She knew the places Steve was weak in, though; yes, she [*Continued on page 65*]

by James Aswell

Author of the novel The Midsummer-Fires

Don't get no scandal on you, hear me?"

ILLUSTRATION BY ALBERT DORNE

Is it the responsibility of a young wife to see that her husband keeps his good health? Yes, and here's how to do it

WHY HUSBANDS DIE TOO

Ralph Bates got up Saturday morning feeling a bit sluggish. At breakfast, he perked up a little as his two small boys chattered about electric trains and how to run them. He grinned at his pretty young wife as he stretched and stood up to leave.

"Got to work off this bay window, dear," he said, slapping his stomach.

"Don't overdo, darling," she said automatically.

At the handball court, Ralph raced and sweated and heaved for air. After a hearty lunch, he went back at it again: badminton, the punching bag, more handball. That night, after a big dinner, friends came in to play cards. They stayed late.

Sunday morning Ralph was up early for a scheduled round of golf. He played a swift eighteen holes in the morning, ate a heavy lunch and insisted on another eighteen holes that afternoon.

It happened Monday morning at the office, where Ralph sat at his desk most of the time. He leaned over to pick up a pencil and sprawled to the floor—dead of a heart attack.

"Shocking," everyone said. "And Ralph so young, too. Only twenty-nine."

Yes, shocking for Ralph. But it was worse for the young widow and her two children. For Ralph, sure of his good health, hadn't bothered with much insurance. Even more tragic, Ralph, typical of thousands of other young husbands, could have been saved. He died because he ate too much, didn't rest enough, overdid his exercise and failed to get regular medical checkups. Like Ralph, other young husbands are doomed to an early death if they don't change their ways. There's no denying that wives usually outlive their husbands by at least three years. But your husband needn't die young. His health is really up to you, to a great extent.

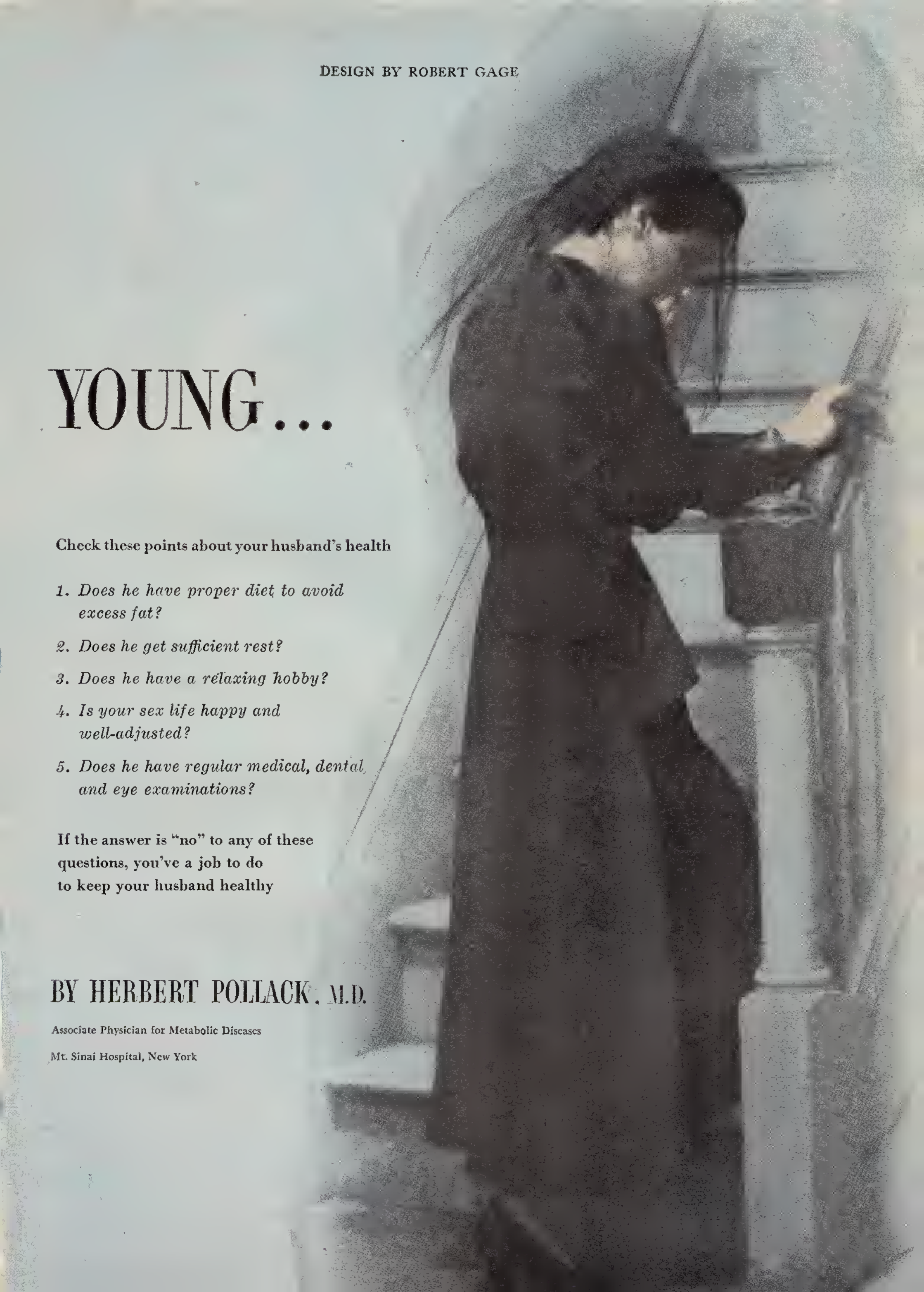
This may seem to be a big job for you, at first. But your efforts to keep your husband healthy can almost certainly prolong his life. And you can fit the job into your regular schedule. One young wife said that shopping for a specified diet made her marketing easier and faster. Another wife was happy to see that working out a schedule with her husband "actually gives us more time together than we ever had before."

Good diet, of course, is the most obvious way to help keep your husband healthy. You *must* keep him from getting overweight. There's a lot of truth in the old saying: "Always bet on a lean horse for a long race." Every pound of excess flesh makes your husband's heart work that much harder; life insurance figures show that lean and normal-weight people outlive the obese. The sound heart, kidney and vascular system is the biggest factor in long living.

Remember this: He can't take off the weight with exercise. Your husband would have to walk a whole mile just to take off the calories in one and a half slices of bread. The only sensible way to keep his weight down is with proper diet.

If your husband is a city worker, he needs only about 2,500 calories a day. Yet he probably eats from 500 to 1,000 calories more than that. The reason is simple. We inherited our eating habits from agricultural pioneers. They [*Continued on page* 76]

DESIGN BY ROBERT GAGE



YOUNG...

Check these points about your husband's health

1. *Does he have proper diet to avoid excess fat?*
2. *Does he get sufficient rest?*
3. *Does he have a relaxing hobby?*
4. *Is your sex life happy and well-adjusted?*
5. *Does he have regular medical, dental and eye examinations?*

If the answer is "no" to any of these questions, you've a job to do to keep your husband healthy

BY HERBERT POLLACK, M.D.

Associate Physician for Metabolic Diseases

Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York



"Darling," said Jean, lying for the first time in her married life, "please don't come home today"



Love, Inc.

Or, what is one little bride against so many dropper-inners?

Jean Lewis, bride of six months, stood beside the driveway waving at the back of the blue coupe as it snapped briskly around the corner. After the car was out of sight, she stood there a moment considering morosely that Chris, in his haste, had planted a kiss on the side of her nose.

"And they lived happily ever after," she said. "The rest of them." The note of irony in her own voice shocked her because she was a girl not given to irony.

She turned as a window in the house next door, the house that was too much next door, rattled up. A dusty mop was poked out and banged against the lower sill. Mrs. Lermoody's head followed.

"Saw your lights on at three," she remarked in her very best gossipy voice.

"We had a guest," Jean said.

"Another one?" Mrs. Lermoody said.

"Oh, yes." Jean attempted to laugh. "A charming man. Chris met him in the barbershop yesterday. He sells yachts. Chris has always wanted a yacht. The man stayed until it was too late to go home. Did you ever want a yacht, Mrs. Lermoody?"

Hysteria began to move up into Jean's laughter. She noticed Mrs. Lermoody's startled eyes, then whirled and fled into the house.

Opposites are attracted to each other, her mother had said.

She rehearsed words she might say to Chris. "Darling, [*Continued on page* 58]

by John D. MacDonald

ILLUSTRATION BY GWEN FREMLIN

The editors select the eighth in the series

Before her a hand, work-hardened, and a coat signifying neglect. Both vivid signs of an unhappy marriage . . . How very much, and yet how little, to know about a stranger

The Overcoat

It had been noisy and crowded at the Milligans' and Mrs. Bishop had eaten too many little sandwiches and too many iced cakes, so that now, out in the street, the air felt good to her, even if it was damp and cold. At the entrance of the apartment house, she took out her change purse and looked through it and found that by counting the pennies, too, she had just eighty-seven cents, which wasn't enough for a taxi from Tenth Street to Seventy-third. It was horrid never having enough money in your purse, she thought. Playing bridge, when she lost, she often had to give I.O.U.'s and it was faintly embarrassing, although she always managed to make them good. She resented Lila Hardy who could say, "Can anyone change a ten?" and who could take ten dollars from her small, smart bag while the other women scurried about for change.

She decided that it was too late to take a bus and she might as well walk over to the subway, although the air down there would probably make her head ache. It was drizzling a little and the sidewalks were wet. And as she stood on the corner waiting for the traffic lights to change, she felt horribly sorry for [*Continued on page* 60]

 • ILLUSTRATION BY AL MOORE

Marriage Today • BY SALLY BENSON

Author of Meet Me in St. Louis




"No," said her husband
"Yes," said her mother
"Wait, wait, wait,"

said Emily. "Please don't hate each other. Please!"

LISTENING HEART

. . . *by Mary Fassett Hunt*

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DORMONT

They sat in the cold sunshine, on a bench at the lake front, and watched the excursion boats come in every half hour or so. The bands played on the boats and the songs they played seemed jangling and always the same.

Emily thought the music sounded sad. Yes, there was sadness in the air, despite the people gaily getting on and off the boats, in spite of the blue and gold of the day, in spite of the teasing wind blowing the grass into little flat green patches. The sadness was in the way she felt about her mother sitting beside her, and about her husband, who was to meet them later in the day.

The things her mother had said couldn't be laughed off much longer. They couldn't be ignored nor turned aside. They implied too much genuine dislike of Emily's husband. They even hinted that a divorce would not be exactly a disaster.

Emily sat very still. The wind pushed her coat away from her hand and she saw the modest engagement diamond shining above her wedding band. She shivered with sudden cold. The sense of impending crisis in her life disquieted her.

Emily glanced sideways and saw that her mother was looking out across the curling water with that lively, brilliant look she always had when she was enjoying herself. Her eyes were as full of bright blue color as a girl's. She was humming under her breath along with the band.

She had wanted it all to go on as it had before Emily's marriage—the confidences between them, the shopping sprees, the long substantial lunches in Loop restaurants, the concerts and movies and plays, and the music at home on the piano, the playing and singing until all hours—Emily, herself, had loved it all. There had been endless youth in her mother's small, staunch figure, hurrying along exuberantly under the falling snow, or in the spring wind carrying a bunch of daffodils bought from the flower seller on the elevated platform. She could have gone on forever enjoying their life if it were not for Craig.

Yet Craig was not wholly to blame. He had begun by trying. For sheer embarrassment and misery, it would be difficult to match his awkward approach to her mother on the day that he first had spoken of his engagement to Emily. He had shaken back his lank, dark hair determinedly and stood in the crowded little front room of their apartment, his eyes glazed from the ordeal.

He got out at last: "Has Emily told you?"

Her mother had laughed a little. Yes, Emily had told her, she admitted, conveying in her manner and her laugh an impression of taking the whole thing very lightly.

He had stumbled on about not wanting to take Emily away from her, actually. He said he knew how it was, that Emily was all she had.

Oh, she said, she didn't think he was going to take Emily away, her tone implying a meaning that was all too literal.

He had grown wary after that, and silent. She had remained cheerful and intimate with Emily. The web of attitudes had begun a pattern of behavior that led inevitably to this instant when they must, at last, talk about it. Even the setting was right for what Emily must say. The jangling tune in their ears, the chilly sun, the pleasure boat on which they could embark if they chose. In some mysterious fashion, it lent an added irony to the bitterness of what was past and the impending choice that lay ahead for Emily.

"It isn't that I didn't want you to marry," [*Continued on page* 120]

Do you know your

The medical specialist who probably is most important to you as a woman, is the gynecologist. Sometimes he can help you when no other doctor can. You can understand why when you realize that after his regular medical training he spends additional years working in his special field.

Gynecology is the branch of medicine which deals with women, their constitution, the disorders that affect them and the ways in which they can keep in good health. It includes a study of obstetrics: the problems and care of women during pregnancy, labor and childbirth.

All the organs which give a woman her femininity are delicately tuned. Just a slight increase or reduction in the secretion of a single gland, for instance, may have widespread effects on her health.

These organs, even under normal health, are subject to constant change—in menstruation, in periods of pregnancy, at the period of menopause. Small wonder, then, that the gynecologist, whose specialty is feminine disorders, can so often be of help to you.

Many young women suffer outright misery—periodic or continuous—because their mysterious feminine cycle is in some way abnormal. Many others are living a life shadowed by vague aches, pains and irritations.

Today, for many such women, teamwork between your family doctor and a gynecologist can offer relief from feminine ailments. I found striking evidence of this in my recent talks with family doctors, gynecologists and the patients themselves.

One young woman I met was thoroughly frightened because her family doctor had sent her to a gynecologist. For several months she occasionally had bled between the times of her menstrual periods. But going to a specialist meant to Janet that something dreadful must be wrong. Perhaps she'd have to have an operation. Or did the symptoms mean the dread disease of cancer?

While the gynecologist examined her, Janet was tense and worried. Finally he said, "Your trouble was a little tumor that we call a polyp. It was about the size of a pea, at the neck of the uterus."

"*Was*—what do you mean?" Janet asked.

"Well," the doctor smiled, "it's out now."

He had snipped it out while she was on the examination table—so quickly and painlessly that she hadn't even known what he was doing.

"I don't think it will come back," he said, "because I cauterized the base of the tumor."

He assured her that the tumor didn't appear to be malignant or cancerous. A week later he reported that a routine microscopic examination revealed no cancerous tissue, and there was nothing more for Janet to worry about. She still thinks this simple end of all her fears is the most [*Continued on page* 129]

WOMEN'S DISORDERS ARE HIS BUSINESS

One of the most thrilling stories in medicine is the story of the gynecologist, expert in the widespread, mysterious disorders of women. This medical specialist is relieving women every day of the fear, embarrassment and pain of menstrual ailments, ovarian growths and miscarriages. He is doing pioneer work today, too, in the treatment of sterility, frigidity and difficulties of pregnancy and childbirth. With your family doctor, he is dedicated to keeping you in the best of health.

Doctor?

No. 1: the GYNECOLOGIST

First in a series of common-sense articles by various notable writers on medical specialists

by Lawrence Galton


ILLUSTRATION BY FREDRIC VARADY

TERROR

A poor old man. You'd think he was harmless. But look at the headline Child Found Murdered! Where was he yesterday when this happened? Where?



That night, facing the quiet, nervous darkness, she said to herself, "Forget it." Whether I was right or wrong, she thought, it's over. I can't change anything. I must put it out of my mind. She might have argued with a stone. The day remained complete, distinct, relentless in detail. She had to go through all of it again. She remembered everything.

She had awakened early in the morning. A bicycle skidded on the gravel driveway, the paper boy whistled My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, banged the screen door and threw the paper with all the force of a good pitching arm. When the paper hit the front door, she opened her eyes and knew that she was awake.

The air was chilly; the blanket felt light and warm. Sunlight filled the room. There was a particular reason why she was glad to see that the sun was shining. It was—she sat up to see the clock on the bureau—seven o'clock, Saturday morning, and Stevie's second birthday. She was wildly sentimental about Stevie. He deserved beautiful weather for his birthday, a little present from the elements. But she was also practical. Twelve children were coming to the birthday party and she was not anxious to have them indoors, breaking glasses and dripping ice cream on the new slip covers.

Beyond the window she saw the red and yellow leaves of the maple tree against a clear blue sky. Circus colors, hard and bright. The yard was brassy with fall color, but it would not be long before the cold weather came, dashing wind and rain, [*Continued on page 133*]

By Mary Augusta Rodgers

ILLUSTRATION BY WESLEY SNYDER

TWO WOMEN OUT FOR



by Dawn Powell

The moment Fanny caught sight of Claudia's familiar cheetah coat on the matinee train, she felt a pang of nostalgia. The fact of the matter was that poor Fanny had been desperately lonesome since the quarrel with Claudia, her dearest friend and rival, two years ago. Paul was safely back in the home port, true enough. But while being engaged to Paul filled her heart, it did not fill her days or even all her nights. She had missed Claudia dreadfully. No other young woman of her acquaintance had shared her passion for the ballet, roller derbies and Little Orchestra Concerts. Nobody else collected Jean Sablon albums and T. S. Eliot. No one in all Rochelle Gardens except Claudia and

ONE MAN = AN EXPLOSION!

The Nefarious Triangle



herself liked long Sunday walks along the frozen creek, ending with hot punchinos at the Highway Inn.

Certainly Paul Seldon had no such interests, and it was amazing that the two serious love affairs in his life had been with ladies of tastes such as these.

"How do you start speaking to someone you've cut dead for two years?" Fanny mused, watching Claudia adjust her packages in the rack just four seats ahead of her. She was surprised at herself for feeling no bitterness any more. Perhaps that was because Paul was reassuringly contemptuous of the girl he had almost married. Or was it because Claudia now was definitely engaged to that Canadian flier? And Fanny was to be married to Paul. Perhaps if Claudia had been wearing a fine new mink, Fanny reflected honestly, instead of the same old cheetah, she might not have aroused this surge of nostalgic affection. Oh, Fanny did miss her, indeed she did! The Trumbull girls would do for parties and general fun. And Paul's sister, Ada, was very intelligent about the fine arts, since she was an English teacher at Finch. Then there were former schoolmates who led independent lives in New York during the week, but came home week ends and could be counted upon for a worldliness lacking in other suburban groups. But Claudia—like Fanny herself— [*Continued on page* 116]


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Let prices be high, or let prices be low—
the real shopper still searches out the best buy.
Here are some tips from five young homemakers on
how to make your shopping dollars stretch

WHAT MAKES A GOOD SHOPPER?

by *CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY*
DRAWING BY RICHARD HOWARD

Some women seem to get lots more than others for their money in comfort, style and family good living. I'm sure that you've wondered, as I have, how they do it. Have they learned a formula which all of us should use to get the best buys and the most happiness out of purchases?

I decided to ask the five best shoppers I know, "How do you do it? What makes you such a good shopper?" I felt sure that if I could find out how they buy I could pass on some helpful, valuable information to you.

First, I called on Peggy because her friends often ask her to go with them when they have an important purchase to make. That's the greatest compliment you can pay to any shopper.

"I love to feel I shop well," Peggy told me. "It's such an important part of homemaking, I think it's worth all the time it takes."

Peggy began by saying that the most useful basic shopping rule she's learned is that good or bad quality runs all the way through an article. [*Continued on page* 125]



No One Knows What a

Here's Old Man Bishop, caught in the family whirlpool. By his figuring he's eligible for the world's record for being a soft touch, a laughing stock, a loser in the affection sweepstakes. P.S. He loves it!



Father Goes Through

Biologically and psychologically, we fathers have been taken for a hayride. From the altar rail to the labor room, we are the butt of feeble jests. At home we run a bad second to Mother in the affection sweepstakes, and on occasion some of us have been known to run third to the family dog. If you think that this article is about to invent a cure for domestic abuse, you have another guess coming, because you are listening to a beaten, tired old wreck who hoisted the white flag years ago, only to see it shot to ribbons.

We have two children—both girls. Virginia Lee is ten and Gayle Peggy is four. The missus is a moon-faced lady named Elinor, who came equipped with a whim of iron and a temper about one-eighth of an inch long. After eighteen years of married life, I understand her perfectly and she knows me a little too well. She is the kind of patient soul who will ask the children twice—in the ordinary tone—to wash their hands. On the third time around the scream has been known to peel wallpaper from the top down, set off fire-sprinkler systems two blocks away and cause both youngsters to stand pat and murmur: "Just for that, we won't do it."

Biologically I took my first beating when I learned that it was Elinor who would have the babies. I would, Dad told me, play a minor role in the production. However, as compensation for organic shortcomings, I would be known henceforth as the Head of the Family. To the Bureau of Internal Revenue, that is.

It was seven years before we were blessed with a child, and when the great event occurred, you'd have sworn that no one ever had a kid before and that no one would again. Until this moment, I was head man around the house. But when tiny Virginia Lee came home, I wasn't just demoted to second place—I was endured.

At this point, Elinor and I became ultra-scientific and pounced on any book which would give us the latest dope on how to bring up the child. All of them scared us half to death. We both began to feel that the only safe way to bring up a child would be under a glass bell.

In spite of all our reading, our little lady began to grow. She had blond wavy hair and the proper number of teeth and she took her naps until she went to school. Then she told us, quite candidly, that her life ambition was to be a man. She was bright, too, not a bit shy, and she would not only say hello to any casual caller but would dish him the family dirt before her mother could clap a hand over her little mouth.

She began to develop character traits which were not traceable to her environment. For instance, at five a terrific affinity burgeoned between Virginia Lee and God. She believed, with all her little heart, that He was right there in the room listening to her, and her nightly prayers rang through the rooms—and downstairs, too.

Now, at ten, the love for God is as firm as ever, and come slush, snow or intense heat, she will go to church whether her parents go or not. The nearest we could get to understand this faith is that Virginia Lee seems to feel that God is the ultimate in fair play; He will not decide against a good person who is small and weak. Man will, she feels.

She's a big, apple-cheeked girl today, perhaps a half head shorter than her mother. Her love for all living things has now extended almost to bacteria. You can't kill a fly in our house; you must shoo him outdoors. Stray dogs, cats, squirrels need search no farther for food and affection. Conversely, her favorite radio programs are the Friday night fights and the horse race results.

She was six when Gayle Peggy was born. In a vague way she understood that a baby brother or sister was en route, and in a less vague way she knew that

by Jim Bishop

DRAWING BY JAN BALET

Balet

God keeps babies inside their mother's hearts until they are big enough and strong enough to be born into the world of living, breathing things.

I didn't know it at the time, but little Virginia Lee was in for a terrific psychological beating. I was too stupid to see it coming. It didn't occur to us that Virginia Lee would regard Gayle Peggy as a lovely toy, something that would be lots of fun but would not disturb her status as queen of the household. To compound the felony, Gayle Peggy was premature and tiny and needed extra care and extra affection.

The worship of the big sister for the little one was good for a month. Then a note of bitterness began to creep into Virginia Lee's feelings. When she raced in from play, yelling, "I want a drink of water!" she was shushed by the whole family and she got stern glances and the whispered: "Be quiet. The baby's asleep." When she tried to show the drawing she had made in school today, everyone said, "Later, perhaps."

We couldn't understand it when the school principal said that he would like to have a chat with me. He said that she had been an average student, neither bright nor dull, but that lately she had been pouting and refusing to do her school work. Now she played tag only with the boys, climbed trees with them and threw rocks with them. Elinor and I were shocked. We sat that evening and asked ourselves what we had done that was wrong. And like parents the world over, we assured ourselves that we had done everything perfectly. It was the child's fault. She was just plain naughty.

So I dropped the scientific approach. Virginia Lee was spanked over my knee, once for one offense, twice for two, and so on. Little by little, her behavior improved—purely in self-defense, of course. And more and more I heard her mother say, "If you don't stop that, I'll tell your father." In the child's eyes I quickly became the Lord High Executioner and, as such, someone to be dreaded, not loved.

The children were slow to adjust themselves to each other. Gayle Peggy grew to be the complete extrovert. She had dark ringleted hair and bright hazel eyes, and she would dance, spin, sing a song, pirouette—anything to draw a laugh or applause. As Virginia Lee was of the spirit, Gayle Peggy was of the world, of the physical. The little one was as active as a vial of hot uranium. Almost from the start, she demanded things from the world—and got them. If a demand didn't work, she would, at age two, curl up in your lap and press her tiny face against yours and murmur: "How I yuv you!"

Ironically, none of this affection was spurious. It was real, but it was used as a political weapon. Today, at four, she will sidle up to the milkman, place her trusting little hand in his and talk him into a ride in his truck, even though he knows it's against company rules, family rules and all the good sense in his head.

If her mother gives her a piece of candy, Gayle Peggy will tell one and all, "See how much she yuvs me?" And if, one moment later, her mother denies something to her, Gayle Peggy will press her teeth tightly together, narrow her eyes and yell, "See how she be's mean to me!"

Me? I'm just the soft touch around the house now. When Mommy says, "You can't go to the movies," they tramp upstairs to Daddy's workroom and the kissing and hugging begins. They will get me a glass of water, find my cigarettes, run for the morning paper, assure me that I am the most wonderful daddy in the entire universe, and then, with modestly lowered lids, comes the fifty-cent question: "May we go to the movies?"

If in an unguarded moment I say yes, I am in dire trouble because their mother will ask me why she is needed around the house if I'm going to run things. Why should she tell them no if I'm going to say yes. I am then impelled to plead the children's case and try to get Mommy to say yes. This takes up valuable time and Daddy is wrong in every case.

The schism between the children was the result of competition between them for their mother's love. Elinor has, for the past year, been consciously doling out her love to both in equal amounts, and it has helped a lot. The children play better together despite the differences in their ages.

One day, recently, we watched from the kitchen window as a boy walked over to Gayle Peggy and slugged her. The little one went down crying lustily. From out of nowhere we saw an enraged Virginia Lee come around the corner and we saw her chase the boy bow-legged. Then she came back and petted her sister until the tears were gone. On the other hand, the lady at the local candy store is now afraid to give Gayle Peggy a whistle because her immediate response, instead of "Thank you," is, "You got one for my sitta?"

This, for Elinor and for me, has been more heart-warming than any other family development. We wanted them to love each other, and we realize now that the bad start they had together is largely our fault because we didn't understand what goes through a little girl's mind when someone new comes along to kick her off the throne. However in these days they often gang up on their mother, and now the new problem is one of discipline.

There isn't any parent anywhere who hasn't had a bad fright now and then. We've had two. One was the summer morning when Virginia Lee came in from play with her hand on the side of her face. I was on the phone and made gestures to Elinor to find out who had hit the child. I kept talking, and then Virginia Lee pulled her hand away and a lot of sticky blood came with it. What had formerly been her left cheek was now a black, gaping hole, from the top of the cheekbone to the jawline. I hung up without saying good-by.

Scores of thoughts race through your mind at a time like that and the first one that hit me was: Get her to a hospital and don't spare the horses. The second was: She won't be too frightened because she hasn't seen her face. Elinor stifled a scream by sticking her knuckles into her mouth, and I threw an arm around Virginia Lee and by main force kept my voice calm: "Come on, honey. Let's get you fixed up again."

En route to the hospital, she whimpered a little and told me how she had been playing in a neighbor's front yard, trying to make a stick stand up by packing mud around the base. She had felt a presence to her left and had turned to see who it was. It was a black mongrel dog, and he had been sniffing her face. As she turned, he bit. It was the worst bite I've ever seen.

At the hospital, the admitting nurse was cool and starched. First name, please? Are you the father? How old is the child? On and on. Where born, please? School? What grade? Ever had measles, mumps, chicken pox, asthma, whooping cough, diptheria?

By the time the doctor came, Virginia Lee was in spasms of shaking. The tears had stopped and they had left dirty furrows on her face. Her eyes were full of terror not so much at what had happened but at what was to come. She hugged my left arm with both of hers and was quiet a moment. Then the spasm of shaking would hit her and she'd tremble violently and then it would stop.

The doctor was cool, too. He took her inside and put her flat on a table and washed away some of the dirt and opened the hole a little wider. I felt sick. The whole thing was ragged-edged from top to bottom and as black as a mine pit. There was no blood.

"How many stitches, Doc?"

"She's going to have to undergo emergency operation," he said softly. "I've put in a call for Doctor Lynch. Lucky he's in the hospital. He's a good man on this stuff. Come here. You see

[*Continued on page* 62]

TODAY'S WOMAN presents the eighth in a series of

NEW HOMES for the YOUNG FAMILY



Modern in New England

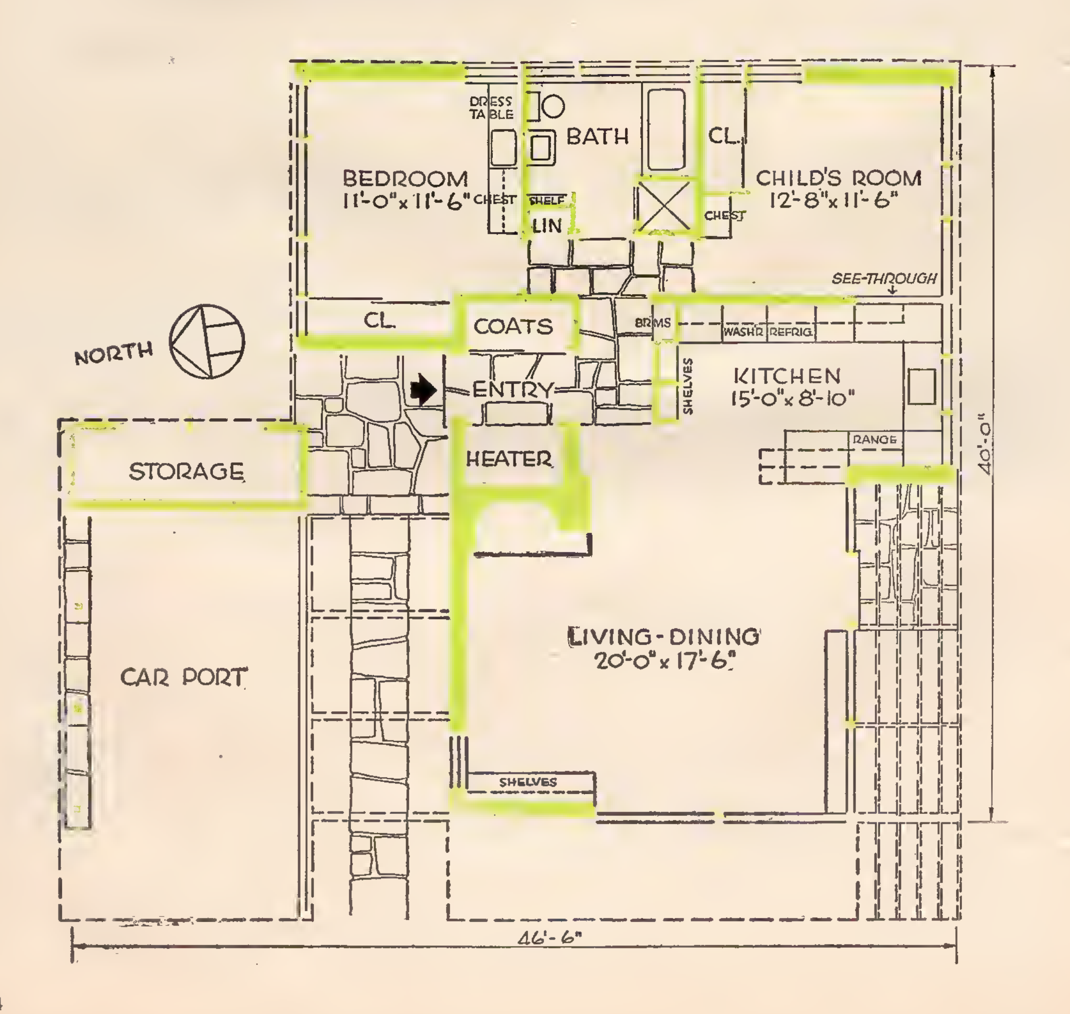
This modern house, simple in design, embodies the old New England traditions of conservatism and thrift. Designed by Joseph Stein, it was built in Waterbury, Conn., in 1949. Like the century-old farm houses that are its neighbors, this contemporary house was built to meet the needs of its time and location.

Turn the page for more about this modern home

This house stretches your building dollar

It Saves Money Outside • Native stone, cheaper than cement, is used in the foundation. • The exterior walls are made of cinder block and cedar siding—both inexpensive materials. These varnished-stained cedar walls will need little refinishing in the future. • A roof of three-ply felt, bound with asphalt and covered with gravel, saves money on material and labor. • The radiant-heating system in the concrete floor does away with the cost of excavation. • The open car port cuts initial outlay. It is adequate in most climates and may be enclosed later if necessary.

It Saves Money Inside • The cork-tile flooring laid directly over the concrete floor is cheaper than hardwood and eliminates the need for expensive sub-flooring. (It takes a fine wax finish, too.) • The low, seven-feet-three-inch ceilings save material, labor and cut down considerably on fuel bills.
• The double-glass windows used throughout the house also save fuel, since the dead-air space between the two sheets of glass acts as an insulator.

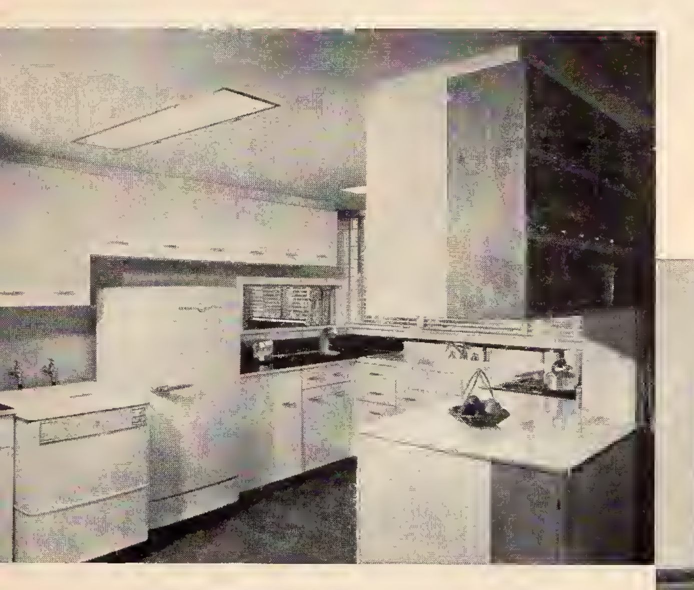


HANS VAN NES

The living room, above and right, is roomy,
well-arranged for entertaining, reading and dining;
and it is easy to move around in.
Wide windows give it plenty of light.
The kitchen is a notable feature from the
young family's point of view. Its placement and
a "see-through" between kitchen and nursery
make it possible for the mother of the house
to watch her children, whether they are in the nursery,
the living room or playing outdoors.
On the plan at left, notice how the flagstone walk,
that begins beside the car port,
continues into the part of the house where traffic is heaviest.



Modern in New England



The kitchen, left, is arranged for step-saving. The work counter in the foreground is right beside the dining table in the living room. The sink has an electric garbage disposer. An electric dishwasher will be added later on.

In many old houses, the kitchen was the center of family life. Mr. Stein adopts the old-fashioned pattern with a kitchen that opens directly off the living-dining room. The two rooms could, however, be separated by a curtain.

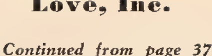


The "see-through" between kitchen and nursery, left, makes it easy to check on Baby's activities, even though Mother may be busy in the kitchen. The nursery, like all the rooms, has cross ventilation and is well lighted.

To order consultation drawings, *which include elevations, floor plans and details of the roof, write for House No. 9, Modern in New England, and enclose 25¢. Send to the Service Dept.,* TODAY'S WOMAN, *Greenwich, Conn.*



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The new Nesco Golden Jubilee Electric Roaster is amazingly versatile—gives you *fully automatic electric cooking, baking and roasting.* Flavors are the *finest ever* because of the Nesco's "all around" heat, maintained at the exact degree you want by exclusive Temperature "Guide Dial." Many other advanced features! Broiler-griddle for steaks and chops, the electric timer clock, and matching cabinet are optional accessories. Start enjoying thrifty, time-saving "Nescomatic Cooking" now!
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Love, Inc.

Continued from page 37

I'm a fireside girl. I'm a quiet kid. I want to curl up and be loved. So what happens to me? I spend our wonderful early months of marriage sitting on the edges of chairs and laughing at other people's jokes."

Chris wouldn't understand. He was like a big, friendly puppy, the kind that wags its tail so hard that everything wiggles except the tip of its nose. And he was just as easy to hurt as a puppy. Chris adored people, all sorts of people. He was the perfect listener, his face alive with appreciation and unbounded love. She and Chris couldn't take a walk without being stopped every fifteen feet or so by one of Chris's devoted pals.

Jean, on the other hand, had always been a bit shy, a bit hard to know. Not unfriendly, just reserved.

It had started on their honeymoon. After they had gone a few miles on their wedding trip, Chris had to stop and untie the old shoes and the two Number Ten tin cans from the rear bumper. He killed two birds with one stone by picking up a hitchhiker as he removed the things.

The hitchhiker was a sailor.

"But, honey, I had to pick him up. He couldn't be over seventeen. Isn't he a nice kid, though? And he looks so lost."

Jean hadn't complained even when, in addition to picking him up, Chris had bought dinner for the kid and had driven eighty-four miles out of their way to deposit him at his doorstep. Then they had to go into the sailor's house and sit for an hour and a half at the kitchen table drinking coffee, while the sailor's mother told them how good a child he always had been.

After that there was the other couple, the Folsoms. The little blue coupe had soaked up so much of that woman's scent that two months later it still was easy to remember her. Mr. Folsom's special social attainment was a resounding, hysterical laugh. Chris had loved them both.

Guides and elevator boys and bankers and restaurant owners and hardware salesmen flocked around Chris. There was one insurance salesman who had called one evening and had stayed as a house guest for two days.

Jean was alarmed at the weariness she felt as she walked into the small living room. She couldn't remember who had burned the hole in the rug. The yacht salesman had left a new ring on the end table, and had consumed an endless number of roast beef sandwiches at two in the morning. Now she couldn't even remember his name. Chris always remembered names.

Whenever she and Chris were alone these days, she invariably was drugged with fatigue from their late hours and the constant battle to get the little house back in order.

Maybe I should put up a sign, she thought. Short-order cook. Inexpensive hotel. A laugh a minute. Come in and try your luck. See if you can bore us.

Oh, there was so much to talk about with Chris. And they still had a long way to go in learning to know each other.

She went to the kitchen, got the pumice and oil and began to work at the rings on the dark wood. As she worked she thought of her own small, quiet room at home, of the long Sunday afternoons with a fire burning, quiet records on the machine, good books at hand. If she could have just a few days of rest, without people. . . .

But she couldn't bear to hurt Chris. She couldn't condemn him simply for being friendly.

Being an objective girl, she realized that there was jealousy mixed with her discontent. How many times had she watched Chris giving his attention to someone and wished that he would give it to her instead?

At ten o'clock, she called Chris at his office and lied for the first time in her short married life.

"Darling, I've just been invited to lunch by a girl I knew in school, so please don't come home today."

"Honey, that's too bad. I wanted you to meet an old pal of mine, Demmy Gaylord. I was just about to call and tell you I was bringing him. . . ."

"Buy him a nice lunch downtown, darling. Maybe I can meet him some other time."

The feeling of guilt persisted until quarter of twelve. By that time she was exhausted, but she had the little house gleaming. She took a long hot bath, heated some milk and sat on the edge of the bed while she drank it. Then she lay back and closed her eyes, hoping that the alarm would awaken her in time to get dinner.

She slept so soundly that when Chris shook her she didn't know for a moment where she was.

He kissed her hurriedly, then stood aside. Jean looked at the doorway and saw that it was filled by a smiling man in tweeds, a husky, bronzed man who had the good grace to be embarrassed.

"Baby, this is Demmy Gaylord. I

told you about him; he was my roommate for two years at college."

"A pleasure," Demmy said, and disappeared from the doorway. His voice floated back. "That's a dirty trick to play on a woman, even your wife, Chris. Come on out of there."

More people, she thought as she got dressed. This one looks as though he'd eat like Gargantua.

When she went downstairs, she heard them in the kitchen. She managed a smile and followed them. Chris sat at the kitchen table. Demmy Gaylord was at the stove, one of her aprons ludicrously protecting the tweed trousers from the spatter of grease from the skillet. Something smelled very good.

He grinned at her. "Sit down with Chris, Jean. I have his permission to call you Jean. I know this joker husband of yours from way back."

"I didn't do any marketing," she said.

"I did the marketing," Demmy said.

"Handy guy, isn't he, baby?" Chris said.

"Very." Jean sat down meekly beside her husband.

Gaylord turned away from the stove and gave her a long, steady look, which was so honest and direct that it didn't embarrass her. When at last he smiled, Jean felt as though she had known him all her life.

"This is my party," he said. "You two get in the front room. Quick!"

"Demmy," Chris objected, "we've got a lot to talk. . . ."

"Git!" Demmy said. He followed them in. Chris turned on the bright overhead lights. Demmy turned on one small table lamp, turned the overhead lights off. "Build a fire, Chris," he said.

Chris grinned, took a few sticks of kindling from the brass basket and did as he was told. Demmy went back to the kitchen and they soon heard him rattling pots and pans.

In a few moments he returned with their best tray, a decanter of sherry, two glasses and a plate of canapés.

With the gestures of a perfect servant, he presented the glasses.

"Demmy, aren't you going to have wine with us?" Chris asked. Demmy didn't answer. He turned and went back to the kitchen.

Chris had a faintly bewildered look. He sipped his drink, crossed over and sat on the couch beside Jean. She reached over with her glass, and the rims touched with a faint sound. "To us," she said softly. Chris took her free hand.

There were small things to be said, things best spoken in a voice that is not quite a whisper, yet is more intimate. With gentle touch Chris traced the highlights and shadows the fire cast on her cheek. Time was not something to be reckoned on a clock.

Suddenly Chris sat up. "Say, what's happened to Demmy? Where did he disappear to?"

The mood was broken. Jean sighed and followed Chris out to the kitchen. The pots had been cleaned and put away. There was no sign of Demmy. In the dining room the table was set for two. Two tall white candles flickered. They both reached the note at the same time, and read together:

Dear kids,

I've let myself out the back door. Your dinners are in the oven. Careful—the plates will be hot.

Turn out the lights in the front of the house so Chris's dear pals won't be stopping by.

Chris, I speak as an old pal who had to put up with you for two years. I imagine Jean is having the same trouble I had. But you two are married. I talked to you today and found out what you've been doing to the gal. Chris, marriage isn't a popularity contest. Your home isn't a railroad station. Remember how I used to make you lock the door and wouldn't let you answer it when we had work to do?

Jean can't do that, but I bet she'd like to. She seems like a wonderful gal. Chris, this is orders. Two nights a week, the house is closed to your public. That's the least you can do.

I want to know Jean, Chris. So I'll stop around sometime in a year or so. It's only fair for you to get to know her first.

Demmy

An air of constraint had sprung up between them by the time they finished the note. Jean went silently to the kitchen, returning with the steaks. Chris was pacing uneasily.

"Well, we'd better eat," she said.

They sat down in silence. Twice she looked up at Chris. Each time he was looking at her, but glanced quickly away as she met his glance.

The silence grew, until suddenly Chris snapped his fingers, stood up and went toward the front of the house.

Jean couldn't keep back the tears. Good old Chris. He had remembered that Demmy would have to walk to the bus line. He would probably get the car and go tearing after him.

But to her surprise, she heard the click of the light in the front room.

Chris came back slowly, pulled the dining-room shades. He sat down opposite her. This time he didn't glance away when she looked at him. "You know, honey," he said, "this is pretty nice. Just the two of us."

She held out her hand to him. "Oh, Chris!" she said.

He came awkwardly around the table and kissed her.

At that moment the doorbell began to ring. Loudly, insistently.

She felt him pull away. He stood up for a moment, then leaned over her again.

"Don't make a sound!" he whispered. "They'll give up in a minute."

—John D. MacDonald



The Overcoat

Continued from page 38

herself. She remembered as a young girl, she had always assumed she would have lots of money when she was older. She had planned what to do with it—what clothes to buy and what upholstery she would have in her car.

Of course, everybody nowadays talked poor and that was some comfort. But it was one thing to have lost your money and quite another never to have had any. It was absurd, though, to go around with less than a dollar in your purse. Suppose something happened? She was vague as to what might happen, but the idea fed her resentment.

Everything for the house, like food and things, she charged. Years ago, Robert had worked out some sort of budget for her, but it had been impossible to keep their expenses under the right headings, so they had long ago abandoned it. And yet Robert always seemed to have money. That is, when she came to him for five or ten dollars, he managed to give it to her. Men were like that, she thought. They managed to keep money in their pockets but they had no idea you ever needed any. Well, one thing was sure, she would insist on having an allowance. Then she would at least know where she stood. When she decided this, she began to walk more briskly and everything seemed simpler, much simpler.

The air in the subway was worse than usual and she stood on the local side waiting for a train. People who took the expresses seemed to push so and she felt tired and wanted to sit down. When the train came, she took a seat near the door and, although inwardly she was seething with rebellion, her face took on the vacuous look of other faces in the subway. At Eighteenth Street, a great many people got on and she found her vision blocked by a man who had come in and was hanging to the strap in front of her. He was tall and thin and his overcoat which hung loosely on him and swayed with the motion of the train smelled unpleasantly of damp wool. The buttons of the overcoat were of imitation leather and the button directly in front of Mrs. Bishop's eyes evidently had come off and been sewed back on again with black thread, which didn't match the overcoat at all.

It was what is known as a swagger coat, but there was nothing very swagger about it now. The sleeve that she could see was almost threadbare around the cuff and a small shred from the lining hung down over the man's hand. She found herself looking intently at his hand. It was long and pallid and not too clean. The nails were very short as though they had been bitten and there was a discolored callus on his second finger where he probably held his pencil. Mrs. Bishop, who prided herself on her powers of observation, put him in the white-collar class. He most likely, she thought, was the father of a large family and had a hard time sending them all through school. He undoubtedly never spent money on himself. That would account for the shabbiness of his overcoat. And he was probably horribly afraid of losing his job. His house was always noisy and smelled of cooking. Mrs. Bishop couldn't decide whether to make his wife a fat slattern or to have her an invalid. Either would be quite consistent.

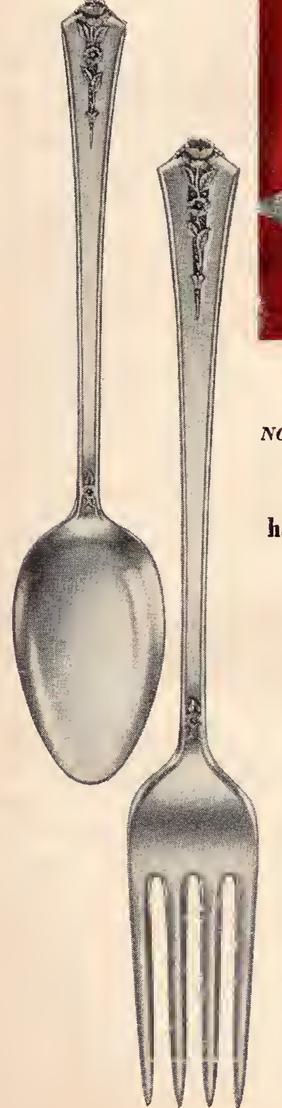
She grew warm with sympathy for the man. Every now and then he gave a slight cough, and that increased her interest and her sadness. It was a soft, pleasant sadness and made her feel resigned to life. She decided that she would smile at him when she got off. It would be the sort of smile that couldn't help but make him feel better, as it would be very obvious that she understood and was sorry.

But by the time the train reached Seventy-second Street, the smell of wet wool, the closeness of the air and the confusion of her own worries had made her feelings less poignant, so that her smile, when she gave it, lacked something. The man looked away embarrassed.

Her apartment was too hot and the smell of broiling chops sickened her after the enormous tea she had eaten. She could see Maude, her maid, setting the table in the dining room for dinner. Mrs. Bishop had bought smart little uniforms for her, but there was nothing smart about Maude and the uniforms never looked right.

Robert was lying on the living-room couch, the evening newspaper over his

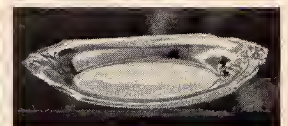
3 piece Tea or Coffee Service $125. with Footed Waiter $147.50. *Inspired design perfectly executed for the ultimate in silverplate. Here is attention to small details (note the covered spout on the cream pitcher) and massive richness of ornamentation found usually on only the most expensive solid silver. "It looks like hand-chasing" experts say of the glorious Spring Garden decoration. Truly, a unique value!*







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face to shield his eyes. He had changed his shoes, and the gray felt slippers he wore were too short for him and showed the imprint of his toes, and looked depressing. Years ago, when they were first married, he used to dress for dinner sometimes. He would shake up a cocktail for her and things were quite gay and almost the way she had imagined they would be. Mrs. Bishop didn't believe in letting yourself go and it seemed to her that Robert let himself go out of sheer perversity. She hated him as he lay there, resignation in every line of his body. She envied Lila Hardy her husband who drank but who, at least, was somebody. And she felt like tearing the newspaper from his face because her anger and her disgust were more than she could bear.

For a minute she stood in the doorway trying to control herself and then she walked over to a window and opened it roughly. "Goodness," she said. "Can't we ever have any air in here?"

Robert gave a slight start and sat up. "Hello, Mollie," he said. "You home?"

"Yes, I'm home. I came home in the subway."

Her voice was reproachful. She sat down in the chair facing him and spoke more quietly so that Maude couldn't hear what she was saying. "Really, Robert," she said, "it was dreadful. I came out from the tea in all that drizzle and couldn't even take a taxi home. I had just exactly eighty-seven cents. Just eighty-seven cents!"

"Say," he said. "That's a shame. Here." He reached in his pocket and took out a small roll of crumpled bills. "Here," he repeated. And handed her one. She saw that it was a five-dollar bill.

Mrs. Bishop shook her head. "No, Robert," she told him. "That isn't the point. The point is that I've really got to have some sort of allowance. It isn't fair to me. I never have any money! Never! It's got so it's positively embarrassing!"

Mr. Bishop fingered the five-dollar bill thoughtfully. "I see," he said. "You want an allowance. What's the matter? Don't I give you money every time you ask for it?"

"Well, yes," Mrs. Bishop admitted. "But it isn't like my own. An allowance would be more like my own."

"Now, Mollie," he reasoned. "If you had an allowance, it would probably be gone by the tenth of the month."

"Don't treat me like a child," she said. "I just won't be humiliated any more."

Mr. Bishop sat turning the five-dollar bill over and over in his hand. "About how much do you think you should have?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars a month," she told him. And her voice was harsh and strained. "That's the very least I can get along on. Why, Lila Hardy would laugh at fifty dollars a month."

"Fifty dollars a month," Mr. Bishop repeated. He coughed a little, nervously, and ran his fingers through his hair. "I've had a lot of things to attend to this month. But, well, maybe if you would be willing to wait until the first of next month, I might manage."

"Oh, next month will be perfectly all right," she said, feeling it wiser not to press her victory. "But don't forget all about it. Because I shan't."

As she walked toward the closet to put away her wraps, she caught sight of Robert's overcoat on the chair near the door. He had tossed it carelessly across the back of the chair as he came in. One sleeve was hanging down and the vibration of her feet on the floor made it swing gently back and forth. She saw that the cuff was badly worn and a bit of the lining showed. It looked dreadfully like the sleeve of the overcoat she had seen in the subway. And, suddenly, looking at it, she had a horrible sinking feeling, like falling in a dream.
—SALLY BENSON

No One Knows What a Father Goes Through

Continued from page 52

this? Well, all this has to be trimmed away and I think some cheek muscles may have to be sutured too. This one is almost severed."

Virginia Lee dreaded hospitals and ether. As I felt the bottom drop out of my stomach, she grabbed my hand. "Don't worry, Daddy," she said. "I'll be all right. This Doctor Lynch . . . this doctor—" She burst into tears. "I'm just afraid Mommy's crying," she finally said.

Elinor got to the hospital, hands wrung white, just as Virginia Lee, clad in white and with a white dust cap, was wheeled into the elevator. We sat and waited and prayed and smoked cigarettes and damned dogs and smoked some more. When she came down, she was so wrapped in dressings that she looked like a sleeping nun.

The following morning, we visited the hospital and brought her her portable radio. It seemed a little bit silly to see a children's section with elephants and lions and tigers on the wall and to hear nothing but the rasping voice of an announcer say: "In the fourth at Narragansett, Lulu Belle has post position one and the morning price is six dollars and sixty cents, four dollars and forty cents and two dollars and twenty cents. This is for two-year-old fillies and Jean Comora has the rail position and will carry top weight of 126 pounds. . ."

The bed was slightly raised. Virginia Lee's eyes were brightly blue and she tried to smile without hurting her cheek. "How do you feel, honey?" I said quietly.

"Fine, Dad. Thanks for bringing the radio."

"Does your face hurt?"

"Not a bit. The nurse said that Doctor Lynch did a good job."

"Yeah? That's swell."

Lynch had told us that he had done considerable sewing inside and a lot of trimming and sewing outside. He also said that the scar would fade in a year. P.S. It did.

"How do you feel about dogs?"

"Now listen, Daddy. Don't you let them hurt that dog. You don't know the story. His master is in my class at school and he tried to teach the dog how to do tricks. When the dog didn't learn fast enough, Lennie hit him with a skid chain. I used to see him do it. Know what happened? The dog got nervous. You should have seen his front legs shake when I'd pet him. He didn't mean wrong. He was sniffing at my face and I turned and he didn't know whether I was going to hit him or not, so he bit me."

I felt humbled.

The other experience, of the sudden, tragic sort which happens to most parents, came to us on an August day. The sun was white and beyond bearing. The leaves hung lifeless. The big children wheeled in slow circles on their bikes. An old lady with a black umbrella tried to look cool under its shade as she walked by. I finished hanging a circular mirror on the living-room wall and walked to the screen door. Little Gayle Peggy sat on the top step of the stoop, her chin cupped in her hand.

"I thought I told you to clean up the back yard," I said. "It's your mess, honey, and you've got to clean it."

She turned slowly toward me. "I don't feel good," she said. Her face was as red as a farmer's barn.

I went inside to put the nails and hammer away. In a few minutes, I saw Elinor come in the back door with



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Reported by
Mrs Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)

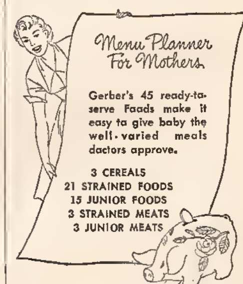
"GOOD IDEA, The Mother's Club News," writes a New York mother. "It's so full of helpful suggestions." Remember, this column is wide open for every mother's helpful baby care hints. Send them to Mrs. Gerber, Box 45, Fremont, Mich.



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DON'T PLAY DOCTOR

▶ *BY HARRY BOTSFORD*

I KNOW a young lady who was coming down with a cold. A friend said that her own doctor always prescribed sulpha tablets. My friend took some before going to bed. She awakened with hands and feet swollen, feeling so miserable that her husband called in their family physician. When he heard about the sulpha, he scribbled a prescription, handed it to her husband.

"Get that filled and see that your wife takes it," he said a little crossly. "She's allergic to sulpha. I've known it for some time. This could have been serious." Then he gave them a little lecture, told them that there are many sulpha combinations, most of which have to be taken with bicarbonate of soda and large quantities of water. "Take sulpha only when your doctor prescribes it," he said. "If you take it for minor ailments, you may build up a tolerance which will make it ineffective should you need it desperately sometime."

Bromides, available in considerable variety at the drugstore, can be vicious deceivers. People take them for an upset stomach, or to gain an artificial feeling of physical fitness. Often the bromide just hides the symptoms of an ailment.

The body builds up a tolerance for bromides, so the dosage must be increased to fight down the symptomatic warnings that something is wrong with the body functions. The danger point is reached and the victim becomes a bromide addict.

I knew another young lady who resorted to bromides for a recurrent headache. The dose had to be increased to a point where it drove her to the verge of a nervous breakdown. The doctor discovered that the headache was caused by eyestrain. That wasn't difficult to correct, but curing her of the bromide habit wasn't easy or pleasant.

Aspirin is a harmless drug if taken as directed. Too many people go on the theory that if a little is good, a lot is better. And don't forget, the average headache is a warning signal. The aspirin merely erases the symptoms; it doesn't get to the root of the trouble.

How silly can we get? A newspaper editor found he had athlete's foot and was shocked and ashamed. Instead of consulting his doctor, he went to a drugstore clerk for advice. He was sold a bottle of a patent medicine and started to treat the offending foot. He awakened one morning to find his foot and leg swollen, aching strangely. His doctor rushed him to the hospital and only antitetanus shots saved him from amputation.

You wouldn't think of trying to repair an ailing radio yourself; you'd call in a capable repairman. Use the same common sense when it comes to your own delicate physical organism. Let an expert prescribe.

●

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

Gayle Peggy draped over one arm like a sack of flour. Elinor's expression scared me.

"Fever," she said putting the child on the living-room couch. "Call a doctor right away. She says her neck hurts her." Two things frightened me considerably. One was that Elinor never says, "Call a doctor." She always says, "Let's wait until morning." The second was that neck business. The papers were full of infantile paralysis, detailing how many new cases had been found in our town and neighboring towns. I walked to Gayle Peggy's side.

"Sit up, honey," I said quietly. Her eyes were heavy-lidded. She glanced at me briefly and stuck her thumb in her mouth. "Sit up," I said.

The thumb came out. "I can't bend my neck," she said. "It hurts." Before I got on the phone, I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. There was no use kidding myself. This, I knew, was polio. The spine stiffens, they can't bend, apathy goes with it. Gayle Peggy had all the symptoms.

Doctor Farr lived up on the corner. I got him on the wire. He was at lunch. I asked him to come down and take a look at Gayle Peggy. He said he would, as soon as he finished eating. "Her spine is stiff, Walter," I said. "She has a little fever."

There was silence for a moment. Then he said, "Jim, I'll be there in a minute." He was. Walter Farr is a white-haired man who saw a lot of rugged service in CBI. He is also gentle and has a good sense of humor. From the time he started to examine Gayle Peggy, I watched for his bubbling good nature and it wasn't there. Elinor was walking three paces up the living room and three paces down. Her hands were twisting and her lips moved in prayer. She looked about fifteen years older than she had looked a half hour before. Every time that Doctor Farr got his hand behind Gayle Peggy's neck and bent her upward, her whole body came with it rigidly and she screamed with pain.

"Look," Dr. Farr said, "I'm a general practitioner and not a pediatrician. I handle a lot of babies, but when it looks serious, I like to have a pediatrician around. Do you mind if I ask Frank White to have a look at her?" No, I said, no, this is an emergency.

White had calls to make. He'd come later. Then he listened to Walter Farr and he said he'd be right over. White is a humorless scientist. Even if he knows that the child has a common cold he examines the kid for everything else under the sun, ruling them out as he goes along, and then comes up with what he knew in the beginning—a cold. On this very hot afternoon, he walked in smiling with his black bag open. As he passed the couch, he didn't glance at Gayle Peggy. He was helloing us and without warning he had the silver stethoscope out and had flung it at Gayle Peggy on the couch. It landed across her ankles. The blow must have hurt a trifle because she jumped a little and then she reached up and picked the stethoscope off her ankles.

"Well," he said, as he hung his suit coat on a dining-room chair, "it isn't polio." Elinor took a very deep breath and started to cry and left the room.

"How do you know, Doc?" I said.

He grinned. "No true polio patient can reach down, doubling the spine over, and pick anything off the ankles."

Doctor Farr began to breathe too. "Jim," he said, "I've been lucky. I never had a polio case and I don't want to start with your youngsters."

It was a sore throat and the toxins had been absorbed by glands in the neck flanking the spinal column. A simple thing. A very, very simple thing that would alarm no one. I was suddenly very gay and talked too damned much. I couldn't stop. I couldn't weep either. I suddenly felt that I wanted to take a house on my back and carry it across the street just to prove how good I felt. I could have done it, too.

My children, as I started to tell you in the beginning, are not angels. They are wonderful kids, fresh kids, sentimental kids; youngsters who will tell you half-truths if it will help them, cagey politicians, smart operators, kids who are too full to finish a potato but who can knock off two desserts at the same meal.

My thesis is that the old man never gets credit for being a part of the team. He is the soft touch, the one we turn to in troublous times, the goof at whom they all laugh when he sits down to play the piano or falls on the ice or tries to mastermind the dinner and swears he'll cook it himself. He is a victim of forgiving sentiment—that is, he is loved in spite of what he is, rather than because of it.

If he tries to keep his head in emergencies like Gayle Peggy's illness, he is accused of not feeling the love deep down like a mother does; if he frolics with his youngsters, wrestling all over the bed, he is a big jerk who doesn't know better than to ruin his one good suit; if he doesn't, he is a dismal creature who doesn't remember that he was once a kid himself. No matter which way he plays the domestic scene, he is wrong.

In spite of it all, there is a world of riches in being a father, and it's not exactly dull trying to become one.

—Jim Bishop

Shadow of Evil

Continued from page 33

knew every one of them, knew them well.

He asked, "You lock the door?"

"Yes, Governor."

Steve got in beside her, grinning, happy. He swept his hat off, put his foot on the starter.

"Here we go."

Clari's face softened as she watched him, and the sheer physical attraction he had for her liquidated every doubt for a grateful moment.

They drove away from the green clapboard cottage, through the sleepy-eyed town, and down the straight highway. Ahead, two hundred miles of suffocating, glare-flashed miles led straight to the Capital City; to glory, no less; to the almost certain fruition of Steve's great, obsessive hope. For the governor wouldn't have summoned them unless he had a real political plum to offer Steve when they got there.

Yes, and at the end of this trip she must come face to face with her own incorrigible apprehension. Apprehension of what? There was Hugh; she would meet him again this night. She was miserable at the prospect (and around the misery crawled a twinkling, mocking ring of delight). But Hugh was not the whole reason for her vast disquiet. She could handle him, if that were all there was to worry over. Hugh was the past, rationalized and forsworn. It was the future that so ominously waited down the empty road.

At Le Feu the sun was up, and they crossed the bayou and kept on through the short business street to the cotton fields beyond. In front of Bayonville's general store four Negroes grinned and waved, recognizing Steve.

He waved back and chuckled. "Wave to them. Governor Kanger says by next election fifty thousand of 'em will [illegible] voting in the state."

She was silent. He went on, "[illegible] knock 'em off with that pension, just like we knocked off the country po' whites. Governor Kanger's pretty smart about those things, almost as smart as his cousin was. He saw the nigger thing coming and he'll take 'em over solid—when I run."

"Steve, do me a favor, please. Don't use that word."

He glanced at her, quizzical, grinning. "Still a Yankee, huh, baby? They don't mind what they're called. They're used to it."

"I'm not thinking of them. I'm thinking of you. That word makes you lose dignity. It cheapens you."

He made a face at the road. "All right. Colored ladies and gentlemen."

She took breath in. She felt that she was sinking into odious glue. And it wasn't Steve's fault. He was caught too.

When men chose a path to power, their wives went too, unquestioning, so what was eating her? Social conscience? Bunk. Women fell in love with mankind only when they couldn't contrive a satisfactory love affair with a man. But the facetiousness of that thought did not ring entirely true with her.

Let Steve have his hour! It would be her hour too, wouldn't it? The governor's wife. The First Lady. The Mansion. And they were still so young, they could savor it all to the full. Steve had come so very near to utter smashup after he got back from the war. A trickle of terror sent her limp just to remember those awful days and weeks during that period—when Steve, starting with a cocktail at home or even a glass of beer, would progress through brawls at the Elks Club, disappearances for days at a time, until owners of near or far honky-tonks telephoned. Then came the days around the house after that, when he would alternately swear off and beg for a drink, and the inevitable finale in the sanitarium in a neighboring state.

It was an ache that went right through you, watching your lover melt and decompose before your eyes into a lump of pink dough. The two psychiatrists at the sanitarium told her it was just a sickness like any other, and outside moral judgment. But she was sure that the two psychiatrists did judge—that they gloated over the spectacle of this splendid animal brought low, made lesser than they were, trembling and dependent.

Steve seemed to tune in her thought. "Do you realize I haven't had a drink in eight months?"

"Yes, darling. I think it's wonderful."

"All that crazy stuff's behind me. You don't have to worry any more. I just have an allergy or something to alcohol, and now that I know it I can cope with it." He chuckled. "Governor Kanger's been checking up—don't you worry. He knows all that bunk is finished, else he wouldn't have called."

The broad, handsome face was tranquil with confidence. He said, "Do you also realize you and I have a good chance of living in the Governor's Mansion for four years after the next election?"

She nodded slightly.

"Doesn't it give you a bang?"

She stared at the road, thinking back to something, wondering whether she ought to mention it.

"Good Lord, honey, doesn't the prospect thrill you?"

"Oh, sure, Steve. But do you remember? You remember when we were at Central State, when we first knew each other, eight years ago? Lord, eight years!"

Steve squinted at the road ahead. "Remember? Sure. Lots of things. What, for instance?"

"Well, about your band. How you were going to play your way around the world. With me as the vocalist." She sighed. "You know—that has always seemed a good idea to me."

"Shucks. That was kid stuff, Ree." He seemed to want to close the subject, to get on with his driving or another discussion.

"I know."

Hot. Not unbearable smotheration yet, but a slowly rising, brassy glare. She eyed the fine coppery hair on Steve's left wrist; it was a big wrist, competent, virile on the steering wheel in sunlight, marked by a neat, three-inch scar.

"I guess politics runs in the blood," Steve said. "I got elected to the House of Representatives easily enough, didn't I?"

He meant his father, of course, when he said politics ran in the blood—and he *had* been elected easily to the state House of Representatives. But that was because of his father. She remembered Stephen Lenihan, Sr., in the final year of his life.

Yes, Senator Lenihan's son could be elected to almost anything he wanted, because the old man had been respected and loved all over the state—even nationally. Most astounding to Clari was the fact that he had been respected and loved for his enormous integrity. That this was a paradox in politics she knew from what she had seen of politicians since. She would always be proud, even grateful, to remember that the Senator had approved of her. His pride was so solid, so unpurchasable; she wished that Steve could be like the old man.

In a way, she had repaid the old Senator's approval of her—and in the same act betrayed Steve. It was a trivial thing, but recollection of it still flicked her with guilt. Steve was campaigning for Carl Kanger, after Kanger's first cousin—the fabulous governor, the despot—had died from a marksman's gun during a parade.

Steve had said, "Politics is a business in this state. Sure, some of the Kangers' friends have been crooked and got caught. Most of it was exaggerated by the high-hat, sissy do-gooders who want the jobs. Dad doesn't understand. He's too high-principled to be practical. My future, now—"

Yes. Old Man Lenihan hadn't understood. He had considered all the

Kangers vermin, but he hadn't been violent about it, just shrugged and twisted his face into an expression of scorn. "Let Steve find out. He's young. He's not for politics—I know. But you're good for him. Pick him up when he's bumped by that Camorra of heels—he'll be bumped and he'll need you."

It had been said gently, with love. So she had gone into the privacy of the voting booth and marked her ballot for the grave little anti-Kanger man, whom Steve opposed. But the man represented what Steve's father had wanted for himself and his son; he spoke with such high earnestness and clearly read books and bathed regularly—frailties the Kangers ostentatiously disdained the deeper they got in the country. She had voted against Carl Kanger, against Steve's candidate, perhaps against Steve's political future. She had voted, really, for the illusion of public office she had held before she felt herself swallowed up in Kanger politics. She had voted even for Hugh, in a way. Hugh had been responsible for so much of her thinking. She wished he hadn't. She wished she had never met him, for more than one reason. She could see him now, the young instructor in social studies, angular and ugly and magnetic as a lodestone.

Damn Hugh forever. Not only for the months of their terrible, doomed love affair, but for the way he had taught her to think. Except for Hugh, she might be without a worry, humming this moment down the slowly cooking ribbon of flat highway, going with her husband into fulfillment and high adventure. Why had she come to this land of heat and subtle, stalking, unnameable terror, anyway? There had never been any politics talked in her home. Her father, a quiet Lett cabinetmaker, had brought her mother and herself down for a season to get away from the Wisconsin winter—and they had stayed. Then she had found herself suddenly married to Steve, with the episode of Hugh over and finished, and a steel-trap world of heat, implacable heat and politics and vituperation and snide maneuver closing around her.

Steve turned off beside a pair of red gas pumps in front of a low, raw-pine structure plastered with beer and snuff signs. On the dirty window a sign read *HURD MASTOCK, GEN'L MERCHAN'SE.* Clari could smell stock feed, and the paint on the car cooking. A pearl of perspiration crawled down one small breast; she shuddered.

A fat, dirty man with a stubble of gray beard waddled out into the sun.

"Hi, Mr. Steve," he said without warmth, unsmiling. "Brother wants to see you. Did you git my post card?"

Steve got out of the car, hearty and beaming. He gripped the other man's hand. "You bet I did. That's why I'm here. How's Hurd?"

"Ain't no better. An' he's sick with worryin'." The man's blue eyes were slitted, bitter.

"We'll fix that. Come on, Clari, I want you to meet my good friend Pete Mastock. You never met my wife, did you, Pete?"

Pete's expression did not change. He watched Clari come around the front of the car into the horror of the hot, white gravel.

Clari stuck out her hand and tried to smile.

Pete touched it limply with a dirty paw. He looked down quickly, almost servilely.

Pete opened the screen and they moved ahead of him into the odd, rancid darkness typical of little lost general stores in the Deep South. Then Clari's pupils expanded and she could see.

The room was unbelievably cluttered with a sad, vagarious stock. It always came joltingly to Clari to remember that these things were necessities of life—buttons, slightly tarnished knives, loaves of bread, cheap candy, a bunch of bananas, the stack of fly-specked shoe boxes over the counter, on which new clothing with a vague, used air was carelessly piled. There was the glass case with the candies, the tired brown and pink and white cakes.

In the spicy, hushed dimness were three people. A little girl in a filthy dun dress, sucking on a popsicle and viewing the newcomers from the tops of her eyes. She seemed no more than eight, although she had startling little breasts like crab apples. A blowsy white woman slumped on a stool behind the main counter. A young man in faded overalls sat on the counter near her, lazily chewing tobacco. It was an alien, hostile, still life.

They moved through a back door into a bedroom.

For an instant Clari thought she was going to faint as the gagging sourness of the close quarters smote her. The room was disordered, the iron bed unmade. A bureau held a litter of medicine bottles, glasses, spoons and a pair of men's suspenders. A large wardrobe of incongruous pink wood stood open in a corner, displaying a jumble of dirty clothes. In a rocker sat a man in his undershirt with a striped bathrobe thrown carelessly across his lap. His large head sat crookedly on a withered body. He was any age beyond fifty. A week's stubble of white whiskers fuzzed his face. His eyes were blue, quick-blinking and shrewd.

Steve smiled at Clari. "This is my good friend Hurd Mastock, Clari. He just about runs politics in this neck of the woods. Darling, these are our kind of people—the salt of the earth."

The repellent man in the chair nodded complacently. "We only lost seventeen votes for Carl the last election. That was out of a hunnerd an' eighty. You gonna see Carl?"

"Yes. Today."

"You tell him that. You tell him we only lost seventeen votes in this district out of a hunnerd an' eighty. I want him to know."

"He knows you're a great friend of his," Steve said.

The room pressed downward on Clari. She was panting, smothering, but she clenched her fists and resolved not to show it.

"I been sick," Hurd Mastock complained, settling in the chair. " 'Scuse me for not gittin' up. I been sick as a dog."

"That ain't no lie," Pete Mastock said, near animation.

Hurd rolled his lips against his gums. "You know I'm a Kanger man. Always was. But I supported yore dad, too, and you. I supported yore dad every time he run. He was the greatest senator this state ever had. If you're half as good a man you'll be all right. You know that?"

Steve nodded, swallowing hard.

And now, suddenly, Clari watched her husband with sharp awareness.

Steve was moistening his lips and shifting his weight uneasily, trying to smile. The mention of his father seemed to embarrass him, make him tense. He massaged the long, pale scar on his left hand. It was one of his common nervous mannerisms, particularly under strain. She had never paid it much mind. But now she remembered the training camp injury—the knife slash in close combat drill—and excitedly she bestowed upon it a new significance. Could that have been what was eating on him ever since the war? Was that why he had never touched a piano since his return—why he always brushed the subject aside and said, "No more of that stuff. The voters look down on piano players. All they'll take is a guitar." It was always said lightly, with a grin. But it was the wound, it was his injured wrist, that had kept him from going back to the piano, as he'd planned, when they left school and he went into the army. And not having the dream—the piano—he had catapulted into the twin poppylands of politics and heavy drink.

Lord, but that sounded too easy. The psychiatrists at the sanitarium surely had drilled too deep to miss such an obvious surface pool. Still, she felt nearer to a clue during this racing moment than she ever had felt before. At least, for the first time she knew that the constant eulogies of his father apparently assaulted Steve's ego, put him through some sort of interior agony. He might not even know, consciously, that he suffered—or why. But he did suffer of that she was sure.

"You can win for guvna—on your father's name. We'll back you. You gonna have a fight, though, son. The Charley Lake crowd's talkin' big about indictments and stuff like that. Carl oughta be more careful. You tell him Hurd Mastock said to watch his step—the po' folks expect him to get his, long as he divides with them. He's gotta do it careful, though. And you—you watch that booze. Otherwise you'll be out, too."

A flame of anger flared through Clari. The presumption, the sneering patronage of this creature!

"Steve hasn't had a drink in a year!" she cried in a strange, fierce voice.

Hurd Mastock looked at her, rubbing the white stubble of his chin. He addressed Steve then.

"Take the wife with you when you speak. Make her get out amongst the po' people and not be afraid of sweat, boy. She dresses too fancy. Get her some clothes like po' folks wear."

Steve laughed.

With a sigh Hurd Mastock then got down to business.

"I got a boy, Willie, they're trying to take in this new peacetime draft. I want you to fix it with Carl and get him loose."

Steve shifted stance uneasily. "You know I'd like to help, but I don't know—"

The man in the chair shrugged impatiently. "You can get him off, all right. I know that. Carl Kanger can get him off in five minutes. I done a lot for Carl and I want him to do me this favor in return."

"I'll see—"

"Don't see. You tell Carl Kanger to put the heat on that draft board in town. I want Willie here with me. I'm sick. I'm sick as a dog." He shifted in the chair and, involuntarily or by design, his face showed pain. "Those rich men on the draft board in town tried to take my two other boys in the war. And both farmers, too! Carl's got new men on that board now. C. K. Fanner is chairman, and you know how Carl kept him out of jail in that truck deal. I want the heat turned on—And I want on the pension, too."

His voice, petulant now and almost snarling, paused.

"Don't worry, Hurd. Those are the first things I'll take up with the governor."

In a quick, searing vision Clari could see Hugh addressing his class, hear his harsh, ardent voice saying, "*Beware of the Little Greed as well as*

of the Big Greed. It's always with us and it's just as ugly."

That was the year Hugh shifted from teaching to newspaper work.

Hugh saw so much so clearly. Yet there remained a paradox in his remark about the Little Greed—there were thousands with ignoble little greeds who voted for Senator Lenihan only because he *was* strong and incorruptible—the kind of man who wouldn't cater to petty greed. She surrendered the problem, knowing only that all this about Steve and the governorship was wrong and ominous. Steve, amiable and easygoing, worrying a piano at Blanding Ford or on the pier at Inlet City or for a school prom—yes, that was good and as it should be. But not Steve as governor, nor herself as the governor's wife. It was a distortion of manifest destiny. Some people were meant to be simply obscure and merry—and Steve was one of those persons.

In the car once more, heading south, Clari asked timidly, "Steve, suppose you're defeated for governor. What would you do? Couldn't you go into something else besides politics? This state—these people—kind of scare me."

He reached down and squeezed her hand.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to be defeated. You'll get used to the people. Kid 'em along. That's politics. I feel it in my bones—this is our big break. I can't lose."

"But suppose you did?" Clari asked.

Steve lifted his hand back to the wheel.

"In that case I don't know anything I could do. It would be pretty rugged." He wet his lips. "In the army I spent a winter in Okinawa learning hot drums. I might get up a small band."

"Oh, Steve, that wouldn't be bad! You could get up a band and we could work together traveling around like we planned once—"

He cut her off. "Clari, you talk like a fool! Don't you realize I'm set up to be governor of this state? Don't you realize what that means to you and me both? Quit fighting me all the time!"

She nodded slowly. They drove on across the sizzling land. It was too hot to quarrel, too hot to think, too hot to worry about the closing future.

They rolled on in silence. Unconsciously Steve ran his right hand along the thin white scar, up and back, up and back, steering with his left hand, Clari noticed idly. Through thin layers of cloth the plastic seat cover burned her flanks.

The sundown shower did no good; it simply filled the leafy streets of the Capital City with a choking purple steam. Not even the air-conditioning

unit in the small office off the foyer of the Governor's mansion brought relief. It seemed to be exhausted, now, after its day-long battle with the fiery air. Clari sat on a hard chair along the wall and toyed listlessly with a magazine she had read through twice. At a desk bristling with colored buttons and telephone switches a dark man in a state policeman's uniform pored over a crossword puzzle.

She had been in here an hour and a half. She felt useless and worried. She had not seen the governor. Steve had been taken off by a dog-faced little man, "to wait till the boss can see you," right after they arrived.

She'd heard about the Kangers for years; she knew that Carl was a coarse, snarling, vindictive man. His radio speeches had told her that in the campaigns—although his friends said he was "human" and "earthy." She knew that he had lived for years in the shadow of his equally vituperative cousin, who had possessed also wit and sharp intelligence, in addition to the lack of scruple that was a family trait. Steve did not deny any of this; instead he explained it. "That's politics. That's what the people want—they don't want sweet-smelling reformers in this state any more. They want a tough horse who'll bring them fodder. Carl Kanger is one of those. And he keeps his word."

Now the night was imminent. Through the small, barred windows, she could see movement on the lawn and the wink of lights—flares, it seemed.

"What's that?" she asked finally. "Are they having fireworks out there?"

The trooper looked at her. His white teeth gleamed.

"No ma'am. That's the old-age pension crowd. They going to give the guvna a torchlight parade to the Capitol tonight and thank him for what he done for them."

She peered at the shadows, the lights moving against the windows in milky splashes. From afar came a thin murmur of voices.

The trooper chuckled.

"We brought them in from all over. Sent school busses. It's gonna be some crowd."

"They must be crazy about the governor."

The policeman looked puzzled. He put his pencil behind his ear. "Yes, ma'am." And then he added, "Shucks, they knew better than not to come. They was rounded up and told. They wanna keep gettin' those checks, don't they?" He laughed.

Clari stared at her crossed knees. A curious sense of heartbreak, of pity for the futile gathering of old people lighting their torches on the lawn oppressed her.

Where was Hugh?

She flushed to think that her gay postcard to him in care of the paper, announcing their visit to the Capital City, probably had merely given him warning. "Good. Now I can keep out of the way of that dame. I certainly don't want to get involved in complications at this late date." No, that wasn't like Hugh. Wasn't it? It was like a man.

After all, could she blame him? Why should he rejoice at the only possible implication of a communication from her—the proffer of old, cold food for warming over?

Somewhere in a pink and gold twilight of mirrors and smoke and rich, closed doors, Steve hung hypnotized in the web. Did she love Steve?

She was frightened for him. That much she knew. This was like no other anxiety she had known. Not like the nights of insecurity, with Steve ticketed for the sanitarium and the sly patronage of the psychiatrists for them both; that was bad, but it was ponderable and could be met.

If she could only talk over with Hugh this new problem. He had had so many quick, bright solutions—or at least he could put them slickly into words. He could name the evil. She tried to remember Hugh, his look, the sound of his voice. But he came in blurred.

Why shouldn't she rejoice that Steve had a chance for security as governor—that *she* had a chance for security? Heaven knew they had experienced precious little of it. There was the tiny income, the gradual erosion of their small home under successive mortgages which would have crashed down on them long ago except that Steve's name was on the lips of bankers as the probable gubernatorial heir. Why, this would mean permanent security! Governors didn't retire in this state to the poor farm—not Kanger governors, at least.

Now she glanced at the barred window and cringed.

A face was there, a white, old face, grinning and Hogarthian, contorted by a sort of snide ecstasy.

The cop saw it too, and with a gesture of annoyance rose from his desk, pulling his revolver from a shoulder holster. He waved the gun urgently at the face and it disappeared into the darkness with a surprised, hurt look.

"Those—" The cop glanced at Clari and deleted the profanity. "Those jugheads," he said. He replaced the gun in its holster.

Steve came into the room, hurried and flushed.

"Sorry I was held up, darling." He strode up close to her and said softly, "Things look good."

And then he stiffened, shushing her with a finger.

Carl Kanger stood in the doorway. He was a large, loose-jointed man with a fleshy nose and a prominent, mobile mouth. His eyes were red-flecked, unsteady, haunted. He wore creased slacks and a shirt open wide at the throat. He had an air about him of aggressive, surly purpose, and also of perpetual readiness for flight.

"This your wife, Steve?"

The voice had gravel in it and abstraction. His eyes were focused inside the little room and somehow also looking backward, furtively, behind him.

"Darling, I want you to meet Governor Kanger," Steve said, proud and nervous.

"I'm very honored," Clari said, straining a smile.

The governor did not offer to shake hands. He stood loosely in the doorway, flicking his gaze over her. He ordered the trooper out of the room with a motion of his thumb.

"I'm gonna make your husband governor," the hoarse voice rasped. "You watch yourself, girl. Don't get no scandal on you. And keep him off that booze. You hear that?"

Anger stabbed her again. But she knew that this was a crisis and she managed to nod demurely.

"And don't get the idea that you've moved in here yet. You ain't." Then, amazingly, his lips worked into a grisly smile. "Don't worry, cutie-pie. You two just do what you're told and you'll be all right." He spit lustily against a baseboard.

Then he eyed Steve. "You come out here again, boy. I want you to meet Pietro. He just come in. You never met him, did you?"

For the first time Steve looked scared.

"He won't bite you." The governor chuckled. "You been readin' them lyin' newspapers."

He turned to Clari, narrowing his eyes. "We'll only be gone a minute. Then we'll all ride up to the Capitol for the ceremonies and the big dinner. After that a caucus of my leaders is gonna talk with Steve to make sure he'll go along on everything. That'll be at ten, you hear, girl? You get him there. Sober, huh?" His eyes glowed sardonically.

Steve said, "Don't worry, Governor, I'll be there."

"Damn right you will, if you want to be governor of this state. Far as I'm concerned the deal's set, but you gotta convince my leaders and Pietro that you'll go along like they want and that you're gonna stay off that booze." He suddenly turned back toward the door, shouting into the corridor, "Keep them bloodsucking reporters outa here."

"Be right back," Steve said to Clari,

handling his wrist. He followed his master.

Clari felt a great surge of pity for him as he left to meet Pietro Bell, who was reported to be the multi-millionaire owner of night clubs in New York and Chicago and, it was whispered, a dealer in marijuana and numbers, a contributor to campaigns.

She relaxed with effort. In her mind the words "Trapped, trapped, trapped," sang monotonously.

Then she heard Hugh's voice.

I tell you I don't want to see the governor. I want to see a friend of mine who's around here."

"And I told you I'd lose my job if you come in here. Didn't you hear what the governor told you last time? You can't—"

They shared the doorway then, a short, bald trooper and the lanky figure of Hugh.

The other trooper reached for his gun.

Clari cried in alarm, "Don't—he's all right. I know him."

Grinning, Hugh elbowed his way into the small room. "Hello, Tom." He waved to the trooper with the nervous revolver. "You better quit waving that thing around. The governor's going to be shot some day and people may wonder whether you did it."

The trooper replaced his gun, his face worried. But surprise kept him from halting Hugh's stride across the room and over to Clari.

"Hello, Clari. You look swell."

He was the same as ever, lean, angular, owlish behind his horn-rimmed glasses and graying now over the ears —but he seemed to her in this moment no less than an angel of rescue. Her heart whipped against its walls.

"Hugh—"

But the trooper at the desk had got over his surprise and was angry now—and frightened.

"You get out of here. Now."

He put a foot forward in Hugh's direction.

"Okay, okay." Hugh gave Clari his gnome's smile. "Where can I call you?" He backed toward the door.

"Wait," she said. "I'll walk outside with you, Hugh."

"Now, ma'am," the trooper interposed, "the governor said—"

"You shut up!" she blazed at him, releasing the tension of the hours with him as a cell-mate. "I'll do what I please!"

She preceded Hugh under the seal of the state and the initials of Riley Kanger which he had ordered carved over the front door when he was governor.

Outside, the hot night rose up around them. For a space she reeled back. Then she sucked the heavy air

into her lungs delightedly. She was glad to be out of the sinister house and its ersatz cool; glad to have her fingers on Hugh's sleeve. The sensible grayness of his suit seemed to her to symbolize the soberness, the unvarying strength of Hugh that always had given her a sense of security while she was with him.

They walked along the flagstone porch of the house, not speaking. On the lawn, the old-age pensioners were being herded into ranks before the mansion. The march would begin from here.

"From what I hear, this will soon be your front porch," Hugh said uneasily, when they stopped and inspected each other.

She shook her head, trying to untangle a knot in her throat.

"Hugh—I'm glad to see you." That was all she managed.

And she was. She watched his long, homely face as he thumbed a lighter and the tiny flame licked up. Once she had petted an Afghan puppy with a face much like Hugh's.

"Hugh, I've thought about you so much!"

That wasn't entirely true. She hadn't really thought about him very much until today. But she wanted him aware of her again—enough to help her now. A hope was forming in her mind, and she knew that she might even have to be brazen to carry it out. But pride was very little to risk to escape the trap that was settling about her. Alone, she couldn't make a move against what Steve wanted; his hold on her was too strong for that. But with Hugh to drain strength from, perhaps she could find a solution.

I've thought about you too." Hugh's tone was not comfortable. "I'm leaving here, you know. I'm going with Associated Press in Washington. Tomorrow. I'm so glad I got to see you one more time."

"You're leaving for good?"

"Yes, Clari. There's nothing more here for me." He hesitated and went on fast, "You're going to be in the middle of big doings, though. Steve probably will be elected, from all I hear."

"Oh, isn't it horrible, Hugh! What can I do about it?"

The masses of overheated air were in movement now. There was lightning, constant and increasing, and behind it the low growling of new storm. Hugh's hand tightened on her arm.

She bit her lip. "All these political people, Hugh—they're horrible."

"Do you know them? Do you know the real country people?"

"Yes. All day— Why, the more I see of them the more horrible they get. And that Carl Kanger. And Bell. The

people of this state love crooks, Hugh. They want crooks. I wonder where this democracy business we used to talk about has gone to. Hugh, is it this bad all over?"

"It's good and bad everywhere. It dips and rises. The alternatives are so bad they keep it going."

She was irritated. "Don't talk like a professor, Hugh. Tell me what's going to happen to us—to *me*!" She wanted all answers quick and lucid, even when she knew there were no quick and lucid answers. Hugh was leaving, wasn't he? Hugh was running too.

He moved a millimeter closer to her. "Steve has an opportunity in this state."

She was near to tears. She touched Hugh, clung to him a little. "They're running Steve because they know he's weak and they can control him."

"No, Clari. Listen. Had you thought of it this way? They're running Steve because his name is Lenihan. They need a name that's clean and recalls Senator Lenihan's self-respect and decency. This gang knows that the things they've been doing are going to blow wide open. It's a tribute to the people, for all their ignorance and petty self-interest, that a fine name can still pull their votes. That's why this crowd is running Steve. They smell jail—but with the magic of the Lenihan name they hope to prolong the stealing. Steve could balk them if he'd try."

"Just words," she murmured. "Take me with you, Hugh, out of this. You still want me, Hugh?"

He put both arms around her and drew her close. *What am I saying, doing?* she thought.

"I never wanted anybody else. I never loved anybody else."

"Take me away from here."

He held her tight. Then he said clearly, "No."

Clari knew that this time was a decisive moment in her life, and she wondered why she was so relieved to be rejected.

"No," he repeated solidly. "You see, I love you, always have, and you never loved me. I knew. You're a strange little girl. You thought you could have a romance with a point of view, an I.Q. It wasn't very good for you, was it? You love Steve the only way a man wants to be loved." His voice was faint at the end.

A band began to play in the dark street. A wind was blowing with raindrops in it. The lightning streaks flashed close before the thunder now. Hugh stepped away from her, a foot, a final league. He smelled faintly of old manuscripts, she thought; it was a thought from the past.

"You'll get used to politics."

"Don't patronize me!" she cried in



sudden anger. "You know as well as I do Steve has got no business being governor. It'll kill him. It'll kill me."

"Running off with me would kill him too. And you. And me."

Abruptly, lights went on high up on the ceiling of the gallery. The screen doors opened and three men emerged, two policemen with the governor hunched and walking fast between them.

"Look." Hugh chuckled. "He's afraid of lightning. The finger of God."

A long, black limousine appeared suddenly and silently at the mansion stoop. The door opened and the governor got in, with an apprehensive glance at the sky. Then a tall, overdressed woman came out of the mansion at a near-run and got into the car with the governor. The door clucked shut and the limousine slunk away, two motorcycles following.

Now the screen door opened again and Steve came out and looked about frantically.

"Clari! Where have you been?" He strode toward them nervously. "You're holding up the works, you know that?"

Then he recognized Hugh. They'd only met twice and Steve thought of him vaguely as "that professor Clari used to have a crush on."

"Hello, sir." Steve's tone had the mingled respect and patronage of the young for the mature. "You're with a paper here, aren't you?" They shook hands.

"I was. I'm leaving tomorrow. I wanted to say good-by to Clari—and you. Hope I didn't mess up your schedule."

"No. Clari, we're in the second car. Here it comes now." He was excited. He had no time for small talk.

She was in the dark, soft cradle of the limousine beside Steve before she could even tell Hugh good-by. But as they moved off she saw him, lean and owlish and slightly stooped, arguing with the trooper. Obviously he was being told to get away from there.

Steve rubbed his wrist in the fragrant, new-car gloom.

"Everything's fixed. Bell says okay." He laughed boyishly. "I rang the Bell. All I've got to do now is hand a line to that bunch of Kanger leaders at ten tonight and we're in." He sighed. "Clari, you just don't realize what this means."

"Maybe I don't." She tried to squeeze the hopefulness out of her voice when she asked, "If the leaders decide against it tonight, that would mean you couldn't run, wouldn't it?"

"Don't worry about that. They've heard a lot of rumors and things. But as soon as they see I'm sober and ready to deal with them from here out it'll be in the bag. It isn't just the rumors they've heard. They want to be sure I'm no panty-waist—trying to reform the world, like Charley Lake and his crowd."

"I hope it all works out," she said tiredly.

But as their big car was maneuvered behind the preceding limousine, and followed by the pop-eyes of other headlights lining up for the parade to the Capitol, Clari felt only utter entrapment. No energy for rebellion remained. Now she was committed, carried forward willy-nilly on the dark lane. She wondered about the stooped, owlish, gentle man back on the mansion porch. How could she possibly have conceived of him as a knight of deliverance, or even as a source of clarification for her confusion and fear? Fear of what? Why, there was the smell of conspiracy and fear over this parade. It started with the hoarse, bitter man in the car ahead who surely was afraid.

Yet Steve wasn't feeling fear at all, apparently. He sat upright, hands on his knees, communing with his star. What a baby he was, and what a bruising he would get from—Senator Lenihan's phrase came back—this Camorra of heels. And she was supposed to be on hand to pick him up when he was smashed down. But she wouldn't be able to. He would be smashed down too far for any saving.

An odd thought crossed her mind. They were in this car, moving toward an honor as sinister as a guillotine, because Steve had a scar on his wrist. All this was a flare-up of that old wound. Otherwise, Steve probably wouldn't even have gone into the Legislature. He might well have been on the road tonight—they might have been on the road together—with a small band, obscure and merry and capable of small laughters and small tears, wedded to a simple but sure destiny. If only, if only . . . .

They rolled along, the nervous lightning still jittering overhead. A ragged crowd lined the streets, staring without enthusiasm. Behind, the band played softly and the old-age pensioners sang in a ragged falsetto as they marched. The procession slowed as the leaders reached the Capitol building. Floodlights bathed the steps and the wide stone plaza before the main entrance, where the ceremony would be held. Clari could see chairs set out there and a microphone and many figures moving.

Lord, would she have to sit up there, in full view?

But this was just the beginning.

If she had the words, if she could find the eloquence, even now she might pour out to Steve the full force of her apprehension, her certainty that he had no business in politics, that he was

being used and would be destroyed, that they must turn quickly at this final moment when escape was still possible and go another way.

But Steve was past all argument. He'd only get furiously angry and think she was a liability to him in the moment of his great opportunity.

Over the chauffeur's shoulder, through the glass partition, she saw the parade leaders turn and start up the Capitol steps in a double file.

That was when it happened—as their limousine came to a halt in a pool of shadow under a live-oak tree, half a block from the square.

She did not see the man approach the car. The door was flung open suddenly and a lean, drawn face confronted them. It was a young man's face, with eyes in it of unforgettable, malevolent hatred.

Steve said, "Hey!" in alarm, and made a protective movement out of his seat, for the intruder was on Clari's side. In that split second of awareness, as the baleful eyes glittered through the yellow light, Clari was sure that the thing the man was raising in his hand was a gun and that Steve, or both of them, would be assassinated.

But nothing exploded.

Instead, a soft object fell on the floor of the car and a fierce young voice screeched at them, "Run *this* for governor, you Kanger bum!"

The next moments were confused and would always be unclear in detail to her.

The head disappeared. There were shouts, a shot, running feet. Clari saw the culprit overtaken as he reached the curb. Half a dozen troopers seemed to materialize out of the darkness and converge on the running figure at once. They became a blur of bodies, with something down under the blur. She saw hands with clubbed pistols in them and feet being swung back to kick. And she heard a shrill moan that faded.

The chauffeur was peering anxiously into the tonneau. He, too, had a drawn gun.

"You folks all right? You all right?"

"We're all right," Steve said. His voice was shaken.

"Don't let them kill him," Clari said, as she stared at the object the man had tossed to the floor of the car.

At first she thought it was a fur neckpiece.

Then she understood.

"Why, that guy threw a skunk at us!" Steve cried in a startled tone. "Take that thing out of here, will you, chauffeur?"

"A skunk!" he repeated as they began to move again slowly. "You smell it? It's really not as bad as you'd think being thrown right in here."

Steve relaxed in the seat. "Why, that

man could have shot me, you know that?"

Clari sat still and tense, trying to understand the scorn and hatred in the man's eyes. How many were there like him?

But, oddly, the incident did not increase her sense of fear of the crowd, the men around Kanger, or Kanger himself and the floodlighted space where she would have to sit for an hour, listening to the governor's hoarse bombast. She felt better. All through the travestied ceremonies, she could not put down a new impression that there was courage and self-respect here and there in the dark, faceless throng. And when Steve was introduced and stood up to take his bow, the volume of the applause lifted her spirits. The ovation was not for Steve, she knew; it was for Senator Lenihan and for the principles which had not quite died with him.

It never rained hard. The storm wheeled and veered off from the Capital City; the lightning flickered out and Governor Kanger did not have to worry about the finger of God through the closing moments of the affair. Cool air came into the city on the flank of the storm.

There was a convivial melee after the speaking. The crowd surged up around them, there was much handshaking, and they were swept and eddied off in the flow of humanity until they were blessedly anonymous again in a Capitol corridor.

"Let's find the eats," Steve said, linking her arm through his. And he added, "You hear that crowd? When I stood up? They want me, honey; they want me for governor."

They went down on a packed elevator to the basement, where in the cafeteria a large group of political workers was scheduled for a buffet supper of barbecue and potato salad. They encountered a solid wall of people.

All order had collapsed and men, women and children were pushing and clawing their way toward the food.

"No politician is worth this to my feet," a woman moaned.

Steve shook his head, peering on tiptoe over the heads of the crowd. "I guess they sent tickets to everybody in the state. That's the way it always is. If I can find a policeman—"

But Clari tugged on his arm, dragged his ear down lower. "They won't miss us, Steve. Let's go out and get a quiet dinner. Just the two of us."

"No, they'll expect—" He sighed and shrugged. "Oh, well, why not?"

The street they took toward the little restaurant called Pete's Garden—a favorite of theirs—was surprisingly quiet and unfrequented. Under the heavy foliage of the old trees the street was cool and fresh. They held hands as they walked.

And Clari was suddenly, illogically, happy and relieved. She felt that somewhere under the cloak of this abruptly friendly night was a solution and a benevolent rearrangement of destiny, a clue to the right road out. It was on the tip of her tongue if she could, with a burst of perception, articulate it, if she could say, "I've just thought, Steve. This is what we'll do—"

Their heels rang on the pavement. Far up ahead the neon flame of the Pete's Garden sign twinkled.

She tightened her hand on his and knew that she wanted this big, confused boy with a wonderful simplicity of physical desire she had never felt for Hugh. He was hers, after all.

"Stop a minute," she demanded. "Kiss me, Steve. Kiss me hard."

And then she said, "Is that the best you can do?"

He did better, and as they continued on toward Pete's Garden he chuckled happily, seeming to catch her own strange elation and content.

"Say, I feel all different tonight. That drinking business, for instance. I feel absolutely confident I can handle it now. I won't, of course, but I could take a drink with you tonight to celebrate and stop right there."

The carefully worded protest which rose automatically to her lips—and which he wanted from her, and expected, to get him over this vulnerable moment—died before it was uttered.

They both were thinking of the ten o'clock date with Kanger's leaders.

Clari said, "Yes, Steve, I feel you've got that whipped too. All these months! Maybe it would do your morale good to *have* a drink tonight and prove to yourself you can handle it. I'll have one with you!"

They began to hurry again toward the blooming sign.

Dear Lord, forgive me, Clari thought, for what I'm doing to him.

But it was a solution. With all its inevitable cycle of horror, it was still a road out. The only road she had. What was it Hugh had said about alternatives? Maybe all life was a matter of picking lesser evils. And despite the known trauma, the risk she was choosing for them both, somewhere up ahead, beyond the inevitable spree, she could see light. She knew Steve better now; she knew what had caused the canker on his soul, now, and she could help him cure it. On the route they would travel otherwise, she couldn't help him at all.

Steve let go of her hand and massaged the scar on his wrist.

"This has been a wonderful day for us, hasn't it?"

Somehow she was sure why he had made it a question. Somehow she was sure he, too, knew what was going to happen. —JAMES ASWELL

Why Husbands Die Too Young

Continued from page 34

needed meat and pancakes and apple pie for breakfast to have enough energy to get the day's work done. When their children came to the cities they kept their old eating habits. So if your husband eats more than his work calls for, you'll have to help him re-educate his eating habits.

You can work out a good, detailed diet for him with your doctor. In general, though, your husband needs more milk than coffee. Give him more meat, cheese, eggs than spaghetti. He ought to have more yellow vegetables and green leafy vegetables than potatoes or macaroni. Give him whole wheat or enriched white bread instead of sweet rolls, cakes and cookies—although he shouldn't have too much bread either. And more fruit for dessert than pies and ice cream.

What about the before-dinner cocktail? It won't hurt your husband. In fact, if he's in a tense job an ounce or two of liquor may be beneficial. Alcohol in small quantities will reduce the blood pressure, expand and relax the blood vessels. But remember—there are 100 calories in an ounce of liquor. This means that your husband has his choice: If he has one or two before-dinner cocktails, then he must cut out that extra slice of bread and pat of butter. But watch out if, after two cocktails, your husband gets a ravenous appetite and loses his will power to stay on the diet. If he does, cut out the cocktail.

You can tell how much your husband should weigh by getting a weight-longevity table published by one of the life insurance companies. These tables, instead of being compiled from average weights of men by height and age, are based on *ideal* weights for good health. If your husband is 10 per cent overweight—in other words, if he should weigh 160 and is 16 or more pounds over that—then walk him, don't run, to his doctor.

If he's not obese but tends to put on weight, go to work on the problem

yourself. You can do such things as pouring the syrup off canned fruits. Use a salad dressing of tomato juice and red wine vinegar rather than olive oil. Stop frying foods. Keep the melted butter away from vegetables. Don't put bread, sugar or butter on the table. Serve applesauce instead of apple pie. And, above all, try to make the meals regular. Some husbands bite into a quick breakfast of coffee and toast, swallow it on the train to town, then gorge on potatoes, bread and dessert at noon. Or perhaps they skip lunch with no more than black coffee and a pastry, then fill up at night until they wheeze like beached whales.

If your husband complains about the restaurants near his office, quietly fix a lunch box with milk, some carrots, celery, fruit and possibly a sandwich, and tuck it under his arm as he leaves. Remind him, even if it surprises you, too, that a man who skips a meal is a sitting target for an accident.

Keep your husband away from those patent medicines that promise to take off weight safely. They may kill the appetite, true. But they also may run up his blood pressure. A young wife said that her husband had tried such a medicine and it affected his thyroid gland to the point where he was critically ill for eight months.

Cutting down his weight also may help keep your husband from developing diabetes. There are two million known diabetics in this country. At least one million more have diabetes and don't know it. The American Diabetes Association advises: If there's diabetes in your husband's family, or if he's overweight, be sure he has a urinalysis every six months.

Chances are that your husband's exercise routine is just as bad as Ralph Bates's was. There's nothing harder on the body than being a week-end athlete. Exercise is most beneficial to his health when it is regular and graduated.

Any extreme is bad. Maybe you know someone who, like Chicago University's Robert Maynard Hutchins, has this exercise formula: Every time he has an urge to go outdoors and play hard, he quickly lies down on a couch and stays there until the urge passes. And there's orator Chauncey M. Depew's famous declaration: "I get all my exercise acting as pallbearer for my friends who took exercise."

This attitude is just as bad as Ralph Bates's. Hearts grow untrustworthy in bodies too well fed and underexercised. The secret: moderation.

Your husband probably played hard as a little boy. Then, in high school and college, he sweated through football in the fall, plunged into basketball in the winter, ran or jumped at track during the spring. Summers he spent

swimming, playing tennis, baseball, wrestling, boxing.

But after going to work, and marrying you, chances are he stopped such rugged sports. And, like Ralph, he may have a desk job where he moves around very little. His muscles soften and he gets generally flabby. Now he needs just enough exercise to keep his muscles and heart in tone.

Work out with your husband—or for him, if necessary—a light but regular schedule of exercise. And that doesn't mean one night a week at the gym. Try to wait dinner an extra hour or so every night of the week so your husband can take a leisurely swim at some near-by pool. Or persuade him to take about an hour's walk every evening, no matter what you have planned. If you go to the movies, walk.

If your husband can't have moderate exercise at a gym or pool, or if you can't take walks, setting-up exercises will help keep his muscles in tone. These exercises should not be violent or prolonged. Just before going to bed is the best time to take them.

Try to get your husband to bed early enough so he gets at least eight hours' sleep a night. Sleep isn't like reading a serial story; you can't catch up on it. Late parties, stimulants that keep him awake, and plain, ordinary worrying about job problems make him lose two hundred hours of sleep or more each year. After a few years of this, your husband may be nervous, melancholy, short-tempered and brain-weary. It's time now to set his rest clock right and keep it on time.

A brief rest period during the day may add years to your husband's life. If his job calls for terrific nervous tension, if he's hopping along at high speed all day, lying down just for fifteen minutes after lunch will make a big difference. Remind your husband he doesn't need a couch in his office. Maybe he can close his door, climb up on his desk and stretch out for twenty minutes every noon hour. And he can get through the day and evening without any fatigue. Somerset Maugham once said that he was able to reach seventy-five and keep on working because he always takes a fifteen-minute nap after lunch.

A sound body, of course, does your husband no good if his mind is troubled.

"I'd rather have a patient of mine run a mile," physicians frequently say, "than have him get into an argument." And that pretty well sums up the dangers in the tensions and worries of modern living. Worry contributes directly to the production of stomach ulcers and ulcerated colons. It still surprises many young men, who think they can knock off an ulcer with a bland diet, to know that real ulcer trouble can be cured only by getting rid of whatever worries them.

You can give your husband many more years of living if you can help him get a job he's happy at—and help him keep it. These days, of course, any work is bound to carry some problems that cause tension and worry. But if the work can be fun, with congenial people in pleasant surroundings, then he probably enjoys normal blood pressure and good health.

Perhaps your husband works under great pressure. He's a bank clerk, reporter, salesman, radio announcer who has to meet deadlines. Try to help him through the tense periods. How you do it is your problem to work out as best you can. But the biggest help will be your own attitude. When he worries, try to keep a calm, cheerful manner.

Sometimes your husband may get terribly angry at someone in the office. Try to help him analyze why he's angry. Work out a solution he can put into effect the next day. Then get him to bed and persuade him to forget about it and go to sleep.

You can't toss off worry too lightly. It can be a terrible thing, bring on serious illness. A young buyer in a department store, for one reason or another, thought he was going to lose his job. Tension built up inside him, without an outlet. One day he went to the hospital, running a high fever which could not be diagnosed. After two months, he returned to work. Four weeks later, he was back in the hospital. This time, it was found that he had a badly ulcerated colon. Worse—other complications had developed which required an operation. The result: This tense, worried young man was in the hospital or undergoing treatment that kept him away from work for over a year.

The cause of that young man's illness has not been removed. But his wife, who is understanding and patient, has worked out a program. She serves him an appetizing yet simple diet. She takes him on regular walks, sees to it that their evenings and week ends are quiet and restful. Now she's interested him in several free-lance hobbies that eventually could work into full-time jobs.

Today this man is completely well. Doctors at a famous New York hospital know that an understanding wife was one of the main reasons this patient recovered.

There is another important way to relieve your husband of worry. That way is love—your love for him. If you are emotionally and sexually adjusted to each other, he's likely to adjust well to his job and the diet-rest-exercise pattern you've worked out with him.

A man can tolerate great tension in his work if he has a pleasant home and a loving wife to come home to. Often, if he has an unpleasant job, he requires twice as much care and affection at home than he otherwise would need. So anything you can do to improve the understanding and love between you and your husband will help him to meet the crises he faces at work.

Have you ever thought of a hobby to help your husband relax and forget his job? To many young men, the idea of a hobby sounds "corny." Perhaps stamp collecting, or working in a shop downstairs or chasing butterflies doesn't appeal to him. That's all right. Find something that does.

One young wife had an idea her husband would be interested in home movies. But every time she mentioned it he only looked at her and said: "Dear—we can't afford it." Here's what she did. She quietly cut out one of the two movies they saw each week and substituted a card game. She simplified their entertaining for awhile and, with a few other harmless cuts in her budget, soon presented her husband with a movie camera, a projector and screen. That did it. When her husband saw the first movies they made of their two-year-old boy, he was sold. Today, they have their budget adjusted to take movie records of week-end hikes, visits of their friends and birthday parties. It's a fascinating, restful hobby.

If your husband doesn't have regular medical examinations, it's urgent that you have him start right away. He should have X-rays and an electrocardiogram every two to five years, at the

minimum—and, better yet, every year. After all, health is much more valuable than the cost of such annual examinations.

Often we hear husbands and wives arguing over "whose responsibility" it is to see that breadwinner husband gets physical examinations often enough. True, a husband should realize the responsibility to his family and make sure his health is all right. But, on the other hand, what if he's brave as a lion in everything else but frightened of the doctor? What if worry over job, budget and getting the house fixed combine, unconsciously, to make him genuinely forget? He still should go to the doctor. So the job is yours.

But don't nag. You may add years to his life by nagging and dragging him to his doctor's office—but they won't be years worth living.

You can always give the doctor help by recognizing symptoms in your husband's condition. Cancer, you know, kills one out of every eight persons. But if caught early enough, many cancer patients will live on for years—often can be cured. So check up on these signs that may point to cancer:

1) Any surface sore, wound, mole, etc., that refuses to heal properly.

2) Any steady bleeding from body openings.

3) Any strange lump on the surface of the body that does not go away quickly.

4) Any continuous digestive disturbances and chronic constipation.

5) Moles that change color and feel irritated at the touch.

And don't feel like a hypochondriac, either. Get those lumps, pains and aches looked at. In one tragic case, a young wife knew that her husband had a funny lump on his hip. He began complaining that it hurt him a little—but they both figured it was just a little rheumatism. Finally, when they did get to a doctor, it was too late. Cancer of the hip had forced its way into other, vital parts of the body and the young husband soon died.

Bigger killer than cancer is heart disease. The American Heart Association asks you to watch for these major symptoms of heart disease and keep your husband from being the one-out-of-five who needlessly dies early because of neglect:

1) Chest pain, any continuous dull or sharp ache that often shoots toward the left shoulder and down the left arm. He may feel that there's a vise crushing his ribs or feel that a load of bricks are on his chest.

2) Fatigue, continued tiredness; when he works an hour and feels as if he's worked hard all day.

3) Swelling of the feet or ankles. Water-logged tissues puff out the skin around the feet and ankles. Press skin

with your thumb and the indentation lasts five to ten minutes.

4) Dizziness, usually with high blood pressure. He feels lightheaded and weak, as if the room were spinning around.

5) Breathlessness, or air hunger. He gasps for air after only a slight exertion such as walking up a few steps.

6) Digestive troubles—lack of appetite is the most common, nausea, vomiting.

In regular trips to the dentist, you may help your husband catch more than a cavity or two. Sometimes abscesses develop in the roots of teeth but do not cause toothaches. They do their deadly harm anyway, often draining their poison into other parts of the body and affecting some weak point. Besides, you want your husband to keep his teeth as long as possible. Dentists say that you can chew only 15 per cent as well with false teeth as with your own.

One of the most neglected examinations is the thorough eye checkup. This doesn't mean a swift eye-chart test to see if your husband's glasses need changing. That may be necessary. But there's something far more important.

In the first place, a good eye doctor can often discover ailments in other parts of your husband's body that may have been overlooked in other examinations. He can see early signs of diabetes, kidney trouble and sometimes tuberculosis. More specifically, the eye checkup will show whether or not your husband has one of the slowly developing eye diseases that later result in blindness. Glaucoma is one. You may be surprised to know that almost a million people in this country have glaucoma now—and don't know it.

Blindness may not kill your husband. But it could cause a terrible upheaval in your economic, social and emotional lives.

This can't be repeated too often to the young wife: If you want your husband to stay healthy, to live with you as long as possible, get busy at once. Work out any problems you have so he'll co-operate on this simple health program:

1) A diet that will take off, and keep off, the excess pounds.

2) A schedule of enough sleep at night, rest during the day, regular exercise.

3) A job he's happy at, a satisfying hobby, a happy emotional life with you.

4) A regular medical, dental and eye checkup at least once a year.

Surely, you want a happy life together. That means a long life. You may be holding in your hands right now the power to prolong your husband's life. So use that power while you can. —HERBERT POLLACK


November 1949
today's woman at home
Dorothy Wagner · director
It's time to think about Christmas
Christmas begins in the kitchen
and works its merry way through
Christmas Baskets, Presents to Make,
Toys, to Choose, Presents from $1 to $10,
for everyone, even the house



Remember the Christmas customs of your childhood and how you loved the repetition of them year after year? Most of these were the things that went into preparations for Christmas—cooking, baking, saving pennies, dreaming and planning, the whole house caught up in getting ready for the holidays. Now it's your turn to make Christmas customs *your* children will remember. We believe that sharing the preparations with family and friends doubles the pleasure and makes for gay remembrances.

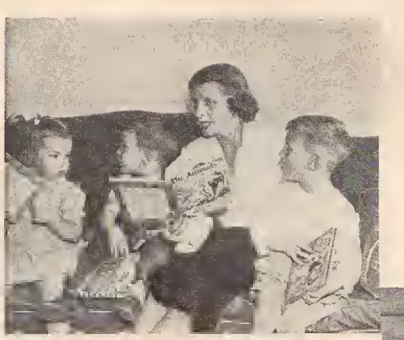
The four wives of our story, Peggy O'Brien, Evelyn O'Neil, Marie Dodge and Terry Lebhar, of Yonkers, N. Y., decided to make a huge batch of

Recipes are taped to the cabinet door so they won't be mislaid in the busy kitchen.



Cooky-making is fast work when one mixes, one rolls dough and one cuts fancy shapes.

Not an artist, but having fun anyway, Marie decorates gingerbread men and sugar-cooky Christmas trees while little Mary has supper.



With the children interested in a story and no husbands around to beg, the cooks get first licks at meringue beater and spoon.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICA YOUNG

begins in the kitchen

cookies together to save time and trouble. But what was planned first as an efficient way of getting a job done turned out to be a party.

The work was divided up. Terry did all the shopping and took on the job of amusing the five children. Her three friends mixed batter, rolled dough and cut cookies in the kitchen. At the end of five hours the cooky-makers had produced 880 cookies, about eighteen dozen for each family.

When each woman left with her children and her cookies she also took along the warm feeling which comes from laughter, conversation and the knowledge that work is fun when it is shared.

These cooky recipes, from Mrs. O'Neil's family, have been used for generations. We pass them along as the basis for a new tradition.

Mrs. O'Neil's Holiday Fruit Bars

¾ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped walnuts

Sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl, add eggs, mix well. Blend dates and walnuts into mixture. Spread dough in a greased 8-inch pan. Bake in slow oven, 325°F., for about 30 minutes. While warm, cut into bars, 1 inch by 2 inches. Makes about 32 cookies.

More of Mrs. O'Neil's recipes on page 85



Bookkeeping is done over a cold drink, and the figures show that each family will take home eighteen dozen cookies for $3.59.



As official cooky-testers, Terry's charges polish off a plateful.









Christmas begins in the kitchen

Smitty's Cookies

1⅔ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown or white sugar
¾ cup shortening
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
Jam or jelly
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup chopped blanched almonds

Combine flour, salt and sugar in mixing bowl. Cut in shortening with pastry blender. Beat egg yolks, add to mixture with vanilla. Press dough into an ungreased 8-inch-square pan. Bake in hot oven, 375°F., for 15 minutes. Cool slightly, spread with jelly or jam. Beat egg whites until they stand in soft peaks, gradually add sugar and cinnamon. Cover jelly with meringue, sprinkle with almonds. Reduce oven heat to 325°F., brown meringue 20 to 25 minutes. Cut cookies into bars about 1 inch by 2 inches. Makes 32 cookies.

Finger Klatchen

⅔ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
2 egg yolks, beaten
1¾ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
Jam or jelly
Confectioners' sugar

Cream butter or margarine in mixing bowl with wooden spoon or electric beater. Add sugar gradually, blend until light and fluffy. Combine egg yolks with mixture. Add flour and salt, mix well. Form dough into 1-inch balls, put on greased cooky sheet. Press finger into center of each ball to make a small well. Bake on greased cooky sheet in slow oven, 325°F., for 25 minutes. Remove from oven, fill centers with jelly or jam, sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 2½ dozen cookies.

Almond Christmas Balls

1 cup butter or margarine
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup ground almonds
1 teaspoon vanilla
Candied cherries

Cream butter or margarine in mixing bowl with wooden spoon or electric beater. Add sugar, blend until light and fluffy. Add flour, salt, almonds and vanilla, mix well. To shape cookies, take a teaspoon of dough, put a cherry in the center and roll into a ball. Bake on greased cooky sheet in slow oven, 325°F., for 30 minutes. Remove from oven, roll in confectioners' sugar or colored granulated sugar before cooling. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Gingerbread Men

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon salt
6½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
¼ cup hot water
1 tablespoon vinegar

Cream shortening in mixing bowl with wooden spoon or electric beater. Gradually beat in sugar. Add eggs, molasses, spices and salt, blend. Gradually work flour into mixture. Combine soda, hot water and vinegar, let foam. Add to dough, mix well. Roll out ¼-inch thick, cut with gingerbread-man cutter. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., 15 minutes. Decorate with currants and raisins before baking; frosting or candies after baking. Makes about 4 dozen.

Sugar Cookies

1 cup butter or margarine
1½ cups sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
3½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
1 teaspoon salt

Cream butter or margarine in mixing bowl with wooden spoon or electric beater. Add sugar gradually, beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs, vanilla, nutmeg and remaining dry ingredients, mix thoroughly. Roll dough to ¼-inch thickness on lightly floured board. Cut into desired shapes with cooky cutters. Decorate with colored sugar, nuts, candy shot, cinnamon drops, candied fruit. Bake in moderate oven. 375°F., 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 dozen cookies.

• *The fruit cake in the picture (opposite) could be included in the afternoon's activities. It requires no baking, so oven is free for cookies by the dozen.*

No-Bake Fruit Cake

¾ cup milk
1 pound marshmallows
1 pound graham crackers
1 pound seedless raisins
Pint jar mixed candied fruit
4 cups walnut or pecan meats
Candied cherries and pineapple
Blanched almonds
Sherry

Put milk in saucepan, scald over low heat. Add marshmallows, stir constantly and cook until smooth. Remove from heat. Put graham crackers into paper bag, crush with rolling pin. Mix crumbs with raisins, mixed candied fruit and nuts. Add marshmallow mixture, blend well. Line a 2-quart bowl, casserole or mold with waxed paper. Add fruit cake mixture, press down firmly so it takes the shape of the container. Decorate top with candied pineapple and almonds to give as a gift, container and all; or turn out on plate and decorate top and sides with pineapple and almonds. Either way, let age at least a month. Sprinkle sherry over cake about twice a week while aging. Can be made into several small cakes if desired.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LAZARNICK



Young Marrieds will appreciate an assortment of hors d'oeuvres, a bottle of wine and homemade holiday jellies in a paper-doily-trimmed market basket which will be useful in many ways. Basket, about $1

fill a Christmas basket

• A basket, some thought and not-too-many dollars and cents will produce an abundant-looking Christmas present to suit people of various tastes and ages. Pick a basket that is pretty and useful. Fill it with things that will appeal to some special interest, hobby or taste. A basket like the one above will please any food-minded couple. Other food suggestions: cheeses, herbs, teas, foods for the emergency shelf, an assortment of wine, or jellies you make yourself (see recipes below). An invalid would like a basket with note paper, stamps, blotter, inexpensive fountain pen, puzzles, small books. For the arts-and-crafts group, assemble materials for making things: sewing gadgets, small tools, or a collection of old prints for the person who loves to cut and paste.

Mint Jelly. **Put 3 pints apple juice into large saucepan, add 1 box powdered pectin, mix well. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Add 7 cups sugar, continue stirring until mixture comes to a full rolling boil. Then boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from heat, skim off foam. Add 1 teaspoon mint extract and few drops green food coloring, blend well. Pour jelly into hot, scalded glasses and cover with 1/8 inch of paraffin immediately. Makes thirteen 6-ounce glasses.**

Wine Jelly **can be made with sherry, claret, sauterne, port, muscatel or Tokay wine. Measure 2 cups of the wine into top of double boiler. Add 3 cups sugar, mix well. Heat over rapidly boiling water for 2 minutes, stirring constantly with wooden spoon. Remove from water, stir in 1/2 bottle liquid pectin at once. Pour into hot, scalded glasses, cover with 1/8 inch paraffin. Makes five 6-ounce glasses.**





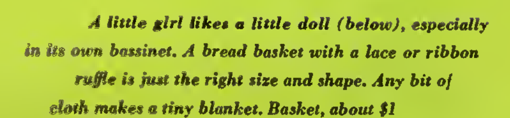
To please a small boy: Fishing creel basket (above) filled with small toys from the five and ten, or small things from a hardware store: a folding ruler, pulleys, small hammer, nuts and bolts. Basket, about $1.50



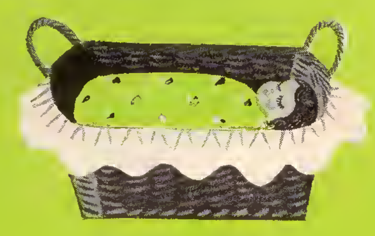
Wastebasket of distinction: Trim it with bows and Christmas ornaments; fill it with bright-handled kitchen spoons, paper napkins, towels, plastic containers, anything a young family can use. Basket, about $4.50

Pick a lady of any age and give her an assortment of powder puffs, powder scoop, lipstick brush, bobby-pin case, vial of perfume, all in a basket that she'll use later as a summer handbag. Basket, about $2

BASKETS FROM BASKETCRAFT PRODUCTS, 28 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. DRAWINGS BY TOM FUNK



A little girl likes a little doll (below), especially in its own bassinet. A bread basket with a lace or ribbon ruffle is just the right size and shape. Any bit of cloth makes a tiny blanket. Basket, about $1





For a gardener: Flower-gathering basket filled with seeds, bulbs, markers, gardening gloves, apron, tools, books—anything in the gardening category. The basket is a graceful container for evergreens or leaves. Basket, about $3.50



Presents

H-276. For the young and the gay. Bright plaid ribbon makes a neat round purse which costs about 50c to make. Directions, 6c

H-277. Children and grownups love the warm comfort of knit slipper socks. Each pair costs about $2.25 to make. Directions for both styles, 6c

H-278. A little sparkle goes a long way in a white gilet with gold metallic highlights. Costs about $2 to knit. Directions, 6c

H-279. A short gold cape that will go to many a party is knit in a pattern stitch with metallic yarn. Costs about $9 to make. Directions, 6c

H-280. Oversized bag, knit with heavy worsted and lined with felt, is a wonderful traveling and shopping companion. Costs about $4 to make. Directions 6c

H-281. Bold green and white cables trim a sleeveless sweater designed for either a girl or boy. Costs about $3.60 to knit. Directions, 6c



H-282. There's holiday glamor in this glitter vest that buttons snugly over a blouse or dress. Costs about $7 to knit. Directions, 6c

H-283. Luxury note for a baby in a carriage: cover made by weaving lengths of pink and blue satin ribbon. Costs about $5 to make. Directions, 6c

H-284. Flatter a pretty profile with this cable-stitch hat that points toward the new height in millinery. Costs about $1.25 to knit. Directions, 6c

to Make

H-285. Cocktail set of shaker mitts and 4 napkins gaily embroidered with cherries and lemon slices costs about $1 to make. Directions, 6c

H-286. Wrap someone in warmth and style with a fringed shawl that really hugs the shoulders. Costs about $3 to make. Directions, 6c

Order directions by number from the Service Department, Today's Woman, Greenwich, Conn. Instructions for H-277, H-281 and H-282 come in sizes small, medium and large.

GEORGE LAZARNICK

don't make little of an Apron

• A good big apron makes a fine Christmas present. The three we show here were inspired by some of fashion's top designers, who have made large and decorative aprons to go over everything, including party dresses. These will cost about $1.60 each to make from Avondale's colorful woven cottons with a crush-resistant finish; and even a novice at sewing will have no trouble putting the simple straight pieces together. Put yourself on the list for one or all of them too.

To order directions for making aprons, send 6c to Service Dept., TODAY'S WOMAN, Greenwich, Conn., and ask for the leaflet Don't Make Little of an Apron.

KATHRYN ABBE





BUTTONS BY LA MODE | PATTERN 5099 | PATTERN 5064 | PATTERN 5098

make a lot of a Blouse

• ***From a pattern and washable pure silk*** (Skinner Truhu), make a beautiful blouse that looks like a Paris import. There's plenty of time to include several in your Christmas list and sew them with care for mother, sister or yourself.

Pattern 5099. Dandy collar on a long-sleeved shirt is fashion news. Add glittering round stone buttons at front and wrists. Sizes 32 to 40. Price 45c.

Pattern 5064. Shaped inserts give the effect of an oval bib, and the small, pointed collar is good with a suit. Sizes 32 to 40. Price 45c.

Pattern 5098. Cap-sleeved blouse with an insert in the yoke shaped like a four-in-hand. Perfect to wear with an extra skirt. Sizes 32 to 40. Price 35c.

Butterick patterns are available at local stores, or write to Service Dept., TODAY'S WOMAN, Greenwich, Conn. State size, enclose money order or stamps.



About Children

Here are the answers to a few of the many questions you have been asking us about child care. Each month we answer as many as space allows. Address your questions to About Children Dept., Today's Woman, 67 West 44th St., New York 18. Be sure to sign your name and address.



Milton I. Levine, M. D.

Assistant Professor of Pediatrics, Cornell University—New York Hospital Medical Center



My six-year-old son is in the first grade, and is progressing very slowly. He takes no interest in his work, doing a little better only if the teacher is standing next to him and helping him. He does not seem to get the meaning of school. Why? Mrs. C. M. L., Peoria, Ill.

Children vary greatly in their ability to learn at different ages. A good many children have difficulty adjusting to educational methods at six years, but adjust very easily at seven and eight. Encourage your son as much as you can and attempt to stimulate his interest. It would be important also to receive the assurance of your physician that your son's slowness in learning is not due to some physical cause such as a slow-working thyroid gland. Some children have difficulty adjusting to school and learning because they are emotionally upset. If your child has the average degree of mental alertness and there is no physical cause for his difficulty, the chances are that in time he will learn like the other children.

My six-year-old daughter is extremely shy and timid. Is it possible for a child that young to suffer from an inferiority complex? She refuses to take part in her classwork or to talk to her teacher. She is in excellent health. She is our only child and there are very few children her age in the neighborhood that she can associate with. Mrs. H. S., Fairfax, Okla.

Superficially it would seem that your daughter, with her lack of experience with other children, still feels secure only with you. It is not easy for a child brought up in this way suddenly to be thrown into a group. You might try to help relieve her timidity by inviting her teacher to your home and later children in the class. Most children, if reassured by parents and teacher, will lose a great deal of this timidity in a few months. If your child continues to be shy after some months, it would be advisable to look deeper into her history and her environment for influencing factors in her behavior.

I have been in the habit of wrapping up my baby's arms when putting her to sleep. Now, at nine months of age, she still must have her arms wrapped up before going to sleep. She will not go to sleep without a pacifier but removes it from her mouth if her hands are free. How can I rid her of the habit of refusing to sleep unless wrapped up? Mrs. P. H., Toronto, Ont.

Children who have become accustomed to being swaddled form a habit of sleeping only when so restricted. Gradually relax the tightness of the wrappings, rather than remove them abruptly. This will give the baby an opportunity to adjust to greater freedom of her arms and she will be less apt to grab for the pacifier when her hands are free.

My only child of twenty-two months outgrew his playpen, so my husband fenced in a second-floor porch. My baby enjoys being out on the porch and asks to be placed there, but insists that I stay also. Otherwise he cries violently for me. Should I let him cry it out? He has never given me any behavior problem before. Mrs. R. E., Phila., Pa.

Your baby is still young enough to depend a great deal upon your presence. It will not hurt him to cry occasionally, although not for long periods. You might try going out to the porch at frequent intervals so that your son senses the fact that you are near by and that he will not be alone for long. It is also a good idea to leave your coat or something he associates with you on the porch. It will serve to reassure him that you are coming back.

DRAWING BY HARRY LEWIS



It's fun to buy

TOYS

• *Being grown up has its advantages; now you can buy the toys you used to look at so longingly. But remember, when you do the rounds of the stores for the young ones this year, to keep your wits about you.*

Try to keep in mind that toys should be teachers (very nice ones, of course); they should dangle new interests before young eyes, make small, fat hands more skillful. And toys shouldn't bite back. See that the ones you buy have smooth, rounded edges, a sturdy build.

Before you succumb to the bright colors, the bells, the familiar cry of the Mama-doll, consider your dollar and the child. If he's very young, he'll like a lot of toys better than one that's very expensive. The older child will be impressed with the toy of lasting interest. And don't forget to hoard a few pennies for buying surprise toys all year round.

For the teeny-weenies, ten months and under:

1 A mild noise-maker with five bright disks, safe to chew on if he likes. Holgate Joggle Rattle, 75c.

2 To teach new sound and color, Playskool's Plastic Sound Balls in red, yellow and blue. Set, $1.

3 Huggable soft doll, $1.69; and clown (upside down), $1.89. Easy to hold. Capistrano Industries.

4 Tinkling blue bird in a cage to be clipped on his tray or his crib. Playskool's Bluebird Rattle, $1.

5 A beautiful plastic egg with, reasonably enough, a dancing clown inside. Topper, F.B.A. Industries, 79c.

6 Cuddly, washable dog and monkey have flexible legs. Yarnies, Emporium Specialties, each $1.

TOYS

for the Toddlers

1 Uncle Wiggily's Nurse Jane, beloved figure from your own childhood, turns up as a soft doll to charm a new generation. Georgene Novelties, $2.98.

2 A bright train for creepers to push, easy to take apart, move along. Playskool Junior Floor Train, $1.50.

3 Brownie Bear Cart can be loaded with blocks, dolls. Bear rings bell as it goes along. Gong Bell, $1.50.

4 A push toy for new walkers; striped poles turn as it rolls. Childhood Interests' Color Roller, $1.

5 Big Top Baby Clown is soft, rosy-cheeked, the right size. Made of washable plastic. Hol-le Toys, $2.50.

6 Three mild little animals, made of plush, come in a circus wagon. Circus Wagon, Coronet, $5.95.

7 Oscar the Seal balances a red ball, waggles his back fins as you pull him. Milton Bradley, $1.

8 Nibbles the Rabbit is made of lambskin, has a magnetic nose that holds a carrot. Winchester, $5. (If the young one you have in mind still puts everything into his mouth, keep the carrot till he's over that habit.)

9 Smooth, plastic Town and Country Blocks are a good size for small hands, form continuous scenes of farm and city. J. Donald Biever. Set of twelve, $2.

10 A brightly-decorated toy to pull that makes a fine clicking noise as it rolls. Holgate Rattle-Trap, $3.



ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS YEE

for Threes and Fours

1 A tricycle built for generations of wear, good for two- to four-year-olds, depending on the child's size and co-ordinating ability. Buddy-L Pedal Bike, $6.98.

2 Smooth-finished blocks in many shapes—to develop mind and muscle. Fisher-Price Educational Blocks. Set of 17 pieces, $3.25; set of 27 pieces, $6.50.

3 Plastic, three-dimensional Humpty-Dumpty comes apart; can be put together again. Playmaker Toys, $2.

4 Pop-up pictures make the alphabet more fun. Jolly Jump-Ups ABC Book by McLoughlin Brothers, $1.25.

5 The Happy Day, by Ruth Krauss, has charming pictures, many bears and squirrels. Harper's, $1.50.

6 A wooden train with removable smoke stacks, freight, couplings. Train Apart by Strombecker, $3.50.

7 Your young acquaintances will love these soft versions of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy every bit as much as you did. Georgene Novelties. Each $3.75.

8 Funny turtle walks by remote control. Mobo Toy-Toise is enamel-on-steel. Sebel Products, $2.98.

9 Assorted wooden heads, arms and legs to make animals and people. They are pegged together, come in their own tall can. Loony Links by Kohner, $2.

10 Plastic pieces that jigsaw into a cow, a cat, a dog (not shown); spell their names. Loc-It Blox, set, $1.



TOYS

for the Fives

1 To make wagons, windmills, almost anything: a Junior Erector Set. The plastic and rubber pieces are easy to handle and build with. Gilbert, $3.95.

2 Suzy Goose housecleaning set to delight young mimics. Comes with a duster and apron and will do a real job of work. Kiddie Brush and Toy, $2.98.

3 A brilliantly colored Circus Cage carrying a polar bear. The bear, wagon-driver and attendants can be removed and put back. Kenton Toys, $3.98.

4 Mommy's Baby Doll has a washable Latex body, pretty dress and a real baby voice. Effanbee, $9.95.

5 He can build a whole village from a Tru-Model assembly set of pieces that fit together. New England Village set makes ten structures. Milton Bradley, $5.

6 Equipment for a little girl with a wetting doll. Pink plastic Dy-Dee Diaper Can has sanitary lining, clothesline, pins, a bar of soap. Effanbee, $1.98.

7 A racer, part of a little boy's heritage. Ace Racer is made of sturdy red plastic. Nosco, 79c.

8 Double Hammer-Nail set has bright wooden parts to be nailed into pounding boards. Good to teach cooperation with another child. Playskool, $1.75.

9 A simple jigsaw puzzle tells a comic-strip picnic story. Pop Eye's Puzzle. Parker Brothers, $1.25.



ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

for the Sixes

1 A table of her own. Playmaster Play Table has folding legs, two folding chairs. Neevel, set, $7.95.

2 Worcester Ware plastic tea set serves four, has large, really usable cups. Worcester Toy Co., $1.98.

3 and 4 Additions to the electric-train set. Rotary Beacon, $2.95, and Animated Box Car with a sliding door and a little man inside it, $5. Lionel Corp.

5 Hobby Lumber Yard has all that's needed to make a little cart, a truck, a toy woodshed and a real birdhouse. Childhood Interests. With tools, $5.

6 Skudo, simple but interesting board game for two, three or four young ones. Parker Brothers, $2.

7 Standard blessing for a little boy: Train, Track and Blocks of wood. Skaneateles, sets from $1 to $13.

8 Weaving Loom will produce small homemade rugs, doll blankets, etc. Samuel Gabriel. With yarn, $2.

9 The Play-A-Bed Book. Tuck it away now for some rainy or convalescent day. Farrar, Strauss, $1.

10 Henry—Fisherman, by Marcia Brown, will interest you as much as your young one. Scribner's, $2.

11 Portrait Doll can be played with and then hung on the wall in her shadow-box frame. Effanbee, $7.95.

12 Bright yellow plastic Doodlebug Racer gets all wound up and then goes like sixty. Nosco, $1.50.



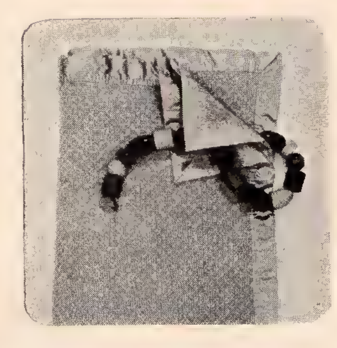
Pick a present from one to ten

for Children

Ten pages of gifts from one to ten dollars

Christmas shopping is streamlined for you on the next ten pages. There are presents for everyone; not one over $10, and some for as little as a dollar. There's everything from a stocking gift to some very substantial things for the home.

Shopping hints: *Many of the things we show are to be found in your local stores. The others can be ordered from the stores we mention. The store name and city are usually an adequate address. Prices and other information are given for each present. Please note them carefully and use them in ordering. Size and color must be specified; second color choice is wise. Identify your choice by giving the page on which it appears in* TODAY'S WOMAN. *Order early.*



Kenwood's basket-weave baby blanket in pink or blue with white and all white. $8.95. Wooden baby beads by Holgate. $1.25. Both at R. H. Stearns, Boston 11.



Taffeta rain cape with hood. Navy with red facing the hood, red with navy, dark green with red. By Sherbrooke in sizes 3 to 6x. $3.95. Franklin Simon, New York 18.

*PLUS FEDERAL TAX



A turtle-neck sweater for a very young man. Navy, red or white with stripes. Sizes 3 to 6, $2.98. Knitted mittens in navy, red, brown or green. Sizes 1 to 3, $1. Both at Marshall Field, Chicago 90.



Slippers that grow. Gripper snaps allow a size and a half expansion. By Boo-Toe, sizes 4 to 12, $2.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York 16. The Italian felt doll is really a pocketbook. $3.* at Lord & Taylor, New York 18.



Handbag of leatherette with amber-like handle. By Pyramid in red, green, brown, navy. $2.* Hand-stitched cotton gloves by Wear Right. Tan, gray, white; sizes 1 to 8. $2. Both at Arnold Constable, New York 16.



Little Swirl, a cotton dress that buttons once, wraps and ties, sizes 2 to 6, $3.95. A duplicate for mother, sizes 10 to 20, $5.95. Pink, maize, blue. At Filene's, Boston 1.



Petticoat-and-panties all in one, trimmed with lace and bows. Of rayon tricot, sizes 2 to 12. Maize, pink, white, blue. By Blue Swan. $1.30 at Saks-34th, New York 1.



Robe of washable cotton flannel, double-breasted, with big patch pockets, suitable for boys or girls. By Hugo Freund. Sizes 2 to 4, $3.95. At Best & Co., New York 22.



A frilly dress, but washable, for a toddler. By Nannette. Sizes 1 to 3. Maize, aqua or pink taffeta with lace-and-batiste collar. $3.95 at Gimbel's, New York 1.



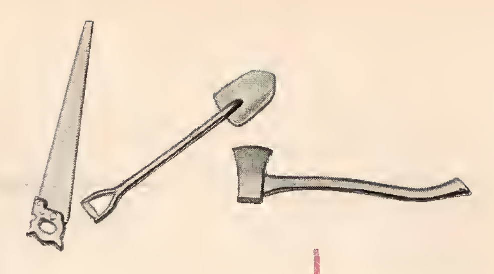
Elephants to walk upon. Dumbo wears a yellow cap on these gray felt slippers. By Trimfoot in sizes 4 to 7, $3. 8 to 12, $3.50. At Marshall Field, Chicago 90.



A nylon nightgown for sweet dreams. Sleeve band, waist, neck are elasticized. By Scamperette in blue, maize and white. Sizes 2 to 8, $4.98 at Stern's, New York 18.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOMOROFF

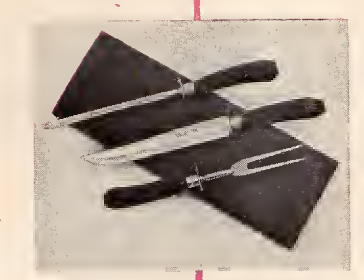
Tie clasps in the shape of miniature tools: a saw, shovel or ax in two-tone silver and gold plate. $2.50* each, at John Wanamaker, Broadway at 9th Street, New York 3.



He'd like these

Carving set, chromium-plated stainless steel, with simulated stag handles of hard rubber. Made by Englishtown Cutlery, $5., at Kresge's, Newark 1.

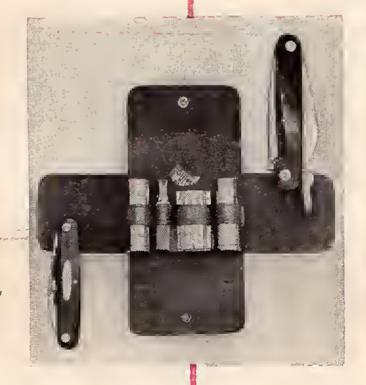
Cup and saucer, giant size, with a blue flying horse on a white background. Give two of them to your favorite couple. $3. each. From Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York 22.

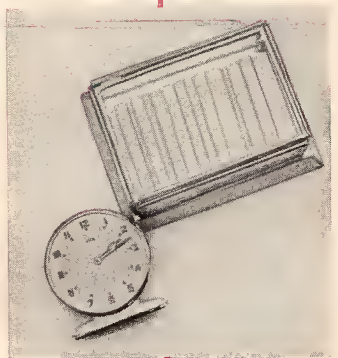




Miniature leather **shaving kit,** $4.80, at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York 17. **Camper's knife,** left, or a **rigging knife,** each $5., at Hoffritz Cutlery, 331 Madison Ave., New York 17.

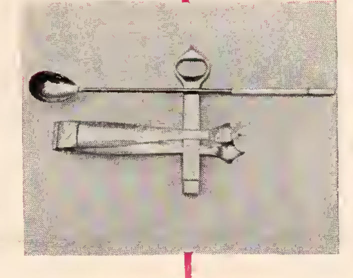
Alarm clock, luminous dial, enameled case. $5.95*, from B. Altman & Co., New York 16. **Cigarette box** of Mexican tin, $2. From Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th St., New York 3.





A bar set for a good host: silver-plated bottle-opener, ice tongs and a cocktail spoon in a simple design, $5. the set. From James McCreery and Company, New York 1.

Belt and wallet of alligator-grain cowhide. Belt with single-initial buckle, $3.50. Wallet with one metal initial inside, $5.* Both from Gimbel's, New York 1.





****PLUS FEDERAL TAX***

Three silks make a triple tie. By Glentex. $1. at B. Altman & Co., New York 16. **Chain bracelet** and whistle, gold-plated. By Sperry. $2.* at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York 22.



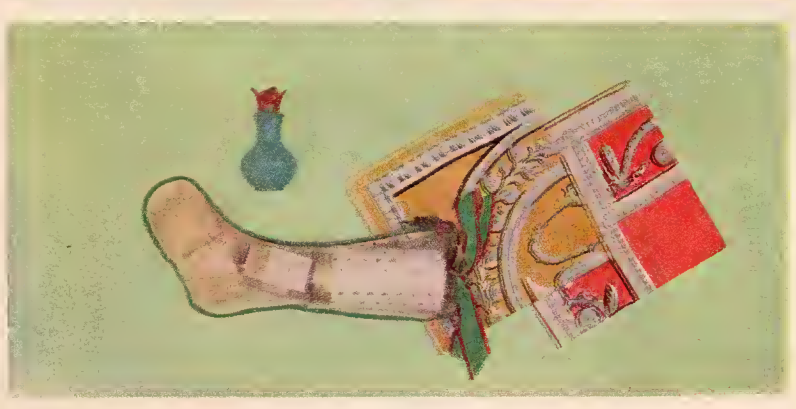
She'd like these



Multi-colored silk scarf to go with her tweeds. By Glentex. $3. at Best & Co., New York 22. **Hand-sewn** Dawnelle cotton gloves, sizes 6 to 8, $2. at Arnold Constable, New York 16. **Bar pin** by Coro. $2.* at Bloomingdale's, New York 22.



Satin mules, by Daniel Green, have wedge heels and velvet lining. Sizes 4 to 10A, 3 to 10C. $4.50 at Bonwit Teller, New York 22. **Lace-trimmed** Luxite rayon-tricot gown, sizes 32 to 42. Maize, blue and white. $3.95 at Saks-34th, New York 1.



Sachet powder Danger-scented by Ciro. $2.75* at Macy's, New York 1. Stocking with Golden Chance **bath needs** by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. $3.50* at Stern Brothers, New York. **Linen handkerchiefs** 94c each at Macy's, New York 1.

**PLUS FEDERAL TAX*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOMOROFF

Bright Ideas from $1 to $5



Christmas light shines through a perforated folding paper star, 32" in diameter. White, with blue and mulberry or yellow and red. 79c at Marshall Field, Chicago 90.

Little gold-plated bricks hang like a collar from a chain choker. $5.* Matching bracelet, $4.* By Sperry. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

To carry glasses to a party—sequin-trimmed quilted case, $2.

A golden cherub to dangle at her wrist, $3.95*. At Helena Rubinstein, New York 22.

Gold brocaded bag with satin lining to carry to holiday parties. By Graceline. $5.* at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

Gay little bottle holds a dram of Schiaparelli's Shocking perfume. $3.* at Bonwit Teller, New York 22.

Cinderella slipper with a third ounce of Coty's Paris, L'Origan, L'Aimant, or Emeraude perfume. $3.50* at Best & Co., New York 22.

Enameled cylinder with Optimiste lipstick and perfume, comes in gold leatherette case. By Tussy. $2.50* at Gimbel's, New York 1.

*PLUS FEDERAL TAX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOMOROFF



L'Heure Bleue eau de cologne in a 3-ounce bottle. By Guerlain. $4.50* at Marshall Field, Chicago 90.

Atomizer for her favorite fragrance comes with extra top for traveling. By Majestic. $5. at Lord & Taylor, New York 18.

Turtle pin with twinkling jewel eyes. By Karu. $1.* at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington 13, D. C.

Lariat chain, gold-plated. By Karu. $1* at Saks-34th New York 1.

Soap, shaped and scented like almonds. By Shulton. Three cakes, gift-boxed. $1.50 at Lord & Taylor, New York 18.

Dream House harbors an ounce of Gemey essence, quarter-ounce of perfume. By Richard Hudnut. $3.25* at McCreery's, New York 1.

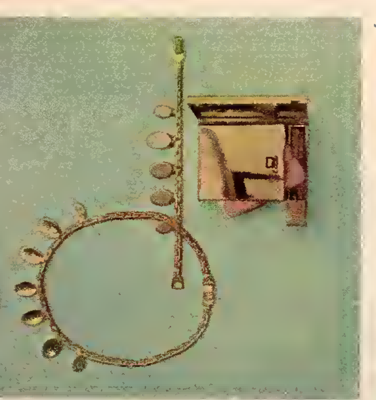
To sprinkle on a dress—Coro's simulated pearls, rhinestones, aquamarines on corkscrew backs. Three graduated pearls or three matching stones, $1.* at Stern's, New York 18.

Le Parfum Ideal in a quarter-ounce bottle. By Houbigant. $3.75* at Arnold Constable, New York 16.

**PLUS FEDERAL TAX*



Pick a Personal Present





Lustrous drops hang from a gold-plated chain choker. $6*. Bracelet, $5*. By Sperry. Gold metal Volupté **compact** with lipstick that fits into case to lock it. $6.50. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

Blouse of rayon tissue faille. Green, black, white, red, cocoa. Sizes 32 to 38. By Miss Swank. $5.59 at Macy's, New York 1. Schiaparelli **parasol** of satin and lace to hold stockings or anything. $5.95 at Bonwit Teller, New York 22.



Roomy leather handbag with spring closing, convertible strap. Red, black, brown, blue, green. By Cobblers of California. $8.95* at The May Company, Denver 1. **Umbrella** with fake birthstone set in handle. Choice of twelve stones. $7.95 at Best & Co., New York 22. Wide corduroy **belt.** $4.95 at Irma Kigére, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York 22. **Leather wallet,** zipped all around, has purse, key compartment. By Lady Buxton. $3.50* at Gimbel's, New York 1. Punctuation pattern on a Glentex square **silk scarf.** $3.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York 16.





Dashing lounge coat of corduroy, 36" long. Sizes 32-38 regular, 34-38 tall. By Tommies. $9.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York 16.

Lavish beauty kit of black or brown leatherette with Yardley make-up and creams and lotions. $5* at Bloomingdale's, New York 22.

**PLUS FEDERAL TAX*



Pick a Present for Their Home





Brushes, nylon-bristled, with ruby-colored Lucite backs. Bath brush, $4; nail brush, $1.25; complexion brush, $1.50. By Tek-Hughes. **Bath package** of one bath towel and two face towels, two washcloths. By Martex. $5. All from Bloomingdale's, New York 22.

Quaint carriages or French quotations are hand-painted on china ash tray and lighter sets. $4 a set at Designed for Living, 131 East 57th St., New York 22.



Glazed pottery fish-molds, ovenproof. 7", $2.75; 8", $3.25; 13", $4.50. At Bazar Francais, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York 10. Oversized cocktail **pitcher** and stirrer. Blue or amber. $5 at Lewis & Conger, New York 18. **Wine basket** of woven reed, $2.95. Hardwood **spoons,** set of four, $1. From Post Mart, 260 East 78th St., New York 21. **Covered casserole** by Pyrex holds 2½ quarts. Red or yellow, $1.39. Matching 12-ounce bowls, $1.80 for 4. Both at Lewis & Conger, New York 18. **Plaid cloth,** 52" square, and four Matkins, 12" by 18", designed by Russel Wright for Simtex Mills. $4.80 at Bloomingdale's, New York 22.





Glasses decorated with Currier and Ives pictures, designed by Freda Diamond. Pilsner glasses, $5 for eight; others $3 for eight. At Stern's, New York 18.

Cherubs fly to tinkling music when the candles are lighted. Polished copper centerpiece of Bavarian design, 13" high. $2.95 at Marshall Field, Chicago 90.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOMOROFF

**PLUS FEDERAL TAX*

Pick a Present for Their Home

Hand-decorated tole tray, pretty and useful, 24-inch oval, $5.95: Macy's, New York 1. **Bicycle prints** in maple shadow-box frames, 6¼" by 5¼", set of four, $10: F. A. R. Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, New York 21. **Pottery casserole,** four-quart, ovenproof, $7, and **set of six individual casseroles,** $4: both from Soupçon, 203 East 61st Street, New York 21. **Table lamp,** 27" high, of glazed pottery, with shade, $9.97: Macy's, New York 1. **Pair of glass decanters** with tear-shaped stoppers, by Blenko, 17" high, $9.50 a pair: from Americraft, 903 First Avenue, New York 22. **Brass firelighter,** 6½" high, with initials engraved, $8.45; plain, $6.95; **brass candlestick,** 7¼" high, $5.95 a pair: from Art Colony, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York 3. **Folding table** with an alcohol-resistant Duco finish, 14" high, $8.50: Bergdorf Goodman, Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, New York 19. Matching leather baskets, gold-tooled, for letters and waste, also available in tan, chestnut brown, wine or red, $10 a pair: from B. Altman & Co., New York 16.

→



Lace tablecloth, in shamrock green, made of washable, woven cotton and rayon, 54" by 72", $9.95, by North American Lace: B. Altman & Co., New York 16. **Coffee pot,** California Provincial, six-cup size, $7.50; **sugar bowl,** $2.25; **creamer,** $1.75: B. Altman & Co., New York 16. **Demitasse spoons,** silver-plated in "Danish Princess" pattern by Holmes & Edwards, $7 a dozen: Macy's, New York 1. **Salad bowl** of polished birch and walnut, 12" diameter, $9: Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street, New York 22. **Tin rooster** to decorate a table, $3, and a **tin wall sconce,** 12" high, $7.50, both Mexican: both from Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street, New York 3. **Cigarette cup and ash tray,** Danish pottery, with geometric designs in blue on gray ground, $4 for each set: Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street, New York 22.

SOMOROFF



Mrs. Baxter and the Boned Turkey

Continued from page 30

Jamieson's home was like that too. Peggy had been ecstatic over her own ménage until she had seen Sissie's. It was just enough grander to admit comparison. If it had been as grand as the Murdocks' it would not have annoyed Mrs. Baxter. For Mr. Murdock was a millionaire, and, in fact, owned the company for which Peter Baxter and Bill Jamieson worked, Peter in the research end and Bill in the selling line. Millionaires were a race apart, and, like the gods, did not urge the usual human to competition. But Sissie Jamieson was, for all Peggy knew, in the same class with herself.

Sissie Jamieson was the kind of shopper who stopped at every counter in every department to give everything her discriminating attention, and what was more startling to Peggy was that she bought a good deal of what she saw. For instance, she ordered a dozen pairs of the sheerest nylons to be had. Mrs. Baxter was strictly a three-pairs-at-a-time purchaser. Peter's salary was entirely adequate, but she never had considered squandering it on herself.

"Why don't you buy yourself something?" said Sissie. "Just to bolster your ego. Don't tell me Peter is stingy."

Mrs. Baxter bridled. No one was permitted to say harsh things about her Peter. "My ego doesn't need bolstering," she said. "And besides, there isn't anything I need."

"Women don't buy things they *need*," said Sissie. "Well, come along. I want a new dress for the Murdocks' dinner Saturday night. Take it from me, Peggy, the more pressure you put on a man, the more of a go-getter he becomes."

"Peter," said Mrs. Baxter with neatness, "doesn't have to be a go-getter. He's a genius."

Sissie eyed her narrowly. "Oh, sure. That's why Mr. Murdock hands Bill all those fat bonuses and lets Peter go along on the same salary for years."

Mrs. Baxter had not known about Bill's bonuses. It gave her a nasty little shock. Also, she had not intended to go to the Murdocks' dinner, because their dinners bored Peter to death. But suddenly she felt perhaps she should get chummier with the Murdocks, even if Mrs. Murdock was a self-centered, tyrannical old hypochondriac.

"I think I'll buy a dress too," Peggy found herself saying.

"The La Reine Room?" said Sissie.

"Yes," said Peggy daringly.

"They start at seventy-five."

"I know what they start at," said Peggy. Her tone held a defensive note. Then she heard herself saying, to her horror, "I don't suppose I've ever told you, but we have a private income."

Looking back at it later, she could only explain to herself that she had been goaded into it. Then, too, it was not quite a lie. Peter's Great-Aunt Matilda had left him two thousand shares in a fishery stock, which brought them a dividend of one hundred dollars a year. But the look of shattered smugness on Sissie's face was worth it.

After dinner (a quick spaghetti), while Mrs. Baxter was thinking up ways of coaxing Peter to attend the Murdocks' dinner, he startled her by announcing, "Well, snooks, we're hooked into a command performance at the Murdocks' this Saturday night."

"Oh," said Peggy, wishing he would not use that disrespectful tone in speaking of the hand that fed them. The Jamiesons, she reflected, probably talked of the Murdocks in reverent whispers.

"Murdock has to have his research boy there in case the government man, the guest of honor and a good customer, wants to talk technicalities. I don't see why we have to mix a party with business."

"That's the way things are done," said Peggy. "Isn't it a coincidence that I bought a new dress?"

"Great bargain, I suppose," said Peter, smiling. His little woman was a weasel for bargains. She could see the thought going through his mind.

Mrs. Baxter blushed. "The dress isn't cheap."

"Well, put it on. Let's have a look."

The dress was spread on the bed. It was utterly simple, a straight sheath of gray silk, which in the hand did not look its price of $79.95. Peggy had never paid more than thirty dollars for a dress before. She got into this one with care, as if she were donning a ceremonial robe. The dress gave her unexpected curves, but her face above the daring neckline remained that of a wholesome little Puritan. Her hair was not elegant either. It sprang up in a cluster of reddish curls.

She came self-consciously into the living room.

"Yipes!" Peter said. "You look as if you had just dashed out of the tub and wrapped a towel around you. Gad!"

"Oh, you," said Mrs. Baxter. "Of course, it needs accessories. A really stunning piece of costume jewelry, slippers, a new hairdo—" She realized she sounded like Sissie Jamieson. "I mean, you can't judge it all by itself."

"It needs something. I suppose it was marked down to a dollar-ninety-eight." With a gesture of fond indulgence he reached for the price tag.

He looked, shook his head as if to clear it, and looked again. "I need glasses. Or a psychiatrist. Does that say what I think it says, or are you being awfully cute and prankish?"

Mrs. Baxter's lip stiffened. "It's about time I had one decent dress. Sissie Jamieson has a whole closetful, and Bill isn't any better than you are."

"Oh," said Peter. "You were shopping with Sissie Jamieson?"

"And why shouldn't I?"

"Because we aren't in their league"

"You're worth every cent Bill Jamieson is," she said. "If not more. I won't have Bill snooting you. He's just a salesman." She began to splutter.

"Hey, take it easy. Good grief, women never should shop together. It brings out the tiger in them. Here, come let Papa soothe you."

"You'd soothe me more if you stood up for your rights," said Peggy.

Peter stared at her oddly. "Don't become a pushing wife. It's not your style. Research never pays as well as administration or selling. That's that."

Mrs. Baxter sniffed. "Is it?" she said.

Mrs. Baxter, feeling very svelte in her gray gown, sat on one of the huge sofas in the Murdocks' baronial living room. The room was designed to overwhelm. On the sofa opposite, Mrs. Murdock sat, dyspeptic and imposing, in black velvet and a diamond choker that made her look like a wealthy bulldog. Sissie Jamieson leaned close and looked sympathetic as Mrs. Murdock described the unearthly hell her body was in.

Peggy was surprised to find herself stifling a yawn. Also, she was very hungry. She was used to dining at six; it was now eight, and even the thought of the inevitable chicken and creamed peas had become tantalizing. Once she had entertained the notion that the wealthy sit down every evening to an exotic banquet. Since meeting the Murdocks, however, she had discovered that she herself was a better cook than the one the Murdocks employed.

The men were gathered in a cluster at the other end of the room. Peter looked glum and stiff in his formal clothes. She wished he would stop glowering and begin, instead, to act like Bill Jamieson. Peggy decided she would have to be the charming part of the Baxter Society for Self-Betterment; she would make herself the power behind the throne in the good old tradition.

The Murdock butler (he was the first Peggy ever had seen off stage) passed around glasses of pre-dinner sherry. Peggy, who never drank, being, as Peter explained, giddy enough sober, now took a glass, feeling the need of something bolstering. The wine was smooth and nut-like and went down easily, and Peggy helped herself again on the second round.

Immediately she noticed that Mrs. Murdock did not look so intimidating, that the room seemed somehow cozier, and that she felt almost witty, as if every word that fell from her lips would sparkle with graceful humor. Fortunately, dinner was announced then, and Peggy was escorted into the dining room on the arm of the government man, beside whom she was to sit.

With this golden opportunity hers, Mrs. Baxter sought among her mental trinkets for something sparkling to offer him. A wife who seeks advancement for her husband should be charming to all comers—that she knew. But only one tidbit occurred to her, and that was to get the other person to talk about himself while she listened, all eyes, ears and flattering attention.

As an opening wedge she produced the old reliable, "Where are you from?"

"Wisconsin," said the government man.

Mrs. Baxter received this with a show of delight. "Where the cheeses

come from! I adore your cheeses!"

The government man said, "They're hardly mine, you know."

This struck Peggy as exquisitely funny. She pealed with laughter.

Mr. Murdock looked across the table through his thick glasses and said, "What's the joke?"

Mrs. Baxter burbled, "He said the cheeses are hardly his."

A puzzled silence met her explanation. Her eye caught Peter's. He was looking at her as if she suddenly had broken out in spots.

"Have your soup, dear," he said.

Mrs. Baxter straightened resentfully. Here she was, being as charming and gay as possible for his sake, and look how he reacted. Besides, the soup was insipid. The cook in Mrs. Baxter wondered how such tastelessness had been achieved with originally good ingredients. The government man, she noticed, also was toying with his soup, and when their plates were removed and replaced with the chicken and peas, he sighed deeply.

Inspiration suddenly burgeoned in Mrs. Baxter's bosom. There was more than one way to skin a cat or impress a boss. If there was anything Peggy Baxter did not feel diffident about, it was her cooking. She had a flare for it; she was the type of cook who could awaken at 3 a. m. with a sudden and irresistible yen to make an elaborate tart, and then go and do it. As some people are propelled to easels, typewriters or dress dummies, Mrs. Baxter was inspired toward the stove.

"Why don't we all meet at my house next Sunday evening for a buffet supper?" she suddenly said in a loud tone.

To her gratification, everyone agreed to come, and Mrs. Baxter went home already planning.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Peter. "You're only starting a vicious cycle."

"For a bright man you can be awfully stupid at times," Peggy said. "That government man hated that meal. A supper of mine could put him in a really mellow mood and clinch the sale, and then the bonus would be yours. Now don't bother me. I'm thinking of something de luxe to give them."

Peter shrugged a shoulder. "Okay, nut. I won't point out again that I'm not in the selling end. You're cute, but so is a baby mule."

Mrs. Baxter merely smiled patiently. Her husband would suddenly discover that a gem of a wife could open the whole world to him.

Peggy Baxter collected exotic and complicated recipes, much as a piano virtuoso hunts out selections that above all are difficult to play. When she got in the mood to cook, nothing was too troublesome or awe-inspiring.

On Monday morning she sat down to her file of recipes, and with the concentration of a devoted scholar began to plan her Sunday spread.

Her eyes finally fixed on a recipe in small print which filled two sides of a filing card and was labeled, "Glazed, Boned, Stuffed Turkey à la Marignac Epard." Mrs. Baxter had never tried it before, but she was unconcerned by that.

The boned turkey, then, was to be the pièce de résistance. She could visualize it glittering sophisticatedly with its glaze. She could hear the astonished applause of her audience as she sliced right *through* the turkey with magical effect. It would be a conversation piece.

To round out the menu, she added anchovy whip in puff cases, minted sickle pears, miniature cheese biscuits, mashed sweet potatoes baked in orange shells, julienne salad, a chestnut soufflé, Nesselrode icebox cake. And to top this off, she would, of course, serve coffee, mints and toasted almonds.

The beginning of the week was agonizingly slow for Mrs. Baxter; she was straining at the post. However, Thursday was not too early to begin marketing; she wanted everything at hand when she needed it. The stuffing for the turkey, for example, required twenty-three separate items; but, as the blithe narrator on the card announced, this was not the sort of thing one cooked every day. It was only for very, very gala occasions, such as a wedding, or, Peggy added grimly, a husband's promotion.

The butcher was a little surprised at Mrs. Baxter's request that he bone the turkey. "It's an awful lot of work," he said, "and there'll be a charge. Anyhow, why do you want to mess up a fine bird like this?"

It was one of Peggy's crosses that merchants always treated her as if she were ten years old and had been sent out to market for her mother.

"Bone it and deliver it as soon as you can," she said determinedly. "And send along the bones for soup."

The turkey arrived late in the afternoon, a moment before Peter reached home. Mrs. Baxter received Peter's kiss absently and unwrapped the curiously flat package with a real sense of excitement. The chatty recipe card had said, "The first glimpse of a boned turkey may surprise you."

She controlled a start at the sight. The recipe card was quite right.

Peter said, "What the devil is that?"

"It's a boned turkey," she said.

"Good grief, it looks as if it had stepped in front of a steam roller. I could gag. What on earth are you going to do with it?"

Mrs. Baxter, who was feeling slightly queasy herself, said, "I'm going to sew it up and stuff it, and I

should have known better than to show half-finished work."

"That doesn't look half-finished. It looks completely finished."

"I'm doing this for you," said Mrs. Baxter, annoyed at his lack of appreciation. "Don't heckle. I can't stand it."

"It looks like a job for a plastic surgeon," said Peter, fascinated by the turkey. "We ought to take before-and-after pictures."

Then he caught sight of the recipe, taped to the wall so that Peggy could keep track of what she was doing. He started to read it aloud, and went on quoting in a voice that grew higher and higher with burlesque, until he sounded like an adenoidal female addressing a woman's club. "Now for the stuffing. Get out your biggest bowl, because we are going to need plenty to fill the bird back to its original contours."

He scratched his head. "What's the idea of removing nature's props," he demanded, "and then trying to get it back to its old shape? Women are wonderful!" He shrugged. "Suppose I skip the directions for the stuffing. Any dope can throw twenty-three things together." He proceeded: "Now—your stuffing is done. Take your boned turkey and sew together, leaving an opening wide enough to insert hand and arm. Then begin to stuff turkey through this hole, making sure that every little nook and cranny is filled. Sew up opening. Then, with the dexterousness of a masseur, stroke, mold and prod the bird until you have coaxed it back to its original shape." Peter let out a deep breath. "I'll bet this is the first turkey that's ever been massaged."

"You're positively hilarious," said Mrs. Baxter dourly.

"I try. What's for tonight's dinner?"

"Cold cuts," Mrs. Baxter said shortly.

"Well, there's nothing like having a wonderful cook for a wife, I always say. Except maybe having a campaign manager."

By eleven o'clock on Friday morning, Mrs. Baxter had exhausted a whopping tub of stuffing. She felt she had been shoveling stuffing for days; bits of cornmeal and parsley flecked her arm up to the elbow. To her chagrin, the turkey was barely half filled. It looked like a rag doll that had lost half its sawdust. Slightly unnerved, she washed and dressed and went out for additional supplies, came home, got back into her housedress and started mincing, frying and mixing again.

After a long while, the turkey looked plump enough to satisfy her, and she sewed up the opening. Then she began to stroke, prod and mold. The stuffing had an unfortunate tendency to migrate en masse under pressure. Once or

twice Mrs. Baxter swore delicately, wiped the sweat off her forehead and began again. After an hour's strenuous mauling, the turkey obligingly began to assume the form of a natural bird, and Peggy almost wept with gratitude.

With a sigh of relief, she placed it in a covered pan and slid it into a slow oven. "Be sure to cover the pan," the recipe said. "We don't want a crisp bird under the glaze, do we?"

"Heaven forbid," muttered Peggy.

She started on the glaze. It looked hearteningly simple. All she had to do was chill the roasted bird, pour a thin film of glaze over it, freeze that, add another layer of the gelatin, freeze that, and so on, until she achieved a glaze a quarter of an inch thick. A child could do that, thought Peggy cheerfully, and retired for a rest on the living-room sofa.

She could picture the government man hovering like a delirious bee over the nectar spread before him Sunday evening. She could see Mr. Murdock relaxing in a warm glow, and Mrs. Murdock throwing away her hypochondria under the maddening influence of irresistible food. Perhaps Mr. Murdock would go so far as to say to Peter, "My boy, you have a gem of a wife. Why don't we see more of you in a social way? We could sell someone the Brooklyn Bridge with food like this. Would you be willing to accept a small bonus?" After they had gone, Peter would grab her up in his arms and murmur, "Darling, you are so wonderful. I must have been blind never to have seen it so plainly before." A fadeout in Mrs. Baxter's mind showed them walking hand in hand toward the sunrise.

In the afternoon, while the turkey still roasted, Peggy cooked her sickle pears in a green-tinted mint syrup and spiced a can of blueberries. She boiled chestnuts, spending more than an hour untangling them from their shells, for the soufflé, which was to be a last-minute dish. She grated cheese for the biscuits, and washed and put away the salad greens to get crisp. She made the custard and whipped the cream and lined a mold with rum-soaked lady-fingers for the Nesselrode ice-box cake. She did everything she could on Friday, because tomorrow she planned to devote much of the day to polishing herself and her house before the feast the next day.

For Peter's dinner she opened a can of baked beans.

"Oh, well," said Peter, looking at the turkey cooling on the kitchen counter, "I'm only a husband."

Mrs. Baxter was terribly tired. "Oh, stop pitying yourself," she snapped. "I'm doing this to push you forward. It's more than Sissie Jamieson does, and look at Bill."

"You look at Bill," said Peter. "Under that good-fellow exterior lurks a driven man. The more he makes, the more that wife of his devours. A male spider consumed by his marriage. All he works for is money."

"Indeed," said Peggy coldly. "And what do you work for?"

"The sheer joy of creating things that didn't exist before, to get fancy about it. Here," said Peter, "have a bean. You must keep your strength up for Sunday."

Sissie Jamieson had just finished having her hair lacquered in an elaborate twist, and now she stood at the entrance to Peggy's booth, chattering. Mrs. Baxter listened through a stream of soapy water and wished Sissie would go away. She had been forced to get up at intervals during the night to glaze the turkey, and she was tired now. Once she had sleepily put the bowl of glaze itself into the refrigerator and hardened it, so that for the next layer she had to melt it. Then she had applied it too warm and it melted through the layers already set. She finally had gone to sleep to dream about it restlessly during the short remainder of the night.

"Well, baby," Sissie was saying, "I for one am going to splurge today. Bill got the darlingest bonus out of the sale to Timmer."

"That's nice," said Peggy. "Who's Timmer?"

"Why, Peggy, that's the government man you were being so chummy with last Saturday night. The one with whom you were making those pointless jokes about cheeses. He mentioned you last night before he left. He said you were a refreshing little thing."

Mrs. Baxter shook some water out of her ear. "Left your *house*, you mean?" she said carefully.

"No, dear, we saw him to the train. He was called back in a hurry and asked me to extend his regrets. I hope you didn't put in too much work for tomorrow."

"No—I'm just whipping a few things together— You and the Murdocks will still come, won't you?"

"Of course. I adore your cooking."

I'm so glad, thought Mrs. Baxter acidly. I did it all for you.

All was not entirely lost. There was still Mr. Murdock to impress.

"I wish I were in your place," said Sissie. "I have to work so hard to entertain Bill's prospects at a decent cost. You're lucky, with Peter on a straight salary and a private income."

After Mrs. Baxter arrived home to add another layer of glaze to the turkey, she fried two eggs for Peter. He sighed and said, "I'll be glad when tomorrow comes, so I can get a decent meal at last. Oh—I forgot to tell you

—the government man left yesterday. So you can't scintillate for him again."

"I know. However, I'm still interested in Mr. Murdock. It's time he knew you were alive."

"You're getting that haggard, scheming look," Peter said. "And that bossy tone of voice. I could do without either."

Mrs. Baxter shut her lips tightly, rose with dignity and stalked off into the bedroom.

A moment later she heard him open the hall closet, and she emerged hastily from the bedroom.

"Where do you think you're going?" she said.

"Out for dinner."

Mrs. Baxter stared aghast at his departing back. Her mouth hung open with shock.

They did not exchange civilities the next day. Peter lounged around in his pajamas and robe, and went interestedly through the entire Sunday paper. The sight of him silent and so happily impervious to her made Peggy want to weep. She buzzed around him with the vacuum cleaner. She made little clicks with her tongue as she picked up his discarded papers. He ignored her with grim determination.

"I don't know why I bother," mourned Mrs. Baxter, seeking the refuge of her kitchen. "It's like trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Feeling very abused, she made the puff cases for the anchovy whip, filled the orange shells with sweet potatoes and mixed the cheese biscuits. She unmolded the ice-box cake and decorated it with additional whipped cream. She toasted the almonds and mixed her chestnut soufflé, and in between, like a refrain, added layers of glaze to the turkey. Flowers and fruits and candles began to appear on the table. But all the while she worked she had the taste of ashes in her mouth, as if she were spreading funeral baked meats instead of a campaign supper. And the man for whose advancement she was working herself to the bone sat like a lump of stone.

At five o'clock, Mrs. Baxter broke the silence. "You'll have to start dressing—I'll want the bathroom too. And you're to mix the cocktails."

"You mean you trust me?"

She dressed in silence, trying to calm herself so that she would present a smiling hostess face to her company. She looked anxiously into her mirror, half expecting to find herself changed into a hatchet-faced nag, but, except for a silent resentfulness, she looked as young and wholesome as ever. She got into a simple black dinner dress, made up her face and went back to admire her food, the sight of which alone could begin to soothe her.

The hands of the clock moved slowly

toward seven o'clock, and Mrs. Baxter's heart began to throb like that of an actress on opening night.

Mrs. Baxter was taking a last look at her soufflé, which had begun slowly to rise to a proud and golden height, when the telephone rang. She heard Peter go to answer it and thought no more about it until he appeared in the kitchen doorway, his face a queer mixture of expressions.

"They're not coming," he said.

Mrs. Baxter, who had been squatting on her heels looking into the oven, sat down abruptly on the floor. "Who's not coming?"

"None of them. Mrs. Murdock is having an attack of indigestion."

"Who was that on the phone?"

"Sissie Jamieson. She is at present holding Mrs. Murdocks' head, or words to that effect. Of course Bill can't leave, because that would be showing lack of respect, and you could hardly expect Mr. Murdock. . . ."

Mrs. Baxter rose slowly from the floor. Her chin started to quiver.

"Oh, my soufflé!" she howled. "Nobody will see my beautiful soufflé!"

By force of habit she sought the only haven she knew—Peter's chest. He held her while she babbled incoherently.

"Darling," he said into her hair, "you should be thinking of poor Mrs. Murdock."

"Mrs. Murdock be blasted!" Peggy moaned. "I hate Mrs. Murdock. I hate Sissie Jamieson. I hate everybody except you."

Peter scooped her up and carried her to the sofa. She buried her face in the cushions, beat her toes frenziedly into the upholstery, and let her woe have its way with her.

Suddenly she felt something cool being shoved into her hand. She looked up and saw Peter. He had changed into his formal clothes and was presenting her with a cocktail. On the table the candles burned festively. Mrs. Baxter rubbed her aching eyelids.

"Supper is served in the Green Room," Peter said. "May I escort you to the table? Personally, I am starving. I may be only an audience of one for your artistry, modom, but I'm sure you'll find me appreciative."

"Oh, darling!" said Mrs. Baxter brokenly, and permitted herself to be lifted to her feet.

With a shock, she realized emotion had made her ravenous. "I'll think about how I hate them after we've eaten," she said.

"Don't hate them. Pity them. They don't know what they missed."

They began to eat, decorously at first, then at an increasing pace, until they looked as if they were competing in a pie-eating contest. They were so engrossed that they did not hear the doorbell until it rang for the fourth time.

"Damn," said Peter, becoming aware of it. "At a time like this." He went to answer it, and came back followed—to Mrs. Baxter's startled eyes—by the weighty presence of Mr. Murdock. Mr. Murdock wore an oddly furtive look, as if he were playing hooky from school.

"She's fallen asleep," he said hastily. "Besides, Bill and Sissie are there. . . ."

A wild impulse to laugh surged through Mrs. Baxter.

"I can't stay long. Didn't want you to feel hurt. And Peter has been raving about your cooking. Every time she has an attack of indigestion, we all eat milk toast—" He stared at the table. "This looks like something."

Mr. Murdock wasted no more words. At their invitation, he sprang to his place and began to tear through his supper like a supercharged bulldozer.

"My boy," he said, as Peter sliced more of the turkey, "do you realize how lucky you are? A wife who can cook like this, a job where you do the sort of work you like, and a private income to keep you independent."

Mrs. Baxter, who at that moment was passing behind Peter with the bowl of salad, prodded him sharply between the shoulder blades.

Peter swallowed a large mouthful of turkey and was silent.

"I hate to eat and run," said Mr. Murdock, after his third helping of ice-box cake, "but there'll be no living with her if she finds me absent without leave. You must do this again, my dear."

Mrs. Baxter glowed. "Oh, I will. I love to see men enjoy my cooking. Come as often as you like." She realized that she meant it.

"Wasn't it a pleasure watching him eat?" Peggy said, after Mr. Murdock had gone. "Poor, starved millionaire."

Peter said, "This doesn't mean a raise, you know. He can't raise me and not the whole department."

"That's all right," said Peggy firmly. "Especially now that he is laboring under the impression that I have a private income. Where did he get that idea?"

Mrs. Baxter nibbled thoughtfully on a toasted almond. "I don't think I'll be seeing much of Sissie Jamieson. She's too expensive. I don't have to compete with her. I rather like what I have right now."

"How nice," said Peter. "I think I'll have some more turkey, unless you're saving it for posterity."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Baxter. "I made it all for you."—Frances Shields

I'm Worth Five Million Dollars

Continued from page 29

rator. Jim and Tom helped me paint the breakfast room set, Susie helped me cut the material for the bathroom curtains and Stephen helped me paint the woodwork in the kitchen so it looks beautiful to us. Our hearts sort of got mixed in with the paint and stitched in with the chintz.

I haven't seen Niagara Falls nor do I think I ever will. But I've seen a baby boy's eyes the first time he saw snow and watched him run as fast as his little legs would carry him from one window to another to see if it was everywhere. Talk about breathtaking awe (Isn't that what travel books say about Niagara Falls?), it was on Danny's face when his big brown eyes followed wisps of snowflakes as they fell downward and seemed to nestle against the warm earth.

I've never had an opportunity to study art, learn to paint a picture or visit an art gallery. But the scenes I see at sunrise and sunset are all the pictures I'll ever wish to see. I can shut my eyes and remember the colors stained across the sky by the Master artist, or pause a moment when I pick up the papers scattered in Danny's room and look at the crayon marks. Not that I'm ever sure whether I'm looking at a tree, a house or a running child. Yet, neither would I be sure if I were looking at so-called "modern" art!

I've never seen a big league baseball game but I've heard the crash of an upstairs window pane and heard Jim yell, "That'ud've been a homer!"

Beauty salons, with carpets inches thick and mirrors all over the walls and nice smells, are just places I've heard about. Not long ago I gave myself a wave, and to go all-out for glamor just for once I put some polish on my nails. When Stephen came in from school and gave me a wolf whistle I felt so elegant that I might have been *done* in a shop.

I don't know any celebrities but I have a neighbor who is the most courageous woman I've ever had the privilege of knowing. She's blind. But she teaches the children in the neighborhood to act in plays. She can tell by their voices how well they're portraying the characters.

Besides her work with plays, my blind neighbor conducts a story hour on Sunday afternoons at the church. And above all, she laughs more heartily at a joke than any one I know—especially if the joke's on her.

I don't need a calendar to keep my social engagements straight but I have a worn notebook that I buy refills for all the time to keep my days' duties straight, like: Tuesday—press Susie's pleated skirt; my turn to take cub scouts on wienie roast; remind Jim to take his books back to the library; bake doughnuts for P. T. A. food sale; Tom's appointment at dentist.

I've never had a party with a long receiving line. But the last dance Jim gave I called up two of my closest friends and suggested they come over. I needed help. I had my hands full making more sandwiches and more cocoa because the gang decided to eat when the party started and before they went home, too.

I doubt if either my husband or I will ever be involved in a triangle or have love complications. We're too busy. My husband works day and night to make enough money to keep us fed and clothed. I work day and night sewing on buttons, hanging up levi jackets, dusting and scrubbing, hunting lost possessions, settling problems, crawling behind and under things to rescue toys and, besides, *cooking*. Mostly cooking. But I can't

imagine anything more exciting than having my family swarm into the kitchen, to sniff the apple dumplings browning in the oven or watch me broil hamburgers on the grill with admiration sparkling in their eyes. It seems to me that that's a kind of romance.

I'm sure I'll never have the experience of visiting a psychoanalyst because I'm afraid I just won't have time to develop a neurosis. This week I have eleven pairs of blue jeans to patch. Besides, Susie wants to have a slumber party. Next week, extra, I'm supposed to write a paper for our neighborhood homemaking club on preserving strawberries. I won't catch up this week, next month or even next year. I never have been caught up.

I just can't count on time on my hands to dream up depressions, ailments and neurotic fears. Why if I could just save up or steal enough time to read a few good books I'd think myself lucky. They say it takes a lot of time to go to a psychoanalyst. You have to tell your life story and I haven't got one. Nothing much happens to me except nice things like having a little boy cuddle close and say, "Mommie, I love you bigger'n eighteen." Danny can only count to eighteen.

See what I mean? Some days I think I'm short of money. Like today, I couldn't find ten cents to let Susie buy a couple of pencils. But I'm worth more than a lot of folks who have dimes bulging from all their pockets because I have the precious things: a home and a family, a happy husband, five happy children—and besides I'm happy myself.

I don't have very much time; that's the only thing I'm really short on. But I have everything else—even dimes, generally. When I think of the things I have to be thankful for this Thanksgiving season, why—I have millions. Looking into the storehouse of my heart, I have about five million dollars worth of the priceless things.

—JOAN SMITH

The Nefarious Triangle

Continued from page 47

combined all these interests in one person.

Besides, they had shared the same background of schools, cruises, job efforts and—alas for their friendship—Paul Seldon. Fanny felt a spasm of irritation at Paul and men in general for coming between two such good friends. It was the first time she had thought of Paul in such a light, and knew it was only because Paul's job and his night school left her alone too much. She wished she were friends again with Claudia so she could talk about Paul's dear faults, her doubts of him, and hear the nice things marvelous strange men had whispered about her to Claudia. She wished she could give Claudia the extra matinee ticket in her purse, find out what was in the packages Claudia was returning to Saks, have a giggling, gossiping cocktail at Longchamps, miss a train or two, perhaps have dinner at the little Italian place and rebuff admiring gentlemen in pairs.

Claudia was being helped with her belongings by a most handsome, gray-haired man. Fanny wondered wistfully what other friend would be told of the romantic episode. Really, one did give up so many trivial satisfactions in gaining one major victory. Fanny hadn't thought of that, naturally, when she had wrested Paul back from his fatal year of infatuation with Claudia. All she had thought of then, through those sobbing nights and angry days, was to get Paul back at any cost. Now Fanny began to regret the flood of recriminations she'd once directed at her bosom friend for her treachery. There was a chance, of course, that Claudia had forgot or forgiven, since she was involved in a new love affair now, Fanny had heard.

It was the handsome, gray-haired stranger himself who solved Fanny's dilemma. The train pulled into Grand Central and Fanny was standing in the vestibule when he hurriedly pushed past her. Fanny heard Claudia's shrill voice crying, "Someone's taken my new fur coat!" In that minute, Fanny saw the package under the stranger's arm and, as he slid past her, she thrust out her foot and tripped him, snatching the box at the same time.

"I got it, Claudia!" she shouted jubilantly. And in the ensuing excitement it failed to matter that the stranger got away, for Claudia was too delighted at recovering her loss. They were having coffee together in a Grand Central drugstore the next minute, going over the whole dangerous adventure, speculating and improvising in the same old way. Then Claudia opened the package for Fanny's opinion as to whether or not she should keep the coat. As it was only sable-dyed muskrat—not mink—Fanny was all for Claudia's

keeping it and Claudia was grateful for the decisive vote. She was only too glad to check it and accompany Fanny to the matinee. Afterward, they were so busy talking about the thief and the play that Paul's unexpected appearance on the five-fifty, going home, did not seem at all awkward.

"Hi, Claudia, where'd you come from?" was all he said. It was Fanny, after all, who answered a little petulantly, "I guess you're disappointed that I'm not waiting for you all by myself."

"I'm glad I caught you, because it turned out my lecture was canceled. Now we can have dinner together after all," Paul said, oblivious to her thrust. He stood in the aisle beside her, his brief case pushing her hat awry whenever the passengers surged past. "We waited about ten minutes, and when the prof didn't show, Spike Deaver and I went out for a couple of beers. You remember Spike."

Fanny did remember Spike, but she didn't want to talk about him now. They had to shout above the din of the train, and, besides, Claudia didn't know Spike. It embarrassed Fanny that Paul continued to stand beside her, even when the woman next to Claudia got up and left a vacant seat. He was acting as if he were so afraid of Fanny that he didn't dare address a word to Claudia.

Claudia was behaving in a much more civilized way. She'd donned her thick reading glasses, that were really not as unbecoming as you'd think, and was studying her matinee program quietly. The least Paul could do, Fanny thought, was to ask after Claudia's brother, or the new boat, or the road project near Claudia's old home. But he just stood there. It made Fanny feel like a perfect idiot before her old friend.

"I think I really liked Hamlet better than Henry the Fifth," Fanny chattered, to cover her embarrassment. "It seemed more poetic, didn't you think, Claudia?"

Paul looked impatient and asked what it was they were talking about. Both girls laughed, though Fanny's laugh had more of an edge to it as she said, "We're talking about plays, Paul. This isn't one of your lectures on city planning."

As a rule, Paul's car was parked at the Rochelle Garden Station during the day. But tonight it was at the garage, two blocks away. Fanny was glad, because this gave Claudia and her a legitimate excuse to sit down and talk some more while they waited for Claudia's bus. Claudia got out some snapshots of her fiancé, the Canadian flier, and the big house in Montreal where the family had wonderful times, sort of like the White Oaks of Jalna. Claudia said she was already worried about whether she could live up to a skiing, outdoor, completely extrovert family. She said that even though they spoke French, they cared little about Edith Piaf or Rimbaud. Fanny spoke of Paul's shortcomings along the same lines and was gratified at Claudia's sympathy. Fanny was grateful that Claudia obviously held no grudge against her for having won Paul. She seemed only to have missed a friendly ear into which to pour her confidences about her own Pierre.

"He sounds marvelous," Fanny agreed, adding wistfully: "It must be fun falling in love at first sight with a total stranger instead of marrying a boy you've known all your life."

"Sometimes I think it's too dangerous," Claudia graciously conceded. "Thrilling, yes, but you don't know what to count on, really."

A train roaring past reminded them suddenly that Paul had not returned.

"The garage is just two blocks away," Fanny said. "It shouldn't take an hour, should it?"

"Maybe he met someone and stopped for a drink," Claudia suggested. "Maybe he didn't want to be bored to death by me. Ah, here comes my bus. I *must* dash."

And nothing Fanny could say would prevail upon her to wait for Paul's car to take her home. Yes, she would come over to Fanny's apartment tomorrow evening for a casserole supper and to hear some heavenly new records. A stoutish but distinguished - looking stranger helped Claudia into the bus and, as they drove away, Fanny saw him laughing down at Claudia very promisingly. Men always did like Claudia at first sight, Fanny recalled, and in a way it was funny because it was she—not Claudia—who always had been the class beauty.

"Okay now?" Paul had arrived and was playfully lifting her out of her seat. "Let's go."

"Oh, Paul, you've been drinking!" Fanny accused, as they went to the little battered gray car.

"What'd you expect me to do—stay with you and get my head bashed in?" Paul inquired. "I was only keeping out of trouble."

"If you are deluding yourself that Claudia is breaking her heart over you, you're crazy," Fanny said icily. "Has it occurred to you that there are other men in the world and that Claudia is a very attractive female? Anyway, you embarrassed me, letting her think you were afraid of her. Now she thinks you're avoiding her and how does that make *me* look? Be casual, honey. I mean, like she is."

They had a rather gloomy dinner in the tearoom because Fanny refused

to go to the Highway Inn, where they had a bar and Paul might get tight and flirt with the waitresses just to tease her. She told him about Claudia's Canadian. But she didn't mention the stout man on the bus, even though she wondered what had happened, certain that whatever it was, it was amusing and dangerous as all Claudia's adventures were.

"Honestly, Paul, I wish you'd understand that women forget old affairs even if men and elephants don't," Fanny warned Paul, as he kissed her good night. "Claudia and I were old friends before you spoiled it, and next time you see us together, don't act like East Lynne. Even if you don't like her any more, just remember she's my friend and please be nice."

"All right. But I wish she didn't think she was such an authority on literature and the arts," Paul said sourly, as he put on his hat and departed.

Talk about *women being mean*, Fanny thought to herself! Here was Paul, a man always talking about the feminine incapacity for friendship (and it didn't occur to him that men had anything to do with this lack). Yet now he seemed irritated that she and Claudia were making up. He would have been delighted if she and Claudia stayed mad forever on his account.

Fanny spoke of this the next evening when Claudia arrived, and it helped pave the way for deeper confidences. Claudia told her that the stout man on the bus had turned out to be the new manager of the Metal Products factory and a thoroughly charming man of the world. He had taken her for a nightcap to the Highway Inn, where they danced and met a couple he knew. Claudia confessed that she did not want Pierre, in Montreal, to hear of this. But what in the world did a man think, when he was too busy to see his girl more than once every two weeks? When Claudia observed that Pierre was more understanding than Paul in such matters, her remark made Fanny think of all the little adventures she had missed and would miss all her life just because she was tied to a boy she'd known all her life. She looked enviously at Claudia's smart new slacks and loose plaid shirt, thinking how generously she had given up such conveniences when Paul said he didn't like clothes of that kind.

"Do you know, I hardly recognized Paul on the train last night?" Claudia said, as they sipped their coffee. "Then when he stayed so long while we were at the station, I realized he was drinking too much. It's a strain, having a job and studying, I suppose. But, darling, it's a strain on you too."

"He doesn't know that," Fanny said. "He doesn't realize that I don't enjoy frittering away my life waiting for him, when I might have gone on with photography after I got those prizes."

"You could have been another Bourke-White," Claudia said. "There isn't another girl in the world that would have given up what you did for a guy as unreliable as Paul. I hope he learns to appreciate that. You've spoiled him—that's all—so he thinks he's the only man in the world. He doesn't realize that you're a darned pretty girl and that other men know it. I tell you, I'd be afraid to introduce you to my Pierre if I weren't so sure you would always be loyal to Paul through thick and thin."

Fanny thought about the photographs of the tall, handsome Canadian and she could almost see his eager expression as he acknowledged the introduction. She herself was an excellent skier. She could see the two of them taking off on some Canadian slope, hand in hand, flying through the air, whispering, "This isn't fair to Claudia and Paul, but how can we help ourselves?" The telephone rang, rousing her from the pleasant picture. Paul had got through an examination early and wanted to talk it over with her. Could he come over, he wanted to know.

"I had to tell him to come," Fanny apologized. "Just as we were having such a good time, too. Will you please explain why he has to go over every question about building a dam in China or wherever it is, every time?"

"Buck up, my dear. It's too late to get out of anything now," Claudia said, and rose to smooth her fine, slim hips and reach for her coat. "I'll run along. He's a mighty lucky man, having a girl like you stick to him."

"Please stay, Claudia," Fanny implored. "I know you don't want to be bored and Paul doesn't know the faintest, not the faintest, about the theater, or anything you care about, but it would be so much more fun if you'd stay and just try to act interested for my sake."

Paul arrived while Claudia still was hesitating about leaving, so Fanny happily produced more coffee. She sent Claudia a grateful glance as she heard her ask Paul about the examination, then noticed with relief that Paul was heeding that advice about acting casual. While she got out Coke for Paul, she heard him launch into his

theories on drainage and irrigation, while Claudia nobly put in exclamations and polite questions. It gave her time to reflect how decent Claudia had been, gracefully forgiving her successful rival and her lost lover, taking them both back into her friendship. She even had warned Fanny ever so subtly, "It's too late to get out of anything now," as if she sensed that Fanny had fallen out of love. Yes she had, Fanny thought in a panic; she had fallen out of love after all these years. Perhaps it showed that she was not such a fool as Paul (and Claudia, too) thought, but it was a frightful empty feeling, nevertheless.

She could not quite understand how it happened. Paul was sitting beside Claudia on the sofa, going great guns about dams and ditches, and yet Fanny did not feel the least jealous. Being out of jealousy was almost worse than being out of love, and Fanny began feeling a dim stirring of resentment at Claudia for saying Paul looked as if he'd been drinking too much and for hinting that he was unreliable. Claudia even had intimated that everyone in town was sorry for Fanny, so loyal to a hopeless cause.

"So you passed the exam," Fanny said loudly, since they did not seem to know she was offering them cigarettes.

Paul laughed.

"Fanny means I should shut up," he explained. "All right, honey. I know Claudia doesn't care any more than you do about my hobby, but—"

"I wouldn't call a lifework a hobby!" Claudia exclaimed. "I'm glad to have a man talk about something he cares about that much—something real, instead of just small talk about art or the theater—"

"But, Claudia, you love the theater," Fanny said blankly.

"That's the trouble with me," Paul said somberly. "I have no imagination. A guy that can sit down to a desk and turn out a play or even a song seems to me out of this world. I guess that's about the finest gift in the world."

"You could do it if you wanted to," Claudia said tensely. "It's just that your standards are too high. You wouldn't want to write just any old play. You'd want it to do good for the world, like bridges and dams. And that's the kind of play you *would* write, if you ever wanted to."

"Paul always failed in English," Fanny said feebly.

"But he speaks Spanish and German and even some Japanese," Claudia interrupted glowingly. "That's the whole trouble with most writers—they don't know anything. The whole Pacific Ocean could dry up or the Rockies blow away and they wouldn't know the reasons why—but Paul would."

"How do you know?" Fanny asked testily.

"I've never known much about plays or stories, really," Paul said meditatively. "Fanny kids me about it."

"The point is that your standards are too high to enjoy the sort of thing that some of us girls like," Claudia protested. "Fanny and I just love something that a solid person like you would snap his fingers at. Now you take yesterday—"

Fanny sipped her coffee in stunned silence. She was surprised that Claudia thought Paul could do anything from straightening out Oak Ridge and Boulder Dam to writing Othello or Ben Hur. She wondered if she shouldn't explain that Paul didn't even know that Ellery Queen was two people. She was surprised that Paul made no protest at Claudia's flattering insistence that he could sing even better than Jean Sablon, if he would take singing lessons and learn French. There was a certain kind of man, combining sheer brains and integrity, said Claudia, that could bring about a complete artistic renaissance if he weren't so wedded to engineering and science. At this, a wave of plain, boiling jealousy overwhelmed Fanny.

"Please show Paul the pictures of Pierre, Claudia," she managed to say. "You've still got ten minutes before your bus goes back."

Claudia jumped up hastily.

"Eleven o'clock! My goodness, that's the last bus, too! If I miss it—how will I ever get home?" she cried. "I've been so fascinated, listening to Paul. You don't realize what a relief it is to talk to someone with brains, Fanny. Honestly, you are a terribly lucky girl."

There was a delay, then, for finding Claudia's gloves, and it came back to Fanny that this was the way it had started before, too. She remembered urging a reluctant Paul to take Claudia home, and then insisting that they try not to dislike each other too much. She knew Paul's car was out in front and that she should make a suggestion now, but she didn't.

"I guess you don't have time to show the pictures," was all she said, and Claudia gaily agreed as she dashed out to the bus stop.

Paul stood uncertainly before the fireplace, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose I should have driven her home," he said. "I expected you to suggest it."

Fanny took a puff from his cigarette.

"Darling, you looked so sweet and so bored that I didn't have the heart," she said. "Besides, Claudia has such fun on the bus." —Dawn Powell

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Listening Heart

Continued from page 41

her mother said suddenly, as she had said so many times before. "I didn't want an old maid hanging around me. It's just that— You know what I've been thinking, Emily? I think you'll marry someone else some day. I really do. Craig's too old for you anyway."

"Too old for me?"

"Well—years can't measure the age of a man like that. He's old in his ways. He knows so much. He's so darn subtle. He's far subtler than you. Or me. He's always judging us with that supercilious look of his."

"He's not, Mother. You don't understand him."

"Neither do you."

Emily was silent. Her mother was uncanny, sometimes, in knowing the secrets of one's own rigid privacy.

The boat moved off into the glittering lake. The passengers leaned along the railing. There were only a few, after all. It was Tuesday, a day when crowds were not free for enjoyment, and it was early in the season. Winter chill still lived on in the air.

Emily felt the chill. The band sounded thinner than ever, and the song grew distant as the boat moved away from them.

"Mother—" Emily leaned close to her and took her stubby, liver-spotted hand in hers. "You've never been very nice to Craig, you know that. Maybe if you'd acted differently—"

The blue gaze iced over. An impatient movement passed down the arm to the hand Emily held. "Oh, don't be foolish. I've been plenty good to him."

"No," Emily said. "You've never really taken him into your heart or let him get close to you. You know it."

"Hmm," her mother said. "Any time he wants to get close to me! Just any old time!"

Emily sat very still. If she moved she would break.

"Our world is small," she said finally. "Just you and me and Craig. Why can't we get on? Why can't we be happy together?"

"Because Craig's selfish. He's a very selfish man, darling. You know it as well as I do."

"Even if he were, you're not the one

to say it to me. Anyway, it's not true."

"It is true."

It wasn't, of course. And yet, was it a kind of selfishness to maintain one's integrity at the expense of another's small pleasures? Why not praise his mother-in-law's new hat when she asked him how he liked it? And why constantly disparage the very book or movie or play that she was enjoying? It was as if he purposely made her feel foolish and ignorant, as if he wanted revenge over her for her former rejection of him.

"You'd find out," her mother said. "If you were away from me and all your friends here, you'd learn a thing or two."

So they were back to that again. Slowly and a little bitterly Emily said, "If Craig had the most wonderful offer in the world you still wouldn't want him to accept it, would you, Mother? If it took us away from Chicago, you wouldn't."

"Well, it's not the most wonderful offer in the world!" Anger flecked her cheeks with crimson. "In one sense it's a sign of failure. Because if he really were making good in his firm in Chicago, he wouldn't dream of going off on a wild-goose chase."

"It's not a wild-goose chase, Mother." Patiently Emily began to explain again. "He's never liked living in a big city. Now he has this chance to go back to the town he grew up in and become a partner to the best friend he had in law school."

She saw she was not convincing her mother. Actually, if their places were reversed she knew she might feel the same bitterness at losing her child, her friend, the only person in the world close to her. It had been that way with them. Outsiders always were on the edge of their lives. Agreeable acquaintances, nothing more. Except for the fading shadow of Emily's dead father, there had been nobody who really mattered until Craig came.

From the first, Emily had not talked about Craig. Her mother's sly kidding that had prompted shrieks of laughter about Jim Everett or Louis Freeman and others who took Emily dancing or to parties had brought only silence when they concerned Craig. A wall had appeared overnight and grown thicker by the day, sometimes by the hour, it must have seemed to the older woman who was struggling to see around it, to climb over it. But to see over it was to see Emily with this stranger, this Craig, while she stayed frustrated and bewildered with nobody in all the great city of Chicago. Nobody at all.

"Oh, Mother—"

"What?" There was that little, lively, aging face turned to her, the whole appealing smallness of her there so close on the bench, and Emily's heart turned over. "You've always been so brave, Mother, so full of grit!"

"Well, I had to be."

Too aggressive. The aggressiveness made the exchange crusty instead of warm. She seemed unreceptive to Emily's implied reference to the home that she had earned and made gay for Emily's growing up. She had been clever in her job. She had earned a little fortune. And now she had leisure and loneliness, too often the twins of one's later life.

"We've always had fun together," Emily said. "Haven't we?"

"Yes, and we could go on having it if only—"

Emily knew. She stared at the outgoing boat and thought, Suppose we could simply walk down and get on it. We would be off with the gay band and the people who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves on a Tuesday! We could sail across the blue lake into the blue sky. Then we wouldn't have to meet Craig for dinner and endure the painful, forced conversation between him and Mother, while I sit trying to make them be kind to each other—

She sighed and looked at her watch. "We'd better go, Mother. Craig will be waiting."

Her mother agreed, but with reluctance in her voice, and she sat on in silence for a few seconds before rising.

Craig was waiting in the Palmer House lobby. He sat reading the Chicago Daily News, his hat on his knees, his black, thick-framed glasses accenting the fine shape of his brow. Emily felt her familiar pride in him, hoping people guessed that he was her husband. When he stood up he looked tall in his loose tweed suit, and his smile was nice. "Hello, Emily," he said. "How are you, Mrs. Scranton?"

They stood awkwardly in greeting. Emily thought her mother's small figure seemed suddenly rounder, like a hen's swelled up by ruffled feathers.

"Well, Craig," she said. "I hope you've been behaving yourself."

He grinned and winked at Emily. "Oh, I've been out just raising hell," he said.

There was no answering amusement on his mother-in-law's face. She disliked jokes of that kind. She gave a short, dry laugh, declaring that this was just what she would expect from him—a remark too close to the truth to be pleasant.

With Emily between them they went out to the street and walked to a moderate-priced restaurant. The talk was painfully stiff. Nobody could think of anything to say because of the overhanging crisis. Craig's new, tentative plans choked out every other topic of conversation, even though the subject

was as yet unmentioned among them.

Inside the restaurant a woman hailed Emily's mother, who flushed with pleasure.

"Who's that?" Emily asked.

"Mrs. Pearsall. Such a lovely woman. One of my good friends at the club."

"What's that broom thing she's got on her head?" Craig asked.

His mother-in-law frowned at him. "It happens that Mrs. Pearsall is known for her perfect taste in clothes."

Emily nudged his leg under the table. "I'm sure she would be," she said. "She's a lovely-looking woman."

"If women's hats are supposed to look like brooms, that's fine," Craig said. "I only asked."

"It doesn't look like a broom," Emily's mother said. "You always have to laugh at my friends, don't you, Craig? I understand you perfectly."

"What will you have to eat, Mother?" Emily thrust a menu in her hand.

While the choice of dinner was being pondered, there was a silent conversation of the eyes between Emily and Craig. She told him to stop it. And she asked, Why risk setting off a quarrel? He told her to laugh the whole thing off as he did. What the hell? Then his eyes added, I love you. And they asked, Why isn't your mother a little more like you?

Emily felt very tender. For the second before her mother said, "I'll take the roast beef," she was imagining what it would be like to be alone with Craig in a little Western town. The long week ends together, with no breaking-in of dinners with her mother, or church with her mother or concerts with her mother, hazards that could end in hostility between her mother and Craig or herself and Craig.

Then she was astonished at her cruelty. She remembered her mother's distress earlier this afternoon—the blue lake and the boat and the nostalgic tune. I'll persuade Craig not to go, she decided. After all, he does have a good start here. Mother's right about that.

She looked up and saw the waitress standing over her.

"Why don't you have the roast beef too, Emily?" her mother asked.

"How about letting her choose for herself?" Craig asked.

"As a matter of fact, I'd already decided on the beef," Emily said. She wouldn't know what she was eating anyway, so it didn't make any difference. Her mother, of course, considered the beef the best of the entrees, and she was anxious for Emily to have the best. She always had wanted her to have the prettiest dress at a party, and her school report card always had to report the best grades in the class. When it came to getting married Emily supposed that only a mixture of George Washington and Sir Galahad would have done for her. Poor Craig had possessed no such affinities.

Emily wondered if he had secretly gone out to get this new offer on his own, rather than the offer having been made to him. If that were true, he would not easily be persuaded to give it up. The thing could cause a very serious break between them. It even could lead them along that frightening path to divorce, about which her mother had spoken so complacently.

Actually she would not be complacent about such an event, Emily felt sure. In anger her mother often spoke extravagantly. Craig should know that. Underneath her hard outer core she was soft, very soft. Why didn't Craig ever sense the softness?

We should behave toward our country as women behave toward the men they love. A loving wife will do anything for her husband except stop criticizing and trying to improve him.

—John B. Priestley

The food, the warmth of the restaurant and the consciousness of well-dressed strangers at other tables exhilarated Emily's mother. She began to talk gaily and a bit too loud.

Soon Craig frowned.

Emily said gently, indicating with her eyes the three women at the next table, "Those people are listening to us, Mother."

Her mother flushed, compressed her lips, and fell to silence.

Emily knew what she was thinking. She had said often enough that Craig spoiled all her pleasure in conversation. "He has an infinite capacity for just sitting," she had complained. "A death's head at the feast," she declared, shaking her head. And then she would add, "Poor Emily!" without feeling the need to elaborate.

In the painful silence Emily tried to think of something innocuous to say, something that would deflect her mother's thoughts from any discussion of Craig's plan. For some reason it seemed very important not to speak of that yet, but to wait for the right mood. She had planned to take her mother home with them for the evening, and she thought that she would get her comfortably relaxed on the sofa with some candy beside her, and Craig not too close in his big chair. She would see that he, too, was comfortable, so that he would not feel critical, but only kindly, toward his mother-in-law. After an interlude of peace Emily might say, "We're certainly cozy in this apartment. And I love living in Chicago, don't you, Craig? I'm afraid we'd miss our friends terribly if we left here." Then she might add, "It isn't as if you didn't have a good job already, darling. Lots of young lawyers would be glad to be in your place right now." If *she* said those things, instead of her mother, he might listen with more patience to the efforts to persuade him to stay here. Yes, that was how she would handle it, she decided.

Then she heard her mother's voice say, in the jerky, clear fashion that was part of her anger, "You've certainly worked at finding a way to deprive me of Emily, haven't you, Craig?"

Emily put down her fork.

Craig pushed his plate away and lighted a cigarette. "Why, no, Mrs. Scranton. It hasn't anything to do with you. Emily and I thought it might be a good life out there. We thought we'd like to try it. That's all."

"I don't think Emily's had much to do with this, Craig. I think she's as much surprised as I am, really. If the truth were known."

Emily looked appealingly at Craig. Why not drop the whole thing, her look said.

He ignored it. "We're all surprised," he told Mrs. Scranton. "Until Dave wrote me, I'd no idea of making a change. But I'm not sure that it isn't the answer for me. I've not been too happy in practice in Chicago."

"You'd make a lot more money in Chicago," Mrs. Scranton said.

"Neither Emily nor I worry very much about money."

"Well, you'd better worry about it!" She sat up, bristling, her eyes shooting furious blue sparks across the table at him. "Without money you've got no business with a wife. You've been married long enough to know that."

Craig studied her. "Why, I believe I could always make Emily comfortable," he said.

"Oh, of course you could! Of course he could, Mother." Emily's voice was agonized.

The idea of money always revolted her. The dependence that people must put on it. People like her and Craig and her mother. She had liked the proud way that Craig had bragged, "Neither Emily nor I worry very much about money." And she regretted her mother's sharp rejoinder.

"Look here," Craig said, "we'd better go. We can discuss this thing in the car."

Emily felt it would be ill-advised to invite her mother to come home with

them, but as they walked along in the raw night air she felt a heavy presentiment of coming loneliness for the staunch, fast-moving little figure by her side. They were walking away from Wabash Avenue now, up toward Michigan Boulevard, and the lake wind blew against their faces. How unfamiliar these streets would seem to her mother alone, Emily thought. She felt the cold wind push in under her coat and press through her flesh to her bones, to her soul, where love of her mother seemed a hard, aching core in her being. Love of her mother and love of Craig. Two separate cores that pressed and ached like two nodules of cancer. Why could they not have merged and softened and been reconciled? Why must the two people on earth who mattered to her be forever apart like this?

The car was at Grant Park. They walked through the rows and rows of shining cars in the parking lot to their own. Emily was proud that her mother never complained of the distance nor of the rough gravel underfoot. She squeezed her arm, hugging it against her side. "You're quite a girl, aren't you?" she asked, laughing. But she could have cried.

"Well, get in!" Craig's voice was gruff. He had been holding the car door open for them.

"Be good," Emily whispered to him as she climbed in.

He caught her arm. Under his breath he said, "Don't give in to your mother. She's spoiled enough of our life."

Emily stepped inside quietly, without answering.

Mrs. Scranton sat in the back alone.

The car sped out of the lot and into the Outer Drive.

Emily's mother leaned to the window. "How beautiful!" she said. "Where would you find such a sight except in Chicago?"

"Propaganda," Craig muttered.

"What?" Mrs. Scranton asked.

"Nothing," Craig said.

She turned to Emily. "What did he say?"

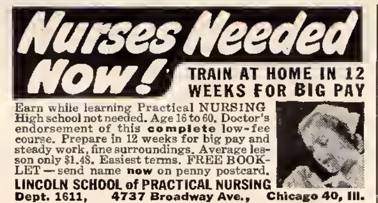
Emily's cheeks burned. The roast beef lay heavily in her stomach. "I really don't know, Mother. I didn't hear him."

"Any old time you didn't hear him! You heard him all right."

Emily said nothing. She pressed her hot forehead to the glass and looked at the stars.

"Imagine living in that wretched little town after all this," her mother said. "Don't you think, Craig, that you may be indulging your whim at Emily's expense?"

Craig said slowly, "You know, Mrs. Scranton, some people aren't as fond of a big city as you are. They think all this bustling about robs them of



time and a sense of peace. They feel they get to know each other better in a small town. They live—more gently. I hear them talk about it."

"Did you ever hear them say they got bored? Why, it's an old story about the farmer's children running away to the city. And with poor Emily who's always lived in the city—"

Craig brought the car to a stop. With the engine off they could hear the lake surf crashing against the breakwater.

Emily listened to its monotonous rhythm. For several instants her companions seemed also to listen. Through the darkness she could hear their breathing and sense their movements. She could feel, too, the strained animosity between them. It always had been there whenever they were together, but now it was stronger than before, almost a physical element to be seen and touched here in the car.

What shall I do, Emily wondered. But she knew it wouldn't matter what she did. She couldn't stem the tide of what was going to happen; and whatever did happen would leave things hopelessly changed. She never could return to this afternoon, to the bench in the sun, to the sight of the boat moored to the pier with its gay band playing.

She could feel tears on her face, and she wanted to cry out, "Don't quarrel! Please! I love you both. I'll always love you both. Is that so wrong of me?"

But then, immediately, it was too late. Craig was saying what he had stopped here to say. In his reasonable, gentlemanly way he was telling Emily's mother that it was a case of the life and death of their marriage for him to take Emily away. He said he knew it was no one's fault. It was just the way things were. Hadn't Mrs. Scranton seen, he asked, how Emily was pulled apart between them? It always was making bitterness among them.

"So now you want to take her where only you will have her," Emily's mother said.

"Well, she married me."

They were quiet words. For a minute they had the power that quiet can give. They silenced Mrs. Scranton. And in the silence, Emily began to talk nervously and wretchedly.

"Nobody's asking me," she said. "Both of you are settling things for me and not consulting me at all."

Craig said finally, "All right, Emily. How do you feel about it? What do you want to do?"

"I want the three of us to try it again," she said. "I want us to get along together. You're both so good and kind to me, why couldn't you start over and learn to be good to each other?" She knew as she spoke that it was no use. Embarrassment was so thick she could breathe it.

It was her mother who responded first, with a blend of coolness and hauteur. She said that she was sure she never had been anything but good to Craig, that she always would be as good to him as she possibly could.

Listening, Emily felt the faint hope she had harbored burst like a seed pod in the wind. She knew what Craig would do before he spoke. He would sidestep the whole issue that her challenge had created. He was this moment planning what words he would use for the purpose. She could sense it, and she turned away to the window, looking out at the rim of lights along the drive. Cars passed thickly, several every instant, as if to emphasize what Craig had called "all this bustling about."

She thought of that as she heard his voice, telling her that no one had acted unpleasantly to anyone else, that people could do very little about temperamental differences.

"Well," Craig said, "we really haven't decided anything, have we?" He touched a cigarette with the car lighter, leaning forward to replace the gadget carefully. He turned on the headlights and drove back into the traffic.

"We don't have to decide now," Emily said. "We can all think about it for awhile."

Her voice faded away. The motor throbbed a little louder than a cat's purring. The road was velvet under the tires. Whistles, wind, the noise of approaching and receding cars were the only sounds they could hear in the dark surrounding them.

Craig reached over and took Emily's hand. He pressed it three times. That meant, I love you. It was a signal they'd had in the months of their engagement, but he had not used it for a good while. His doing so now was a form of persuasion that faintly irritated her. Yet she knew that he really ought not to have to persuade her. A wife should go with her husband wherever his best interests lay. Nobody should come between a husband and wife. That was Biblical.

They drove through Washington Park and down Hyde Park Boulevard to the apartment building in which Emily's mother lived.

As the car stopped, Mrs. Scranton began to speak. "Before I go in," she said, "there's something I want to say. I've been thinking about it as we drove along and I've decided that I won't try to interfere with your going out there to live, if that's what Craig wants to do. I still think it's too bad to give up his chances in Chicago, but that's up

to him. A man should be happy in his work, I suppose." She was buttoning her coat collar tight around her neck and edging toward the car door.

"Anyway," she said, "I think you should go and not consider anything about how I feel. I'm an old war horse. I can manage. Any time I can't get along alone! Just any old time!"

Craig said, in a voice vibrant with relief, "And you could come and see us. Spend a month or two with us. You're foot-loose nowadays."

"Why, sure," Emily said. "You can just pack up and jump on the train the minute you feel lonesome."

"Umm-hmm. Well, we'll see." In the light from the street, her face looked coated over with the effort of what she was doing. She looked determined and brave, Emily thought. Oh, very brave.

Emily said, "You're wonderful, Mother."

"Nothing wonderful about me. But I've had to face things in my life, Emily. And you'll find you will, too. That's the way it is, I guess." She pushed at the car door.

Craig reached behind and opened it for her.

"Now don't come in with me," she said. "I've got my key and I'll go right on up."

"Well, we'll wait until you're inside," Craig said. She got out and stood by the car. "Well, good night," she said. "Thank you for taking me to dinner, Craig."

"It was a pleasure."

"Good night, Emily." She didn't offer to kiss her. And she seemed to avoid looking directly at her, though Emily couldn't be sure in the dark.

"Good night, Mother dear."

Emily watched while she turned and walked rapidly into the brightly lighted foyer of the apartment building. Her body looked more rigid than usual. Suddenly, Emily wanted to jump from the car and rush after her, across the walk and up the stone steps of the building. Mother, wait for me, her heart called. But she gripped the car door and sat straight and quiet until her mother's small figure had disappeared.

Craig said, "That really was fine of her. But it isn't as if she won't be seeing you. She can visit us often. You'll be shopping together and playing around just as you always have, won't you, hmm?" He pulled her against him.

"Why—why, sure," she said, but to herself, down in the hollow of her own secret knowledge, she said, No—not as we always have. Not ever again. Not—ever—again. —Mary Fassett Hunt

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What Makes a Good Shopper?

Continued from page 49

"What I mean is, a good bag has a good lining; a well-made chair is properly finished underneath with plenty of webbing, ample tacking and smooth wood; fine lace isn't put on a cheap nightgown and a cotton dress with a good leather belt proves the manufacturer didn't skimp on details.

"You can easily look for points like these, or you can check the places that tend to 'go' first in normal wear," Peggy said. "I look at selvages on towels, seams on slips, heel and toe reinforcements on children's and men's socks. If I'm buying a blanket I hold it up to the light to look for thin spots. I've found out that if the parts I can see are good, then the parts I can't see or judge, are almost always good, too.

"Don't confuse this," Peggy went on, "with 'seconds' or 'irregulars,' which can be marvelous buys. The higher the standards of the company, the more rigid is their examination of finished articles. This means that 'seconds,' especially if they carry a good brand name, may offer outstanding values, particularly in merchandise which you can open and examine, like a tablecloth, a man's shirt or pillowcases. Sometimes the flaw may be only a tiny spot that will wash out, or a pulled thread that won't affect wearing quality."

The greatest savings of all, Peggy thinks, are made in out-of-season buying. This is something you have to train yourself to do because it just isn't as much fun to buy your stadium boots for next season in February or your porch furniture in September. But, oh, the bargains you will find!

You must be careful if you're buying a season ahead for the children, to be sure that the sizes will be right and, for yourself, that styles won't change too much. In addition to sales of goods, watch for advertised reductions of services. Have your rugs and slip covers cleaned at times other than the regular spring and fall house-cleaning seasons. You may save as much as one-third.

"I do most of my Christmas shopping," Peggy said, "at summer resort gift shops at the end of August. The prices are often less than wholesale prices. I always try to pick up bridge prizes and shower gifts that way, too."

Before you buy, ask yourself whether

a bargain is really a bargain. Let us say, for instance, that it's March and you decide to buy a basic black crepe dress for next winter. If you see one reduced from $39.95 to $19.95, chances are that it's a buy. But another, cut from $14.95 to $8.95 probably is not. Why should this be so? Because the dress that originally cost about $15 is not likely to be top style next year, while the $40 one, unless it's very extreme, is likely to stay fashionable.

When you see a sale of something you always buy, that's the time to stock up—toilet tissue, white cotton gloves, canned soup, aspirin or lawn seed. "Recently I bought four months' supply of coffee," Peggy said. "It was vacuum-packed so it will keep perfectly, and it was reduced eleven cents a pound." But remember that nothing is a bargain if you don't need it, won't use it and didn't have to buy it, or something like it, anyway.

Finally, good shoppers, Peggy thinks, can't afford to be lazy. "I was shocked the other day to see a young woman stocking up on staples at a fancy delicatessen store, buying salt and paper towels, canned fruit and sugar. A delicatessen store is fine in an emergency and wonderful for cheese and Sunday night snacks, but not the place to stock up your shelves, unless you have a bottomless pocketbook."

When my interview with Peggy was ended, I felt that she had given me the real essence of good shopping and I hardly needed to see the other four. But I already had made my date to visit Barbara, so I went along to her house, set in a charming small garden.

I told her why I had come and she said, "I'm shopping right now." She pointed to magazines and a book or two which had been beside her on the sofa when I rang the doorbell. "Maybe it's because I grew up in a small town, but stores confuse me. I get the things I really want and make my money go farther by planning on paper before I go shopping. Ted calls it my 'homework.' On clothes, I work from a year's plan for myself and the children. My house plan covers 'needs' and 'hope-fors' five years at a time. That way all the colors go together, you spread out your expenditures and in the end you avoid a lot of disappointments. It keeps me from buying things that have only a short life—like furniture for the children that is soon outgrown. With a plan, you buy with an eye on the future."

Barbara plans her meals a week at a time, watching the papers for Friday specials in meat and other foods. To save time and money she buys a week's staples at once and usually goes to market only one other time during the week, to fill in with perishable things.

In back of all planning, Barbara says, lies the need to face ourselves honestly—our way of life, our personality, our family's hopes and dreams. It would be foolish, she thinks, to fill your house with valuable bric-a-brac while the children are destructive; to have dainty chairs if your husband likes to relax in deep, upholstered comfort; to use ruffled curtains if you don't like them well enough to spend hours ironing them; or to buy a formal evening gown if your dress-up life is more suited to a full skirt and a couple of glamorous off-the-shoulder blouses.

Another part of Barbara's "homework" is to read all kinds of useful material about shopping. She finds so much that's helpful on the woman's page of her newspaper, in books from the library and in magazines. The homemaking editors of magazines put weeks of careful study into every article they write for you. Fashion editors see clothes months before they arrive in the stores. They can save your money by telling you what fashions are new and warning you about what is on the way out.

"I wouldn't think of buying an automatic washing machine, new mattresses or anything expensive like that without reading up first," Barbara told me. "If I didn't do research and know what questions to ask I'd be putty in the hands of some supersalesman."

When she gets to the stores, Barbara keeps right on reading. She makes it a practice to read tags and labels. "Did you know the government requires labels on anything made of wool or rayon? I always read tags to see how to take care of things and whether they should be cleaned or washed."

Barbara believes that you save in the end by trading at good stores and buying brand-name merchandise. She also likes to build up a friendly relationship with a store. Then you can shop by telephone to save time when you are tied to the house with little children. "But always ask prices," Barbara advises, "I've found that string beans can change price drastically overnight!"

Once her long-term and immediate plans are laid, Barbara is ready to go shopping. "I don't take the children along unless it's absolutely necessary. I get so much more done without them and it's less of a strain on us all. I feel it's worth paying for a sitter. In the stores I don't waste any time. I know what I want and approximately what I can pay for it. When I see it, I buy it. Then I refuse to torture myself with the thought that I might have saved a dollar or two if I had tramped through every other store in town."

"Don't you ever fall for something you didn't plan on?" I asked.

"I'm only human," Barbara laughed.

"One thing, I am willing to pay a bit more than I had in mind if it means I'll get much better quality. But I hope the day is long past when I'd buy the most beautiful black hat in the world, if everything else I own is brown."

When I called Alice and asked for her ideas on shopping, she suggested we meet over lunch. Alice used to be secretary to a lawyer and her suggestion that we talk at lunch is typical of her time-saving habits.

"I try to run my house in a business-like way," was how she summed up herself as a shopper. "It's not only easier but I think confusion is tiring and so is making decisions all day long. I keep a little notebook for each member of the family, with sizes, colors, lists of what they have and when and where I bought them."

When I protested that this must take lots of time, she said it was all made up if she saved a single extra trip to exchange underwear she'd happened to buy in the wrong size for one of the children.

Alice thinks that the commonest mistake in shopping is to pay for better-than-we-need quality in things we'll use for a short time. Then we may not have enough left to buy the best in purchases we want to be long-lasting. "I always ask myself, when I'm buying, how long will I use this? It works for everything. I buy inexpensive candles, gift wrappings, wax paper, play shoes, and paper-bound books. But I pay enough for sheets, kitchen linoleum and furniture. I make sure that my best girdle is well made and properly fitted but I may pick up my summer pantie girdle from a bargain table."

Alice believes in taking care of what you have. "I polish, I repair, I mend, I send things promptly to the shoemaker and the cleaner." She figures that taking up their good rugs every summer and putting slip covers over their best chairs lengthen their useful wear at least a third. Here's one trick she mentioned. She puts a piece of rayon lining material, about a yard square, inside the back of tailored skirts, from seam to seam. "A skirt will never sit out if you do that and it's worth the trouble, especially with soft tweeds."

I asked Alice how she felt about charge accounts and she says that she has them at several stores. "You usually hear about sales earlier. Then there's the convenience of making any returns easily and the advantage of establishing your credit by paying your bills promptly."

Naturally, when you charge purchases you have to realize that there will be bills and they will have to be paid. "I'll tell you a little secret, however," Alice said. "Stores don't usually mind if they are not paid all at once, as long as you keep paying something and don't let it go too long. You should do this with care and only when it means getting a lot better value.

"Let's suppose you really need a suit and you can get a good one for forty-five dollars. But you can only save fifteen dollars a month. Buy the suit, I'd say, and pay the store fifteen dollars a month for three months. That's better shopping, I think, than taking a cheap fifteen-dollar suit because that's all you could afford the month you had to have it. However, never abuse your credit. It's an asset."

When she shops by mail, Alice usually uses the stores where she has charge accounts. Ordering by mail is fine when you need something in a hurry and can't get out to shop. But read the advertisements and cata-

That boy Of Ours

BY EDNA HAMILTON

A little boy around the house
Can be as quiet as a mouse,
Or he can make a noise like thunder
As he tears the house asunder.
He can shout and scream like mad—
It's then I say he's like his Dad.

But as evening curtains fall,
Shadowy, enwrapping all,
He cuddles by me in my chair,
Seeming like a cherub there.
Then he's precious as can be—
That's when I think he's just like me!

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

logues carefully to be sure you know what you are ordering. Write out your order completely: size, color, price and all such details.

One thing that Alice does was startling to me: She has set up menus for a whole year that she uses over and over. "Heavens no!" she said when I asked if she sat down and wrote them all at once. The first year that she was married she jotted down each day's meals in a special notebook and now she uses this as her skeleton menu. Its advantages are that it's based on foods in season and acts as a reminder of well-liked, economical dishes that she might otherwise overlook. "I know I save hours a year by not having to wonder what to eat. Naturally I'm not silly enough to be a slave to this menu, but it's often a blessing."

Of the five girls I had chosen as the best shoppers, Betsy, I knew, had the least money to spend. Yet her house is always fresh and gay, her meals delicious and she seems to have time to give pleasure to others. I wanted to find out how she could do it.

"If you don't have much money," she said, "imagination is a wonderful help. I've never been able to go out and just buy anything I want. And do you know, I don't even wish I could, anymore! I like thinking of different ways to do things and I like the individuality you achieve that way."

She pointed to the wall over her sofa. It was made dramatic with two fine lace handkerchiefs, stretched over black velvet and framed in narrow gold. "My grandmother's handkerchiefs," she said. "The frames came on little flower prints that were very inexpensive."

Junk stores lure Betsy. She would rather give a friend a bright, colored saucer that costs ten cents and can be used as an ashtray, than feel sorry for herself because she can't afford an expensive present.

You save the most money, Betsy thinks, by making things yourself. The cost of labor is a large factor in determining price, so if you do the work, you're "paying" yourself good wages. Betsy went to adult education classes and learned to trim hats, make lamp shades, gloves and pottery. This year she's mastering the art of making slip covers at a class run by a local sewing-machine store. "Bill and I make a hobby of our house. We paint, we refinish furniture, we paper whole rooms. I made these draperies. What do you think the material is?"

I looked at them and said, "They look velvety but I really couldn't guess."

"Outing flannel. It dyes miraculously! I only paid twenty-nine cents a yard for it." If she hadn't been able to afford the flannel, Betsy told me, she had planned to dye a pair of wide sheets that don't fit her twin beds.

Betsy entertains friends at small spaghetti suppers, which she says are always fun and can't be elaborate. The perfect menu calls for spaghetti with a superb sauce, salad, crusty garlic bread with fruit and cheese for dessert, and the final flourish of plain red wine. "I'll always entertain if I can only serve a cup of tea," she said. "Having friends here means everything to me."

When I asked for specific pet economies she said, "I could tell you a hundred ways I save a penny here and there until it all adds up to dollars." For instance, Betsy buys brown eggs and in the smaller size, salad dressing rather than mayonnaise, less expensive grades of canned fruits and vegetables. She also uses dried milk instead of fluid milk in many cooked dishes. She says, "A family of four saves fifty dollars a year by buying one less quart of fluid milk a day and using dried milk as a substitute in cooking." Betsy elects her pressure cooker as her favorite economy, both for time- and money-saving.

Betsy tries new things in small sizes, often from the Five-and-Ten: cosmetics, a furniture polish or floor cleaner. If she likes the product she buys in large quantity and large sizes after the initial trial—which is always a saving. She makes it a policy to wait for a time before she makes an expensive household purchase, and often finds that she doesn't want after all.

"I try never to let myself be a penny pincher. I just make a game of shopping. My one extravagance is fresh flowers in winter, though I never buy more than two or three blooms at a time. And they look wonderful, even if the vase they're in may originally have been a bean pot!"

My final selection for "best shopper" is a New York fashion model. Looking smart is her business and she buys clothes better than anyone I know. I asked her how she managed it.

"The first thing I had to do when I started out, was to learn to know line, fit, fashion. How can you possibly buy when you don't know what to look for?" Persis said.

If she lived in a small city, Persis told me, she would go to the best shops, look at and try on the $200 suits, the $150 dresses, the $50 hats. She would study them not only for style but for design and line, where they fit and where they flow. The most expensive clothes are usually the simplest. Line is everything and you can train your eyes to recognize it. "Then I'd either learn to sew or I'd find a dressmaker who could duplicate such good designs," she added.

Persis also feels that the same scheme is helpful in furnishing a home. She advises trips to the best stores to look and study the completely decorated rooms they usually set up. Notice how expertly colors are combined, how clever and unusual ideas are used to get completely fresh and totally individual effects.

For new angles on both clothes and home furnishing, Persis advises careful survey of magazines and newspapers. "People like the Duchess of Windsor, for instance, influence style more than you can imagine," she said. "By watching what she wears you can see the coming trends in fashion. Sometimes you will discover amusing tricks you can copy to keep looking up-to-the-minute."

Persis suggests that you search out your mother's old garnets or cut steel buckles or your father's stickpin and use them, as you will see fashionable women doing, for a smart costume note. "But please notice that these women usually choose only one such touch. Often you will see that they wear no jewels, just a fresh flower or two."

Persis advises spending the most money, in porportion, on your street shoes, next on your good leather handbag. Evening shoes and summer bags can be inexpensive and earrings may be the most inexpensive kind. Always remove a tired artificial flower, a wilted veil, a too-fancy clip. Very likely the hat or dress will look smarter for the simplification.

I asked Persis what she thought about buying something like a fur coat on instalment. She said that models, whose clothes are part of their stock in trade, do this as a matter of course. "The coat ought to be fine quality and in a simple style that won't date," she said. In addition, she warned against contracting for such large instalment payments that you are burdened with debt and the rest of your buying is thrown out of kilter.

"You haven't asked me the most expensive mistake a model can make about clothes," Persis said, as we were saying good-by. "I'm going to tell you, anyway. It's this—to get a well-fitted, sleek, perfect wardrobe, and then gain ten pounds! That's a real sin for a shopper and I know, because I've done it and sorely regretted it."

As I hopped on my bus I said to myself, "Well, did I learn the secret? Did I find out what makes a really good shopper?" And I decided I'd learned more than that. I had learned that there is no single *best* way to shop. There are many best ways, adapted by each woman to her life, her temperament, her time and, of course, to her pocketbook.

—Charlotte Montgomery

The Gynecologist

Continued from page 42

wonderful thing that ever happened. Yet such treatment and analysis are lesser examples of a gynecologist's skill.

This kind of medical specialist is, every day, relieving women of the fear, embarrassment and pain caused by disorders that seem mysterious and baffling to most of us. Besides, he is doing pioneer work in treating sterility, frigidity, difficult pregnancy and childbirth. With your family doctor, he is dedicated to keeping you in the best of health.

One gynecologist after another told me stories that should inspire hope in all of you who suffer from troublesome female ailments. I heard about one patient who was ashamed and embarrassed because she had a profuse vaginal discharge. She feared it was a venereal disease. But Mrs. D—'s trouble was leucorrhea. This is the medical term for a sticky, whitish discharge from the vagina and uterine cavity. Although most women don't realize it, this is one of the most common of all feminine complaints.

Leucorrhea is irritating and uncomfortable as well as embarrassing. But it is not a venereal disease. In fact, it's not a disease in itself at all, but a symptom. For the discharge can have its origins in any of the pelvic organs, and the cause need not necessarily be serious.

It can be brought about by a foreign body that becomes lodged in the vagina. Sometimes a douche that is too hot or made with an irritating solution can cause it. The discharge can result from a tumor or a misplaced uterus. Or, it can be due to certain microscopic organisms in the vagina.

Frequently your family doctor can locate the cause and use local medical applications to cure leucorrhea. But the problem can be more complex. Anyone who delays treatment may begin to show symptoms that seem to come from other kinds of illnesses.

Mrs. D— made the mistake of putting off a visit to her family doctor until she had much more to complain about than the discharge. She had dull

domestic help

for the young homemaker

These booklets will help you solve homemaking problems with up-to-the-minute methods and products. Home economists, decorators, experts in many fields, have prepared them for you. Write to the addresses given, and please say TODAY'S WOMAN *told you about them.*

Flower Facts And Fancies is a useful and interesting brochure prepared in conjunction with National Flower Week. Here are sections on the care of plants and cut flowers, unusual corsage ideas, and the old-fashioned glossary of "the language of flowers," as well as lists of state and birthday blossoms. Free. Society of American Florists, Dept. TDW11, 326 W. Madison Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

Choosing And Using Period Tables goes into the business of mixing styles and using traditional tables, such as the step or hunt designs, in unusual modern ways. There's a section on how to recognize period features, another on the care of fine woods. Free. Cowen Furniture Mfg. Co., Dept. TDW11, Space 1728, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Better Homes By Better Methods is the story of prefabricated construction. Photos show outstanding features such as storage walls, built-in bookcases, and the wide range of design in houses with these features. 10c. Prefabricated Home Manufacturers Inst., Dept. TDW11, 908-20th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Plan Your Family Spending For Happiness offers a sensible working plan, adaptable to any income, which will add a little more elasticity to that already stretched dollar. Free from the Institute of Life Insurance, Dept. TDW11, 60 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Meat For Thrifty Meals tell how to buy and prepare dozens of inexpensive meat cuts. Also offers many appetizing disguises for leftovers and canned meats. 10c. Superintendent of Documents, Gov't Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Your Baby And You is an invaluable reference for both prenatal and baby-in-the-house days. Includes titles of recommended books, a layette-to-age-2 clothing list (complete with proper sizes for age, weight and inches), the warning signs for various illnesses, and some suggested names. Free. Vanta Co., Dept. TDW11, 1333 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

It's Fun To Plan Your Own Kitchen and especially so when you can figure it all out at home with this booklet's help. Here are photographs and descriptions of closets and counters; floor plans and color ideas. 10c. Curtis Companies, Dept. TDW11, Service Bureau, Clinton, Ia.

10 Ways To Heat Your New Home explores the various types of fuel and defines the important points to discuss with a contractor. Even if your building plans are still in the dream stage, this is a good booklet for your files. Free. John Bergan, Dept. TDW11, Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2753 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis 8, Minn.

Favorite Desserts has 135 pages of tested recipes for finishing off a meal in imaginative style. Frozen or baked, speedy or slow in preparation, they are all here among the more than 300 listings in the index. A spiral binding makes it a good prop-up reference while you work. $1.65 postpaid, P. O. Box 453, Dept. TDW11, Chicago, 90, Ill.

pains in the area of her pelvis and frequent aches low in her back. Her menstrual flow was excessive. Her kidneys had become abnormally active. Intercourse had become painful for her.

Her family doctor found that she had chronic cervicitis, an inflammation of the cervix, or narrow lower end of the uterus. This often causes leucorrhea. In some degree, cervicitis affects over 50 per cent of all women who bear children. During childbirth, the cervix stretches so that the baby can pass through. Sometimes this causes tears and lacerations. Then bacteria, always present to some extent, may get a foothold. Cysts, or little enclosed sacs full of liquid or semi-liquid material, may form.

In many cases medication can clear up cervicitis. But in Mrs. D—, perhaps due to neglect, the condition persisted. So her family doctor sent her to a gynecologist.

First, he gave her a thorough examination such as only a specialist is equipped and experienced enough to do. His examination was made to discover any other possible causes or complications. Then he punctured the tiny cysts and cauterized them. Within a month the area had healed completely and every one of Mrs. D—'s symptoms had vanished.

Mrs. L— had another kind of disorder, no less troublesome. Frequently, under excitement or physical strain, such as lifting or coughing, she lost control and drops of urine would escape.

A serious condition? Not at all, although Mrs. L— thought it was, naturally enough. The embarrassment is common among women who have had difficult deliveries. A little muscle fails to contract and close when it should, thus letting urine escape.

Mrs. L— went to a gynecologist. With a simple, safe operation he corrected the weak muscle and ended her trouble.

I heard about Mrs. Y— from a gynecologist who said that being able to cure her condition marked an important step forward for medical science. Her kind of difficulty used to be overlooked in the past but now we know that it is quite common. It occurs most frequently in women over twenty-five and is responsible for a great variety of complaints.

The condition is called endometriosis and the facts are these: The endometrium is the tissue that normally lines the uterus. But sometimes this tissue acts abnormally. It spreads into areas where it has no business to be.

Sometimes it invades the bladder and causes an alarming discharge of blood in the urine. It may get into the intestinal tract and bowels, producing

rectal pain, constipation or diarrhea, or pains that resemble appendicitis. In Mrs. Y—'s particular case, the endometrium spread into the walls of the uterus, causing it to enlarge. The added weight caused pressure on her pelvis and gave her backaches. It also made her menstruation more difficult.

Endometriosis is not always easy to diagnose. But the gynecologist is likely to detect the condition, knowing how frequently women suffer from it. One of the nation's top specialists said that he finds the condition in 40 per cent of his patients.

Abnormal growth and spreading of the uterine tissue in this fashion is believed to be stimulated by hormones from the ovaries. Therefore, to bring the disease under control, an operation may have to be performed on the ovaries. But in women who still want to bear children, the skilled gynecologist can usually save part of an ovary and thus preserve fertility.

Mrs. Y— herself told me the rest of her story. She said that since having the operation three years ago she has felt fine. Besides, she has just had her second child.

Comfortingly enough, gynecologists are generally conservative in recommending an operation; they rarely rush to perform them. Their caution can be vitally important, as you'll see from this patient's experience.

Some time ago Mrs. V— became upset because she was two weeks past due and couldn't explain why. She had abdominal pains which seemed to her like appendicitis. Immediately she consulted a surgeon.

Mrs. V— was making two serious mistakes: (1) Self-diagnosis is always dangerous because a symptom frequently doesn't mean what you think it means. (2) It is important today, as medicine becomes more specialized, to see your family doctor. Let him act as a pilot to choose the right kind of specialist if you need one.

In this case, when the surgeon couldn't find evidence of appendicitis, he found a suspicious mass in the pelvic area which he thought might be an ovarian cyst. He suggested an operation.

Fortunately for Mrs. V—, her husband happened to meet their family doctor and told him about the diagnosis. The doctor insisted that Mrs. V— get the opinion of a gynecologist.

After an examination, the gynecologist agreed that the mass might be a cyst. But it might be something else. "I'd like you to take an enema tonight," he suggested.

The next day Mrs. V— told him that her abdominal pain had vanished. He explained that instead of an ovarian cyst she simply had been feeling pain from gas which had distended her bowel. Nine months later there was also a simple explanation for her overdue period: A healthy baby which otherwise might never have been born.

It was a gynecologist who told me this story, and in the telling he emphasized that the surgeon wasn't necessarily to blame. Diagnosis of pelvic disorders is difficult at times even for a gynecologist who makes a dozen pelvic examinations a day. Diagnosis by manual examination of the vaginal and abdominal walls requires great skill and many years of experience. The gynecologist gets such practice whereas not every surgeon does.

Another female ailment which the gynecologist is likely to be dealing with every day is cystic enlargement of the ovaries. This is a common condition and gynecologists have made some discoveries about it that you will find very reassuring.

Not long ago one authority, Dr. I. L. Frank of Jefferson Medical College and Hospital, Philadelphia, reported a survey of ovarian cysts which had been removed by surgery. He found that 99.1 per cent of the small ones were nonmalignant. Other similar findings have convinced gynecologists that a small enlargement of an ovary should be checked by frequent examination rather than removed immediately. If the mass enlarges, an operation may be necessary. In most cases, however, the cyst sets up no serious health problem. Often, it grows smaller and eventually disappears.

Because of his specialized skill in examination and diagnosis a gynecologist can be expected to detect tumors and other abnormal conditions. To find the earliest signs of malignancy he may use a smear test. For this he scrapes a tiny amount of tissue from the vagina or cervix and examines it by a microscope to detect cancer cells.

Several years ago, if you had a retroverted or tipped uterus an operation would have been recommended almost automatically. The attitude is different today. While gynecologist recognize that a displacement of the uterus *may* cause backache and various menstrual troubles, they also know that many women with this condition have no health problem as a result. "You have a tipped uterus," the doctor may say to a patient. "But if it doesn't bother you, don't bother it."

Gynecologists can also make a temporary correction of a tipped uterus by fitting a pessary in the vagina to hold the uterus in correct position. If the retroversion is temporary, this may correct the patient's condition and avert an operation. If the original pain and discomfort return when the pessary is

removed, a simple operation can correct the tipping permanently.

Difficult menstruation affects 50 per cent or more of all women. The medical term for this is dysmenorrhea. Most gynecologists feel that menstrual cramps usually can be averted by treatment of fairly simple kind.

One type of dysmenorrhea occurs in very young women. As they acquire sexual maturity it disappears. Frequently, menstrual cramps disappear after pregnancy. But if the trouble persists it can be handled with various types of exercises, baths and mild sedatives.

Dysmenorrhea may also be a symptom of other related physical ills. Even acute appendicitis has been known to show symptoms which ordinarily occurred only during the menstrual period.

Thorough gynecological examination is therefore essential in dealing with menstrual cramps if they are serious. Inflammation of the cervix may be causing the trouble, which can be ended with electric cauterization.

Another frequent cause of cramps is an obstruction of the cervical canal. The gynecologist can dilate the canal, usually without requiring hospitalization of the patient. This will customarily alleviate the pain for two to eight months, after which the treatment may be repeated. Or the canal can be permanently dilated under anesthesia in a hospital.

There are many women who suffer from amenorrhea, or complete absence of menstruation while neither pregnant nor passing through the menopause. Frequently some emotional strain causes this condition. Serious emotional shock has been known to halt menstruation for months and even years. Often the cycle can be re-established quickly if the doctor is able to assure his patient that she has no organic disorder.

In some cases hormones can be prescribed to re-establish periodic menstrual flow. Women with amenorrhea are not necessarily infertile. But for women who still want children, such treatment may be advisable. "Otherwise," one prominent specialist told me, "any woman with amenorrhea who is not anxious to have babies should be told that she is as healthy as women who menstruate."

At the other extreme are those women who have excessive and prolonged menstruation. The condition may occur at any age between twenty and forty. Sometimes the flow may last intermittently for months. The first concern of the gynecologist is to rule out any really dangerous cause for excessive menstrual flow. In some cases injections of hormones may help to limit the flow. A more drastic treatment involves thorough currettage (removal of tissue from the uterus) which usually brings about a normal development of new tissue. Excessive menstrual flow should then cease completely.

The gynecologist uses his skills in many other fields of treatment. Today, because of his work in detecting and correcting the causes of miscarriage, women who have had as many as three or four consecutive miscarriages are bearing healthy, full-term children. Detailed information on this problem was included in an article which I wrote for Today's Woman in April, 1948, called, Miscarriage Can Be Avoided.

There's something so beautiful in coming on one's very own inmost thoughts in another. In one way it's one of the greatest pleasures one has.

—Olive Schreiner

Another tragic problem for some women is the inability to conceive children, a subject covered by Francis Sill Wickware in the April, 1949 issue of this magazine. The article, Today's Woman Investigates Infertile Marriages, reported that a decade or so ago a barren couple had little hope of ever having children of their own. Now, however, many unfortunate couples who have been childless for ten or fifteen years are able to become fertile.

If the gynecologist had done nothing more than contribute to the solution of problems of miscarriage and infertility, he would, in terms of fundamental happiness for great numbers of women and their families, be a hero worthy of praise.

But, in addition, there are other fields in which his work and attitudes are of equally tremendous importance to the health, happiness and morale of women.

The most serious of female operations is hysterectomy, or removal of the uterus. The operation is usually not clearly understood and therefore, seems terrifying to most women. But first of all, hysterectomy is not inevitable. Although you may be subject to fibroid tumors, such tumors are not necessarily malignant. It's only when there is excessive loss of blood or other dangers that removal of the uterus is recommended. Moreover, abnormal bleeding may be caused by conditions which don't require hysterectomy.

Distinguished gynecologists today are working to end the hysteria about fibroids. As one pointed out in a recent report in the Journal of The American Medical Association:

(a) Fibroids rarely require emergency treatment;
(b) they do not lead to cancer formation;
(c) more than 50 per cent may be watched and never require operation;
(d) many small fibroids rarely interfere with pregnancy and safe delivery;
(e) at the menopause, many small fibroids disappear.

Suppose, however, that some day you *do* need hysterectomy. Because of the magnificent advances in research, the operation when performed by an expert is virtually without danger. Moreover, you would be benefited, not harmed, as some women suppose, by the operation. Afterward, you can expect to get a new lease on a vigorous life. Normal sexual relations are still possible. If you've had as many children as you want, the loss of fertility need not be considered to be a personal tragedy.

How often should women consult a gynecologist? Ideally, an annual examination should be sufficient. Your visit to him ensures a thorough pelvic examination, which is a reasonable precaution for any adult woman whether or not she appears to be suffering from female disorders of a serious nature.

If you have no gynecologist, you will in any case need to see your family doctor at intervals. Consult him at once if you suffer any abnormality of the menses or have pain in the pelvic area. If your problem warrants it, he will send you to a specialist. In that case, don't expect the worst, expect just the reverse!

Your grandmother and even your mother looked upon many health problems as "the inevitable burdens of womanhood." Thanks to the gynecologist, many of these burdens, formerly thought of as "inevitable," need no longer exist for you.

—Lawrence Galton

Another in this series of articles on various medical specialists who can help you to better health will appear in the December issue of Today's Woman. *This second article will be The Oculist, by Bertram Vogel.*

Continued from page 45

sweeping the lawn gray and bare for winter.

It's going to be a wonderful day, she thought. I'm glad Stevie was born in the fall. It's my favorite season and I hate the winter. She shivered a little and closed the window.

Stevie came in while she was dressing. He waddled carefully, the legs of his pink pajamas drooping down past his feet, and he carried a teddy bear, a cap pistol and a graham cracker. "Hush, Daddy's still sleeping," she whispered, and then cried immediately, "Happy birthday, sweet," and hugged him tight in her arms.

Stevie dropped the pistol to the floor. He was a plump, blond child, sturdy and noisy and tolerant of the foolish adult world. "Happy bufday," he shouted, vague but very cheerful, and bounced up and down on the bed.

Frank turned over and groaned. "Oh, wake up, Papa," she said. "It's his birthday. Put him under the covers with you. His feet are cold."

Frank pushed up to the head of the bed, opened his eyes and closed them again. "Little mutt," he said. "If he had any sense he'd want to celebrate his birthday right and sleep until noon."

"Don't be ungracious," she said, and stroked the top of his head. "Stevie, your father's a brute. Put your cold feet on his stomach." She went out into the hall to turn on the heat. She let the dog out and brought in the newspaper. When she went back into the bedroom, Frank was sitting on the edge of the bed, laughing at Stevie and dodging the cap pistol.

"He's figured out how to load the thing," Frank said. "You can't tell me that isn't pretty advanced for a kid just two years old."

They looked at him with love and pride. Stevie laughed and began experimenting with his new spitting technique. "Sure," she said, "he's smart and handsome and the best little boy in the world. And he's wet as a drowned rat. You get him dressed and I'll start breakfast."

Usually Frank read the newspaper during breakfast, but this morning there were the birthday presents and an early call from Stevie's grandmother. The newspaper lay folded on the sideboard. Stevie finished his breakfast, had his face wiped and sat down on the floor with his new bag of blocks. She and Frank had another cup of coffee.

"Throw me the back section of the paper, will you?" she asked, but Frank didn't hear her and she forgot about it. He had his chair tilted back and he was looking out the window.

"The yard looks like a back alley," he said. "I'll bet you kept George busy in the house all day yesterday. Didn't you even give him time to rake the leaves?"

She poured the coffee. "I did ask him to clean out the basement. I thought he'd have plenty of time to work in the yard after that, but he wanted to leave early. After all, he's been working for us almost two years now, and this is the very first time he's ever asked to leave early. I just didn't feel I ought to ask him to stay."

She explained it at great length, because Frank said that he wished she'd remember once in awhile that they *had* hired George to work in the yard. She argued back that they had never hired George at all—George had just happened.

He had come to the door one afternoon and asked if she had any work that he could do. He was a thin, frail-looking little man, about sixty years old, dressed in overalls and a stiff, greasy jacket held together with safety pins. "I'm willin' to do anything, ma'am," he said in a hoarse southern voice. "And I'm willin' to take anything you figure you want to pay me." She felt sorry for him. He looked half-starved, she thought. And there was something in the expression of his eyes that she liked. She told him that he could rake the leaves. When he knocked at the door later she gave him a dollar, and felt very generous until she went outside and saw that not only had he done a thorough job on the lawn, but he also had fixed a loose flagstone in the walk, emptied the trash and burned it, and trimmed the hedge.

He came back a week later and she asked him to trim the front shrubs. He did the job expertly, repaired some of Frank's garden tools, straightened out the litter in the garage and brought in a precious broken rattle of Stevie's which had been lost for weeks. "I found it back of them flower beds," he said. "It don't belong for a little boy to lose his toys. He might grieve over them."

George came once a week at first, but for the last year they had been asking him to come three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. They would have had him come every day if they could have afforded it. George could do anything, inside the house and out. He was a talented gardener. He built a swing and a sandbox and a

ladder for Stevie and a kennel for the dog. He scrubbed and polished floors and washed windows. On occasion he even ironed. To the horror of Frank's mother, who said that you could never tell about people you took in from the street, George even took care of Stevie. Stevie wouldn't stay with anyone else on the days when Lucy went downtown.

On those days, George dressed Stevie in hideously mismatched pants and shirts, fed him lunches of pork and beans and lollipops, played with him, forgot to give him his bath and put him in bed for his nap delirious with happiness. Stevie worshiped George and called him, for reasons of his own, Bo-bo.

"Well, I was hoping George could get in some work on the yard yesterday," Frank said. "But I know when we're lucky. I'm not going to start complaining about good old Bo-bo. Why'd he want to leave early? President Truman want him for a private conference, I suppose?"

"He didn't say. He was very mysterious about it, as a matter of fact. Really very mysterious. Maybe he has a new girl."

"Maybe you're right," Frank said, and took the last sweet roll on the plate before him. Week-end breakfasts were, to Frank, occasions hallowed to the happy purpose of overeating, and honey-and-pecan rolls were his favorites. He already had eaten four, and the sweet roll was half gone when he asked guiltily, "You don't want this, do you?"

She shook her head and smiled.

"It makes me feel mean when we laugh about George," she said. "You know he wouldn't make up all those stories if he didn't have such a sad life and if he weren't so lonesome."

"Listen, you don't have to talk to me. I love Bo-bo like a brother."

Frank was teasing her, as he always did when she grew sentimental, but he did love George. They all did. He was part of their family and they laughed about his wild stories as fondly as they repeated Stevie's innocent and outrageous remarks. George was garrulous. If someone was near, he talked; when he was alone, he sang—mournful, mumbling ballads from the North Carolina hills. He had been born on a North Carolina farm.

Piecemeal, they had gathered together the main outlines of George's life. His father died when George was fourteen and he had worked the farm for his mother and sisters until he lost it during the depression. His mother had died, his sisters had married. Then he had drifted all over the country, doing odd jobs, anything he could get, anywhere. He had come to Washington because he understood that the government took care of you when you got old. He didn't consider himself old yet, but he felt that it would be best to be in Washington, handy to the government, when the time came.

He told them about his life, repeating the details lovingly. He had never stopped being homesick for the happy time when his father was alive, the crops were good and all the family was on the farm. He also told them of another life. He told them that he had been to China, to Africa, to India. He had escaped death narrowly, in a hundred different ways, and made and lost stupendous fortunes. He had been on the stage and in the movies. He admitted to a temporary run of hard luck but his prospects were still exciting. Beautiful and very wealthy widows were scheming to marry him, and he expected that any day some of the noted personages he had befriended in their time of obscurity and need would find him again and insist on giving him his reward.

They didn't laugh at him. They might not listen always, but they never teased him.

He wasn't lying—they could tell that. He believed all the stories, just as he must have first believed every word of them when he read them originally in the adventure magazines. But his proudest boast was not of his days as a movie star or an oil tycoon. His proudest boast was that he never had been in jail. "Yes siree," he often said, "I been a heap of places and I done a heap of things. But I don't know the inside of no jail. You ask anybody, they'll tell you George Harris ain't never been in trouble."

Trouble!" Frank said warningly. It was a cry that broke into Lucy's reverie. "Hey, Stevie, don't *do* that! Lucy, grab him."

Stevie had built a high and tottering structure of blocks, crowned with a crystal vase. Lucy grabbed. The vase was saved, but Stevie wept.

"Take birthday boy away," Frank said. "I've got to get after those leaves this morning. Let me read my paper in peace."

"And I've got to get to work," Lucy said. She hugged Stevie, put him down and began to stack the breakfast dishes.

She handed the paper to Frank on her way to the kitchen. For a moment there was silence. She thought Frank was reading the paper, then she heard him say, "Well! Look who's here!"

Stevie laughed then and cried out, "Bo-bo!"

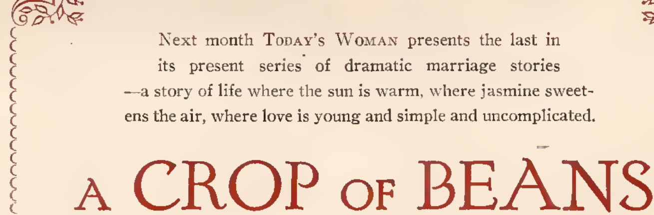
It was George—surprising them on a Saturday morning and enjoying his welcome.

"We were just this minute talking about you," she said, coming out of the kitchen. "Speak of angels and you hear the rustling of their wings. . . . Wouldn't you like some breakfast, George?"

George smiled. Most of his teeth were gone and his thin, bony face was puckered with deep lines, but his smile was as sweet as a child's and his eyes were a clear, light blue. Often, when he smiled, Lucy thought that he must have been handsome when he was young, and many girls must have wept because he had his mother and sisters to support and couldn't take on a wife. Certainly George should have had children.

Stevie was sitting on George's shoulders, his feet kicking perilously close to George's face, but George smiled again and answered with unruffled courtesy. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "a little breakfast would be right tasty. Steve, I'm goin' to put you down if you don't stop. You're kickin' like a mule."

She left George in the kitchen with Frank, talking about the garden and eating his favorite breakfast of eggs, catsup and a can of pork and beans, while she started out to straighten the bedrooms. But she was too happy; the



Next month TODAY'S WOMAN presents the last in its present series of dramatic marriage stories —a story of life where the sun is warm, where jasmine sweetens the air, where love is young and simple and uncomplicated.

A CROP OF BEANS

by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Author of the Pulitzer prize-winning novel The Yearling

WATCH FOR THIS UNFORGETTABLE STORY IN DECEMBER



weather was too beautiful. She couldn't settle down. When she heard the kitchen door slam, she felt that she could not stay in the house another instant.

"Imagine George coming on Saturday to make up for leaving early yesterday," she said to Frank. "I wouldn't have dreamed of asking him. He's so conscientious, it's pitiful. I wonder if he put Stevie's jacket on? I think I'll just run out for a minute and see if Stevie's warm enough."

They were at the back of the yard, Stevie prancing around and George tightening the ropes on Stevie's swing. The sun was warm and the leaves fluttered like confetti in the breeze. "Well, George," she said, "do you think he looks any older today? Can you believe he's two years old?"

George shook his head at the wonder of it. "Two years old," he said. "And first time I saw him he wasn't no bigger than a mouse. Goin' to be grown and a-courtin' before you know where you're at." He growled accusingly at Stevie. "Two years old!"

Stevie flung himself at George's knees, and George began his favorite game. "Eye winker," he declaimed, his big, gnarled fingers pointing at Stevie's eyes, and he and Stevie both chuckled in anticipation. "Tom tinker, nose smeller, chin chopper—"

She had been happy all morning, but standing there, hearing Stevie's laughter and looking at his shining blond hair, she felt suddenly squeezed breathless with happiness. She thought of the day of Stevie's birth, the day she and Frank were married, the day they met—she looked at their house and felt blessed with all the gifts of family and home.

And then Frank called her. "Lucy!" he called. "Can you come here?"

She should have known from his voice that something was wrong, but she didn't. Nothing could be wrong—nothing could touch her today, she was sure.

"Tell Mr. Frank I'll get after the yard directly," George said. "I want to hang the swing proper. It's not safe for Stevie as it is."

She nodded, went into the house through the kitchen and found Frank back in the dining room, sitting at the table, the newspaper in his hand.

"Do you know a family named Barcroft?" he asked. "Up a couple of blocks, on Wayne Drive?"

"I know who they are. Why? I run into Mrs. Barcroft at the grocery sometimes."

"They have any children?"

"Two, I think. Their little boy is six. I see him going by to school now. And I'm not sure, but I think they have a baby girl. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, my God," Frank said. "I

thought maybe it could be a mistake, the wrong address. . . . Here—look."

She took the newspaper. She saw the headline. *Child Found Murdered.* There was even a picture, an enlarged snapshot, of Donny Barcroft with his bicycle. Six-year-old boy found dead in a vacant lot at the corner of Cherry Lane and Wayne Drive. Stabbed with a knife. Body hidden in a trench which neighbors said was dug a week ago by children playing soldiers. Parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Barcroft, 148 Wayne Drive. Mrs. Barcroft first became alarmed when her son did not return from school, and notified the police. . . .

She had seen Mrs. Barcroft last week at the grocery; they had talked while they were waiting at the meat counter. Shopping was such a problem . . . it was so hard to think up different menus . . . they hated to think of winter coming . . . Donny had one cold right after another all last winter . . . so did Stevie. . . . Lucy went blank with horror. Dear God, she thought. The poor woman, the poor woman. She recalled Donny walking by, carrying his plaid book satchel to school weekday mornings. He was a thin little boy, blond like Stevie. If it had been Stevie. . . .

Two blocks away. A vacant lot at the corner of Cherry Lane and Wayne Drive. Children were always playing in that vacant lot. But they hadn't been playing soldier when they dug that trench. They were playing pirate and that was where they were going to bury the treasure, George had told her. He had taken Stevie over to watch. He had told her that he was going to take the old busted shovel they had in the garage and give it to the kids.

She put the paper down. She rubbed her face and lit a cigarette. She drank some of the cold coffee in her cup. It tasted vile. The dining room looked dusty, the dishes were still unwashed and the day ahead seemed unbearable in its drudgery and disordered activity.

"Right here in the neighborhood," Frank said.

"Not even two blocks away—"

"They shouldn't have printed that picture of the little boy," Frank said violently. "By God, these tabloids—Who wants to read every detail about something like this? They don't have to torture the parents further, spread it all over the front page. . . ."

He knew as well as she did that the story in the newspaper couldn't do anything to the parents after what had happened. "I wonder if I could help, if I should call Mrs. Barcroft," she said to herself, and then answered immediately, "No." She put out her cigarette, lit another one and picked up the paper again.

The police had discovered the body at eleven-thirty Friday night. (Len and Stella had come over last evening. At eleven-thirty last night, she and Frank, Len and Stella had been drinking beer and playing old records.) According to the coroner's report, the crime was committed about one o'clock yesterday afternoon. (She was getting Stevie ready for his nap about that time, and George was leaving. No, George had left while Stevie still was eating lunch. Stevie wanted George to put him to bed. But George had said he couldn't wait. It was odd that he didn't say where he was going. Stevie had asked where he was going and George hadn't even answered.) Police believed the crime was committed by someone criminally insane who knew the neighborhood. (Criminally insane. How was it possible to guard against such a blow? Frank always said that she was a nut about getting up at night, every time she heard a board squeak, to look into Stevie's room. But ever since she read about that brutal murder in Chicago. . . . And this had happened right in their neighborhood in broad daylight. One o'clock in the afternoon. George must have been walking by that vacant lot, on his way to the bus, right about that time. If he had been a little bit earlier or later perhaps the man would have seen him and it wouldn't have happened. George had walked right by there. . . .)

She put down the paper, poured more cold coffee and drank it, even while hating the cold, bitter taste. Then she picked up the paper once more. There were no signs to indicate that the child had struggled. The knife was found a few feet away from the body, thrown into a clump of weeds. (Knife. At one o'clock in the afternoon someone had killed a six-year-old boy with a knife.)

"I don't think I can bear it when Stevie's old enough to play by himself," she said abruptly. "There are a lot of things we can worry about now, but at least we always know where he is and what he's doing. Someone's always watching him." He was out back now with George. George was fixing the swing. He had been working on it when she left; he didn't like the way it was hung and he was going to cut it down and brace it some way. George was so good at things like that. He had whittled the seat of the swing out of an old piece of lumber that Frank had down in the basement. George was always whittling with that knife of his. . . .

It sprang at her with the evil, terrifying swiftness of a striking snake. Like a snake it had lain, silent and hidden, and then it struck.

"Frank," she said. "Go get Stevie. I don't want him outside."

"George is watching him, isn't he?

You know George never lets him out of his sight."

She had to wait. For a blind, burning moment she was afraid she was going to vomit.

"Frank," she said, "George left here about one o'clock yesterday. About the same time it happened. I told you he did. I told you."

"George?"

She jumped up from the table and ran to the back door. She couldn't see Stevie, she couldn't see him. . . . He was playing in his sand pile. George was fixing the swing. He was holding one of the ropes, cutting it with his knife.

She didn't want to go after Stevie; she didn't want George to see her face. She forced herself to call cheerfully, "Stevie! Come here, darling. Mama has something for you, Stevie."

Stevie looked up and then turned away.

"Mama has a nice surprise for you, Stevie. Come on now, right this minute."

The muscles in her throat tightened with frantic anger. "Stevie! Come here! You *must* mind me!" Her voice was rising; she was almost screaming. She ran across the yard and picked up Stevie and ran back. "You must mind me, you must," she kept saying to him. Stevie began to cry. She had jerked him up and was holding him roughly. He cried louder and began to yell.

"Want Bo-bo, I want Bo-bo!" he yelled. He fell on the kitchen floor and kicked the door and screamed himself into a tantrum. Because she didn't know what else to do—suppose George heard him calling "Bo-bo" and came to get him—she put Stevie into his room and shut the door. She told herself that she was doing it because he had to learn to mind when she called.

Frank met her in the hall. She caught his arm. "You go and tell George to go home. Tell him we're going out somewhere. Tell him anything. I want him to go home."

"Lucy, you don't mean it. You've got to calm down. You don't think that George—"

She stared at Frank. "I'm not going to take any chances. Don't stand there and argue with me. Get George away from here, do you understand me?"

"Tell him what? Where are we supposed to be going? He'd stay here and work in the yard anyway."

"We'll go somewhere, then. We'll go over to your mother's."

They were whispering at each other like conspirators. "For Lord's sake, it's Stevie's birthday. All those kids are coming. George knows it's Stevie's birthday."

"I don't care. I'm not going to take any chances."

"What are you talking about—any chances? Will you *please* calm down?"

"I *am* calm." Looking at Frank, she felt the frantic anger rising again to choke her voice and she forced herself to speak slowly. "You read the paper," she said. "It happened about one o'clock. I told you that George left about that time. He never has left early before, not in two years. You mentioned that yourself. And I told you he acted strange. He wouldn't tell me why he wanted to leave—"

"You said he was mysterious about it. But you know the way George is."

"Yes, I know. He's not right. All those stories he tells, the way he behaves sometimes. Maybe he's insane. The paper said the police were looking for someone who knew the neighborhood, someone who was criminally insane. George knew about that trench the kids were digging. He told me about it. And that knife—George has a knife—"

She stopped. Stevie was still yelling in his room and kicking at the door. The hall was dim and the air dusty; it seemed like the inside of a box.

"Can you believe that means any-





Varicose veins

BY BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

The popular belief that varicose veins are an affliction of the middle-aged just isn't so. Surveys reveal that one in every five women with varicose veins began to have trouble in her teens. And as many women in their twenties and thirties suffer from varicose veins as do those over forty.

How does this happen? And what exactly is the condition?

The veins lying near the surface of the skin all have cup-like valves which help blood to overcome the law of gravity and flow toward the heart—uphill. When anything in any part of the body seriously upsets the circulation, these valves may weaken and collapse. Then the blood distends the vein, just as a rubber hose swells when overfilled with water. These bulges are called varicose veins.

During puberty and pregnancy, varicosities may be caused by some glandular condition. If a gland secretes too freely, its secretion pours directly into the blood stream and puts undue pressure on the valves of the veins. A thorough physical examination at least once a year will uncover these gland upsets before they have time to affect the veins.

Varicosities may be caused by pressure. Overweight, advanced pregnancy, childbirth, a tipped uterus, an unsuspected tumor or even chronic constipation may slow down the blood's upward flow.

Standing still is harder on veins than walking, running or playing tennis. When the legs are in motion the muscles expand and contract. They press upon the veins and force the blood toward the heart—as is evidenced by a more rapid pulse beat when you exert yourself. But when you suffer varicose veins, circulation is very poor—the exact opposite. So it's good to avoid unnecessary standing. Take your own case, for instance. Do you stand when you do your ironing? And preparing of vegetables? Why not save your legs that strain? You can do these jobs and similar ones just as efficiently while perched on a stool.

What about your big, comfortable chairs? Do you have an ottoman in front of each one so that when you sit down you can stretch your legs and put up your feet? It's an excellent habit.

Are varicose veins hereditary? No. But the tendency to weak valves in the veins is. So when you have your physical checkup, tell the doctor if your parents suffered from varicose veins. Tell him also if you've had any serious illnesses, since these can contribute to weakening of the valves.

What are the causes of varicose veins? We have mentioned, among others, constipation, overweight and too much standing. It is also wise to avoid wearing tight girdles, rolled stockings or circular garters. During pregnancy it's a good idea to lie down with your feet higher than your head—perhaps for an hour after every meal.

If your ankles swell or your legs have sharp, shooting pains, or clusters of veins run together or one vein stands out like a whipcord, see a doctor at once. There is no specialist who devotes full time to this work, but there are those who have studied it extensively. Your local medical association, hospital or department of health should be able to recommend such a man. Avoid anyone who advertises a sure cure. There is no such thing.

When you've found a reputable doctor, he will make a thorough study of your physical condition. He may decide to advise nothing more complicated than rest and special bandages. Elastic stockings have been perfected to a point where they give great relief. He may also advise a larger amount of vitamin C in your diet, which will result in a strengthening of your veins. Vitamin C is found in milk, leafy vegetables and fruits, especially berries. The most valuable source, however, is the citrus fruit family—oranges, grapefruit, limes and lemons.

If your varicose veins are very unsightly or troublesome your doctor may recommend injections which act to close up the veins. Or he may advise an operation. The operation is performed under local anesthesia and involves no more than one or two days in the hospital. Within six months the scars disappear. Essentially what's been done is to tie off the varicose veins and channel them into an unaffected vein. After this operation you will have to consult your doctor at regular intervals to make certain that new veins are not being stretched from their extra burden.

If the condition which caused the first varicosities persists after the operation, don't blame the doctor if other veins distend.

In severe cases of varicose veins, the doctor may tie off a large blood vessel high up on the thigh to prevent the development of other swollen veins.

So much is understood now about the prevention and relief of unsightly varicose veins that it's almost inexcusable to let them remain a cosmetic and health problem for any young woman today.

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

thing? Can you believe that George left here yesterday and murdered that child? And came back this morning to finish the work he hadn't done?"

She couldn't consider what Frank said. She had begun to go to pieces the moment she first thought of the knife in George's hand, and now she was beyond control. All the stories she had ever heard or read, all the warnings, all the morbid conversations swarmed into her mind in hideous, twisted images. Frank's mother had said from the beginning that they were taking a risk with George, that it was dangerous to have someone around when you had absolutely no way of checking up on him. You simply couldn't go by how people behaved; that was proved by psychiatrists every day.

"I won't take any chances," she said, the words going thin and shrill. "Not with Stevie. Why don't you think about him? Why just about George? Don't you love Stevie? Don't you care what might happen to him?"

Frank took her arm. "Come on in the study and sit down," he said. He shut the door, sat down beside her and stroked her hand.

"Look," he said gently, "we're both upset. It's a horrible business. If you're worried, we can keep Stevie in the house until it's time for his party and then we'll both be with him while he's outside with the kids. We don't have to—we don't have to make George think there's anything wrong. He probably won't be here all afternoon anyway. He won't be back until Monday, and by then the police probably will have found the man and you won't have to worry. And if they haven't, we'll put George off for some reason or other until the police do find out. But George is already here today, and I'm here, so there's no reason for you to—"

"I want you to tell him to go home."

Frank put his hand over hers. She didn't want him to touch her. He was sitting there arguing with her like a lawyer. She wanted him to send George away and then watch Stevie and leave her alone. But she sat still and let her hand lie quietly under his.

"If you don't get George away from here," she said, "I'm going to call the police. If they knew about George, they'd want to talk to him, at least."

Frank's hand moved away. "I'm going to get some matches," he said abruptly, and stood up.

She was holding the cigarette he had given her. When he came back, she put the cigarette between her lips and leaned forward for the light and said, "Thank you," quite politely.

"Lucy," Frank said, "you can't do that. We're the only people in the world who give a darn about George. He feels that this place is his home.

He hasn't got anything himself. If he knew you thought he could have killed that child—if you turned him in. . . . "

He coughed angrily. "Sure, the police would question him. In a case like this they question anybody they can lay their hands on. He couldn't stand up to them. You know how he is; they'd scare him to death. He'd never get over it, Lucy—that, and knowing what you'd thought. It would be almost like another murder."

He gave her a chance to say something. She didn't speak.

"George has worked for us two years," Frank said. "We've never really paid him enough for what he's done. He loves Stevie and he loves us. He's showed it every way he can, all the time. That ought to be worth something. It ought to be worth some faith on our part, some trust."

She was simply waiting until his voice indicated that he had said all that he wanted to say. He had.

Frank stood up. "I'm going upstairs," he said, "and I'm going to get dressed. When I come down, I'll stay with Stevie every minute."

"You won't—"

"No, I will not. You'll just have to get over being hysterical. You can keep Stevie in his room until I come down. There's no reason on earth why you should worry. You've imagined this whole thing about George anyway."

"Imagined!" She screamed the word.

"I said I'd stay with Stevie—but only because you're upset. But I'm not going to let you wreck a poor old man's life. If I sent George home now, he'd figure out the reason when he heard about the little boy. He'd remember about the way you jerked Stevie in. He'd know."

Always George, she thought, watching Frank go up the stairs. She felt as though she had been running for miles, and must keep on running until she reached the unseen and unimagined end.

"I'm not hysterical," she said to herself. "There's too much, and it all points the same way." As clearly as though it were before her on a color film, she saw George yesterday. He had been all right during the morning. It was during lunch when he had begun to behave strangely. "I want to get off early," he had said, and that was all. She had been surprised.

"Why, George," she had remarked, because it was so unusual. "Don't you feel well? Do you want me to drive you home?"

"No, ma'am," he had said quickly. He had been evasive. A sudden change, that was how she had heard it happened with people who were insane. And George had gone off right then. He hadn't even answered when Stevie called good-by.

In her mind now she saw George's long, lined face, his sunken cheeks, the stiff and greasy jacket held together with safety pins. She thought of all the wild stories he had told them, the curious air of innocence with which they had been related, and his way of mumbling to himself. She remembered the bloody ballads he sang in his hoarse, tuneless voice. She remembered his hands. Whenever he was not busy, he sat down and began whittling. She saw his strong, gnarled hands holding the knife and the picture multiplied into a hundred pictures—his hands holding the knife— A poor old man, you'd think he was harmless, wouldn't you, but yesterday a child was murdered with a knife—

She heard steps on the front porch. When she opened the door and saw a policeman, she felt no surprise.

He was a fat man and almost bald. She looked at him with frozen attention. There was a squad car parked before the house and another policeman was sitting inside it.

"Yes, we saw it in the paper this morning," she said.

But the policeman told her about it all over again. "We're checking all over the neighborhood," he said. "We want to know if anybody saw anything yesterday morning that looked funny. If you happened to see something that didn't strike you quite right. Any bum hanging around, maybe, any panhandlers coming to the door. Lady up the street told us there was a man come to her door about ten o'clock, said he wanted something to eat. She had the idea he wanted to get in the house. Anybody like that come here?"

"No," she said.

"You notice anything else?"

"Yes," she said. She would not give herself time to hesitate. She would speak clearly and include everything.

"There's a man who works for us. He's in the back yard now. . . ."

She knew, even as she spoke, that no matter what George might have done this was an act of betrayal. To betrayal, she added cowardice. She did not watch when the two policemen went toward the back yard. She did not see them put George into the car and drive away. She went back into the hall and stood with her face toward the wall.

She was standing there when Frank came down. He started toward Stevie's room. "The police were here," she said. "I didn't call them. They're going around talking to all the neighbors. But I told them. They took George away for questioning."

She looked at Frank. It was hard to believe that he did not hate her, the way he looked at her then.

"I should have locked you in the room with Stevie," he said.

"Oh, yes, you should have. And you



To a Housewife on THANKSGIVING

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

The menu planned,
The shopping done,
The table set,
Omitting none

The turkey brown,
The trimmings trim,
Through kitchen labor
Hot and grim

The kids cleaned up
And got in place
And hushed and shushed
While saying grace

The dinner served,
All satisfied,
The table cleared,
The dishes dried.

Uncrease, at last,
Your furrowed brow—
You can, my dear,
Be thankful now!

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

should have invited George in and had a drink with him. Don't listen to me. Don't ask me what the policeman said when I—"

She wanted to quarrel with Frank. She wanted to force the tension inside her into words and tears, a tangible emotion like anger, and hurl it out. But Frank turned away and she saw him reaching for his coat.

"Where are you going?"

"Down to where they've got George. I'm going to stay there with him."

"Will you be back soon?"

"I don't know."

"What about Stevie's party?"

"Happy birthday," he said. "Tell him I said happy birthday."

It was almost noon. Stevie had gone to sleep in his room; she let him sleep while she baked the cake. She washed up all the dishes in the kitchen and set the dining-room table with the paper cloth printed with blue and yellow birds and the words "Happy Birthday." She put down paper plates and crepe-paper baskets filled with gumdrops and gaily striped noisemakers. She got the games from the closet, and the prizes wrapped in tissue paper and tied with blue ribbon. She congratulated herself on finishing everything just as Stevie awakened, and she dressed him in the new sailor suit and reminded him to say his thank you's.

The children came, most of them with their mothers. They played all the games and had ice cream and cake and blew ferociously on the tin horns, but it was not a successful party. Stevie was still upset from his crying fit; he pushed and snatched at toys and wept easily. There were several fights and one little boy hit Stevie with his horn.

The mothers gathered in little groups away from the children and talked about Donny Barcroft. "My blood ran cold. I've been on edge all day. . . . He was the dearest little boy, he used to be next door all the time playing with Johnny Bass. . . . My husband doesn't believe in capital punishment and I used to think I didn't, but when something perfectly horrible like this happens. . . ."

She said nothing. She was stiff with weariness when the party was over. Frank had not come home and hadn't even called. She gave Stevie his supper early and put him to bed, then she cleaned up the mess left by the party. Someone had spilled ice cream on the sofa. I was worried about the kids making a mess like that only this morning, she thought dimly, and I was planning to have the party outside. Why didn't I? Did I decide that the weather was too cold?

Cleaning up took a long time, although she tried to move quickly. She kept remembering how many times George had waxed the floors and washed the windows, how he had admired all the furniture. "Nice place like this, you belong to keep it nice," he had said. And now the house and everything in it seemed more his than hers, because he had worked so hard to keep it as it was. He had been so proud. "That's a lookin' chair, not a settin' chair," he had said once. "Can't set in nothin' that pretty."

What was happening? Why didn't Frank at least call? *I never been in trouble. I don't know the inside of no jail. You ask anybody, they'll tell you George Harris ain't never been in no trouble.*

Stevie called for a drink of water before he went to sleep. Coming out of his room, she remembered the Christmas card that George had sent Stevie last winter. It had cost a quarter. They knew, for the price mark was still on it. And George made fifteen dollars a week. . . .

She could not bear to be alone any longer. She went back to Stevie's room and sat there looking at him and occasionally touching his soft, warm cheek.

Frank did not call, but she heard the front door close when he came in. He was so tired that he looked ill, but he smiled at her and she knew immediately. He was trying to be kind.

"What happened?"

"They found the right man," he said. "They let George go. I took him home." He didn't give her time to say anything. It'd been such a hell of a day, he told her, that they both ought to go to bed immediately. She should go now. He would go in the kitchen and get a sandwich or something first.

"There's some coffee," she said. "Just warm it up."

"Okay. How was Stevie's party?"

"All right. He got lots of presents. Ricky Halstead gave him a cowboy suit."

Frank stopped on his way to the kitchen. He was not so kind after all.

"That's where George went yesterday afternoon, when he didn't want to tell you," he said. "He went downtown. He wanted to have all afternoon to look for the right thing. He went to get Stevie a birthday present."

She lay awake a long time. She went back through the whole day, and the end was like the beginning. But I didn't know, she thought. I didn't know. I couldn't take a chance, not with Stevie. Frank talked about faith and trust, but I couldn't help myself. Stevie is my son and Frank is my husband. I'd sacrifice anyone in the world for the safety of either one if I thought I had to. Isn't that the right way to feel? *Isn't it?*

—MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

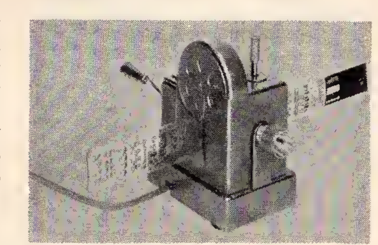
shop with today's woman

The shopping news on these pages is continued from pages 20 through 23

Copper steins are a nice gift for a man, we think. He'll use them for serving beer, Moscow Mules and Pims cups. When not in use, they'll decorate a mantel or shelf behind a bar. Barrel-like mugs, 5" high, are solid copper, lacquered to resist tarnish. $1.50 each, ppd. 6 for $8.50. Crystalier Co., Dept. W, 485 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



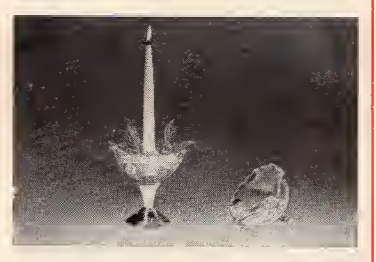
Disney-land projector—to show animated cartoons in color at home. Each film runs 4 minutes. At 10 feet, projector throws 18"-x-30" pictures. With transformer for AC only, projector is $6.90 ppd. Without transformer, $4.95. Films are 50c each. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Bambi, Pinocchio, Dumbo, and others. Bibro, 928 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



What's your name, little girl? Sanforized broadcloth dress has her first name embroidered over the front, comes with sweetheart neck or small collar. Kelly green with maize trim; red, brown or royal blue with white trim. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—$6.95 ppd. Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10, 12—$8.95. Specify size, style, color, name. Pee Wee House, 11046 Barman, Culver City, Calif. No COD's.



Crystal and candlelight combine for gracious dining. Epergnettes in clear glass transform any candlesticks into flower or fruit holders. Will fit any candlestick with hole 1" or more deep and 3/4" wide. Epergnettes are 5 1/2" in diameter, 2 1/2" deep. $3.25 a pair, ppd. Malcolm's, 526-T N. Charles St., Baltimore 1, Md. No COD's.



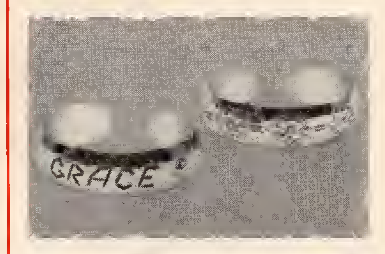
The happy little clown—really a very thrifty fellow who'll encourage the youngsters to save up their pennies. He won't perform unless they do just that. Insert a penny into the slot in his back and Happy immediately obliges by sticking out his tongue. White and red plastic clown bank is a night lamp too. $1.75 ppd. Sally Graye, 80 E. 11th St., New York 3, N. Y.



shop with today's woman



Dollar stocking stuffer to give Aunt Minnie, the college girl next door or almost any woman. It's a pincushion in the shape of a tiny porcelain leg. Hand-painted in holly berry or floral design, has a frilly white pantaloon topped with a plump red cushion. $1 ppd. Anne Carlin, 24 E. 28th St., New York 16, N. Y. No COD's.



Name bracelet to delight a little girl. If she's the shy type, she'll like the plainer bracelet with a design rather than the one with a name or initials. Wristband is hand-hammered metal with a silver finish. $1.25 ppd. including federal tax. Norwood Products, Pleasant Valley, N. Y. Specify design, first name or initials.



Gift of good taste—an impressive present for your husband's business acquaintances or your own friends. 13" high harvest cart overflowing with Comice pears, and other fruits, nuts and candies. Unloaded, the cart can be used for a cactus garden, flower holder or child's toy. $8.75 ppd. Pinnacle Orchards, 490 Fir St., Medford, Ore.



Eyelet-embroidered plastic half-apron is pretty enough to go partying and sensible enough to wipe clean in a moment. An inexpensive present for Johnny's teacher, a casual friend or a relative. Ruffled apron is ample enough for size 40. In white, pink, blue or yellow. $1 ppd. Aavon Specialty Co., 34 W. 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

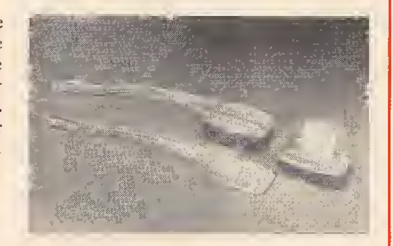


Coffee addicts will appreciate an oversize cup and saucer for their breakfast brew. They should be cheered by the whopping amount of coffee that the Good Morning cup will hold. After breakfast the set will make an unusual decoration for a kitchen wall shelf. $3.50 plus 15c postage. Nessa Gaulois, 723 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

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shop with today's woman

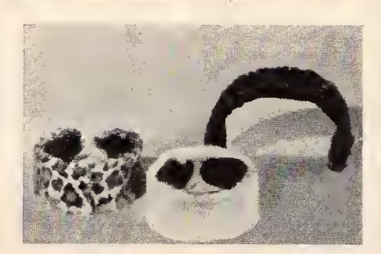
The scrub team—you and one of these bath brushes. Put a cake of soap into the hidden pocket of the sponge, slide the sponge back onto the handle and you're ready for action. Suds flow automatically as you scrub. A soap saver, for you can use up leftover pieces of soap. $2.25 ppd. Verard's, 94-21 Lefferts Blvd., Richmond Hill 19, N. Y.



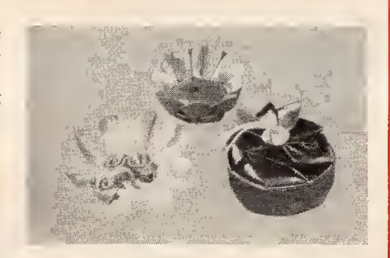
Shaggy dog story. These fine fellows won't bite and are cuddly pets for the children. Made by a blind veteran, the dogs are 11" long, 6½" high and are wired so they can be bent into different positions. Available in aqua, black, yellow or rose looped cotton yarn—washable, of course. $2.75 ppd. Harold Laughlin, 627—45th St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y.



A band of fur—equally becoming with long or short hair. A fur bandeau is all the hat you'll need to match your fur coat or to wear with an untrimmed coat. Band comes in black or gray Persian lamb at $4.95. In mouton, leopardine or white sheared lapin, the price is $3.95 ppd. Molly Samson, 509 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Petals of satin in lush colors make luxurious little presents. Choose a pincushion at $1.25, an earring case at $2.50, or a jewelry case which can double as an evening bag at $3.95, all ppd. Any one of the trio in royal blue with chartreuse, American Beauty with blue or moss green with pink. Crane's, 419 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.



Dancing puppets to pin on the lapel or pocket of a suit or to liven up a black velvet beret. Amusing little clown or scarecrow pins are gold-plated with simulated pearl faces and bodies. Either emerald-green or ruby-red stones form arms and legs that dangle. $3.75 each ppd. including tax. Gerlou, 501 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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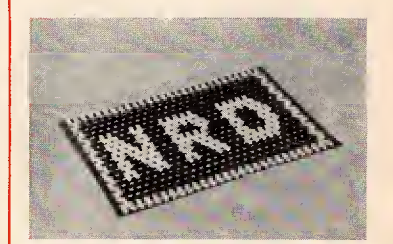
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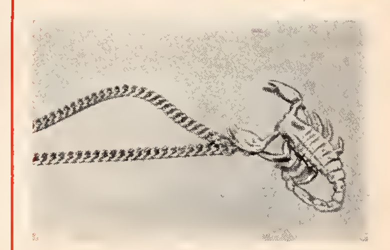
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today's woman

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Gift for the home. Welcome mat with large three-letter monogram will lend distinction to the doorstep. Mat is made of rubber—black with white lettering and border. Available in three sizes: 16" x 24"—$6. 20" x 30"—$9. 24" x 36"—$13. Prices include postage. Eunice Novelties, 541 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Allow two weeks for delivery. No COD's.

Horoscope fans please note: Pendant in the signs of the Zodiac. Each sign has been fashioned into an impressive charm in antiqued silver or gold plate to be worn on the chain as a necklace or without, as a pin. $4.95 ppd. including federal tax. Bersuca Inc., 35 Maiden Lane, New York 7, N. Y. Specify birth date. No COD's.

China baby shoe, to give to a new parent, has the infant's full name and date of birth inscribed on the instep. Sentimentalists will keep it in a curio cabinet; others will use it as a planter. Shoe comes in pink, blue or white china with hand-painted flowers and gold painted laces and edging. $3.95 ppd. Roger Dean Corp., 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Little town of Bethlehem. Complete folding manger comes with a book of Bible characters in full color to cut out and place in the manger. Book also has the Christmas story and a hymn. Children will be fascinated with setting up the manger and cutting out the thirty-two figures. $1 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, 200 W. 16th St., New York 11, N. Y.

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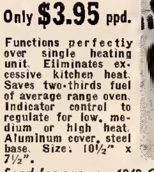
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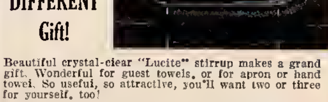
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Beautiful crystal-clear "Lucite" stirrup makes a grand gift. Wonderful for guest towels, or for apron or hand towel. So useful, so attractive, you'll want two or three for yourself, too!

Goes with any color scheme. Hangs flat against wall or cabinet side, swings on small aluminum bracket. 7" wide. $2.95 each postpaid, and money back if you're not delighted. Orders filled within 24 hrs.—just send check, money order or postal note to

DeWolf's, Dept. 19, 176 Bell Road Scorsdole, N. Y.



NOW YOU CAN'T LOSE YOUR PLACE

The Perfect Gift for Everyone who Reads—NEW—AUTOMATIC

Sapphire BOOK MARK

This ingenious invention automatically flips up and over as you turn each page, it infallibly keeps your place from title to finis. Clip handsome, Sapphire Book Mark to the back of any size book. Grand gift for readers of all tastes and ages.

Handsome nickel finish $1.00
Gold plated deluxe model $2.00
Sterling silver deluxe model..$5.50......
Plus $1.10 Fed. Tax Total $6.60

Monogramming 1 to 4 initials add 50c

Postage Paid • No C.O.D.'s Please

ABBOTT GIFTS, Dept. F.
22 West 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

. . . . . *shop with*





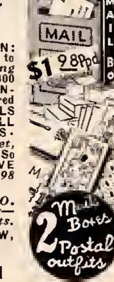




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TOY POSTAL STATION—

THE ANSWER TO "Mommy, what'll I do now?"



Keeps Children Happy and Busy thru Rainy Days, Long Winter Eves, Kiddy Parties!

ENGROSSING EOUCATIONAL FUN: Big 9" Green *Receiving* MAILBOX to hang at door—another for *Mailing* Letters, Birthday Cards, Gifts—400 Toy 3c and 1c STAMPS—STATIONERY—Gummed ENVELOPES—Colored PICTURE POSTCAROS—1c POSTALS—Toy MONEY OROERS—FULL COLOR "Famous Story" ILLUSTRATEO CARDS—*FREE with Set,* $576 in Toy $1, $5 and $10 BILLS! So MUCH ABSORBING INSTRUCTIVE ENTERTAINMENT—*ONLY $1.98 POSTPAID!*

Save Money on Gifts: Start a P.O. Route among kiddy Pen Pals—just $3.50 for 2 Sets, $6 for 4 Sets.

No C.O.O.'s. Order NOW: Oept. TW,

HOGE & GRENN
699 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 21

today's woman

Angel faces—fat little cherubs with outstretched wings will make appealing pin-ups. They'd be particularly nice over a baby's bed, in a little girl's room or flanking a dressing table. Each measures 6" wide. In flesh color with wings and hair brushed with gold; or wings tipped with turquoise and pale yellow hair; or all white. $1.25 each ppd. Holiday Products, Pontiac, Ill.

To give a man—a good set of poker chips that any inveterate poker-hound will treasure for the rest of his life. Catalin chips are stamped in gold with a full name or monogram. Set has 50 white, 25 red and 25 blue chips, packed in a nicely made, heavy plastic case. Box of 100 chips is $6 ppd. Franwal Co., Red Bank, N. J. No COD's.

Indoor-outdoor lights: The same lights may now be used for both. They are coated for weatherproofing and have washers to keep the sockets dry. Lights may be spaced at any distance on the cord, burn independently and up to 25 can be placed on one cord. Set shown is $3.25 ppd. Extra sockets with bulbs are 3 for $1. The Pecks, 932 E. 50th St., Chicago 15, Ill.

Christmas greens to make a home festive for the holidays. Use them for table, wall or mantel decorations; send them to friends. Selection includes boughs of pine, cedar and balsam, colored and natural pine cones, silver-colored twigs, leather leaves, wires and a folder of suggestions. $2 ppd. Pine-Pak Co., Two Harbors, Minn.

All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.



AS LOW AS $2.95 a box

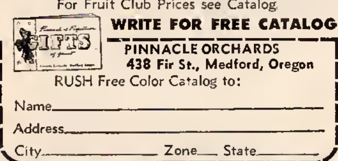
ORDER EARLY
EXPRESS PREPAID

● Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected — individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to U.S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift cards enclosed. Send gift list. No stamps. No C.O.D.'s.

DELIVERED PRICES (order by number)

No. 1—De Luxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$2.95
No. 2—De Luxe Box (18 to 24 pears)	4.75
No. 7—Asst. Fruit Chest (about 14 lbs.)	5.75
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For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.



WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
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RUSH Free Color Catalog to:

Name____________________
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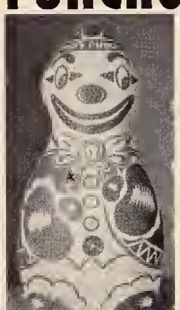
$4.00 postpaid

THE "TRIG" SINGING TEA KETTLE
West Bend's famous "Trig". Chromium on solid copper, 2½ qt., special trigger on cool Bakelite handle opens cap. Lifetime gift!

Sorry, No C.O.D's

KITCHEN CHARM
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PUNCHO the FIGHTING CLOWN



Don't overlook this fun-loving companion waiting to entertain the children on your Christmas list. Puncho is a lively, colorful tackling dummy, punching bag or wrestling partner, who smiles and always comes back for more.

Made of extra heavy vinylite, Puncho is a bright red and blue printed design on a yellow background.

Puncho comes in three sizes:

25" midget size—$2.00 post paid
40" junior size—$5.00 post paid
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Write for our free gift catalogue TW 11.

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Personalized
NAMECHAIN KEY CHAIN

Spells Your Name!

THE PERFECT GIFT

Each NAMECHAIN made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. Tax and postage included in price.

Durably Constructed

★ GOLD PLATED $3.50 STERLING ★ SILVER $7.00
1/20—14 Kt. Gold Filled.....$9.00
14 Kt. Solid Gold..........$48.00

NAMECHAIN MFG. CO.
19 E. Pearson St., Dept. G-2, Chicago 11



SET OF 6 STAINLESS STEEL

New Easy-Cut
STEAK KNIVES

● REVOLUTIONARY NEW EDGE MAKES CUTTING QUICKER . . . EASIER
● NEVER HAS TO BE SHARPENED

Unconditionally Guaranteed!

3-way edge simplifies cutting — eliminates "sawing" — and does away with all sharpening! Blades permanently razor-sharp . . . will not rust or stain. There is no other set like this available anywhere! Mirror-finished stainless steel blade set in polished fine grain rosewood handle . . . firm, secure and permanent — can NEVER come loose. Handsomely gift boxed. Order today. Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

ONLY $3.69 A SET

Grenville House
264 CANAL STREET, DEPT. W2
NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

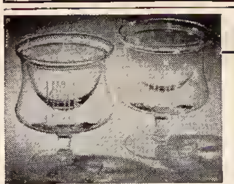
news! Nylon Sock Pacs

Our wonderful Knitting Pacs (complete with yarns, charts and easy directions) now come in *nylon!* Six fascinating designs to choose from, and eight different color combinations. $1.85 ea.

Write for free booklets.



Alice Maynard
Knitting Headquarters
558 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.



SEA FOOD SERVERS

For those important first impressions—serve sea food, fruit cup, madrilene in these sparkling, crystal goblets. Just fill glistening glasses with crushed ice. Food keeps fresh and frosty in snug-fitting removable glass liners. A wonderful parting gesture for frozen desserts, too. Personalized with handsome 3-letter monogram.

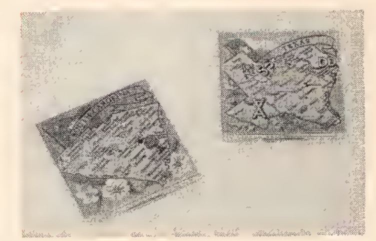
Set of 6 with monogram, $10.75 postpaid.
Set of 8 with monogram, $13.75 postpaid.
Set of 12 with monogram, $19.75 postpaid.

No C.O.D.'s please

EUNICE NOVELTIES, Dept. T-119
Our 10th Year
541 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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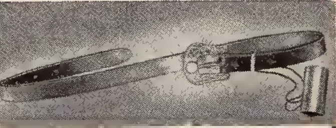






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GIFT-FIND!



Light-Up Belt

Amazing, startling, mystifying fun for boys and girls. A brown genuine leather belt with a "light-up" western buckle controlled by a small battery that tucks into a pocket. Operates safely at finger pressure. Belt comes with an extra plain buckle which can be snapped into place when the novelty wears off.

Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Price $1.75 postpaid.

Exclusively ours. Order today from:

GIFT FINDS
8 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

today's woman

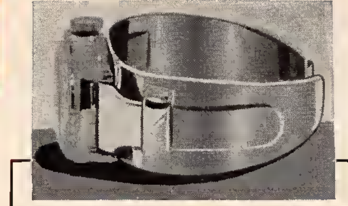
It's a table lighter designed to resemble a silver pipkin. Lighter is made of tarnish-proof metal with an ebony tenite handle, and makes a good-looking accessory on a coffee table or desk. It may be passed around by its handle, since it doesn't have to be held down to sustain flame. $12.50 ppd. Caryl-Ann, Box 361, Pikesville, Md.

Name your state and Elgin comes up with a compact to honor it. There's one for every state in the union, each with a map of its boundaries, its main cities and rivers, the state flower and flag. Enameled in color on a gold-colored background. $2.95 each plus 20c postage. Valrose, 358 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. No COD's.

Which came first—the chicken or the egg-cup? These little chicks barely hatched make charming egg-cups. They'll brighten up any breakfast table, and a set will make a nice gift that's not likely to be duplicated. Delicately colored, hand-painted ceramic egg-cups are four for $2, ppd. Carl Duncan, Box 483, Rye, N. Y.

Little Miss Sleepyhead apron makes good training habits a game. Tie this pint-size plastic apron on your small daughter and she'll be off in a flurry to brush her teeth, wash her face and do her nails. In the apron's pockets, she'll find toothbrush, toothpaste, washcloth, soap, an emery board and bubble-bath powder. $2.75 ppd. Little Linda Shop, Box 213, Highland Park, Ill.

All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.



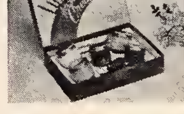
STREAMLINED WATCH BAND

Besides being so handsome, this highly polished, stainless Duralumin watch band fits his wrist lightly and comfortably. And it attaches, in a moment, to any watch. It's a practical, sure-to-be-liked gift. Sent postpaid, $1.25.

J. J. ANTHONY
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FASCINATING NEW HOBBY



No firing needed. No Mixing. Ready to use. Kit complete with five 2-oz. jars of different colored clay (pink, yellow, green, blue, white), stems and leaves. New, popular, profitable hobby. Create corsages, place cards, decorations, ear-rings, brooches. Simple to work, even for beginners. Non-toxic. Will not stain hands. Dries to hard, lustrous finish in a few hours. Illustrated instructions included.

KIT ONLY $2.25 PPD.

Extra colors, red and purple 45c ea. ppd.

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#70 STAGECOACH LAMP. Of copper with black rust proof finish for outdoor use. Bevelled glass panels. Wired. 13" high. $9.95

#71 PEWTER MUGS. Imported from China. Have hand etched Dragon motif. Holds 16 ounces of your favorite grog. Unusually low priced at $3.95 each or 6 for $22.00

Prices Include Postage — NO C.O.D.'s, Please!

ART COLONY INDUSTRIES, INC.
69 Fifth Avenue — New York 3, N. Y.

DONALD DUCK ROBES . . .



Infants sizes 2, 4, 6 $3.98

Misses sizes 7, 8, 10, 12 $4.98

Donald Duck himself, designed and woven in chenille, decorates this wonderful robe to thrill the heart of every youngster! Ideal for boys and girls alike, it keeps them warm as toast. Wonderfully practical in washable, preshrunk baby fine chenille that is color fast and needs no ironing. It's safe too, conforms to the California State fire laws covering chenille. Order them for your own youngsters or as gifts. In pink, blue, or white. Infants sizes, 2, 4, 6 just $3.98. Misses sizes 7, 8, 10, 12 just $4.98.

SEND NO MONEY, WE SHIP C.O.D. Or send cash, check or money order and save postage and C.O.D. charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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129 West Fifth St., Long Beach, Calif.

Please send me the following Donald Duck Robes:
☐ Infants size 2 4 6 (circle size) Color .... @$3.98
☐ Misses size 7 8 10 12 (circle size) Color .... @$4.98

Name ....

Address ....

City.......................... Zone...... State.........
Californians add 3% Tax



At last — a perfect container for your manicure accessories. The VANITRAY provides roomy compartments for a generous assortment of nail polish, remover and cuticle cream. Includes an efficient cotton dispenser and space for orange sticks, emory boards and files. Available in pink, blue, black and clear plastic. The finishing touch for your dressing table. Order by mail TODAY. . . No C.O.D., please.

ONLY $1.00 POSTPAID



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ERMINE CORSAGE

More luxurious than an orchid . . . and more lasting. A cluster of white ermine tails topped with pert velvet bow. A gay touch on any outfit.

3.95 postpaid

And in other shades . . .
Natural coffee-toned summer ermine tails in a cluster with blending velvet leaves.
Richly dyed deep brown ermine tails, again topped with two blending velvet leaves.

Fed. tax incl. No COD's please. Catalog on request.

HAROLD J. RUBIN
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Of course Santa Claus is astounded. You will be, too. Paddy O'Hair is as bald as a billiard ball. Make him grow a crop of Irish green hair, which lives for weeks. Seed and directions furnished. Lovable, unusual gift; 5 inches tall. Flesh colored durable pottery. Extra seed for replanting always available; 3 Pks. for 25¢.

Only $1.00 if paid with order or $1.36 if C. O. D.

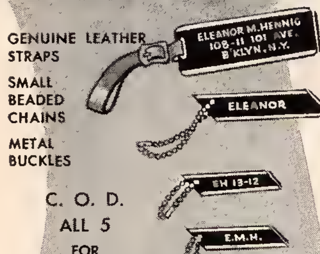
Unconditional Money Back Guarantee.

PADDY NOVELTY COMPANY
139 WASHINGTON AVENUE • GOLIAD, TEXAS



SPECIAL OFFER LUCITE LUGGAGE IDENTIFICATION TAGS

MODERN ENGRAVED PLASTIC DURABLE



GENUINE LEATHER STRAPS

SMALL BEADED CHAINS

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MRS.E.HENNIG 108-11 101 AVE. B'KLYN N.Y.

C. O. D. ALL 5 FOR $ 4.00 POST PAID

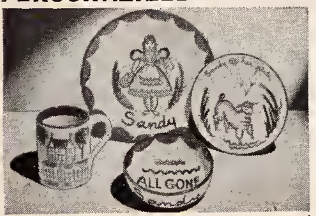
2 LUGGAGE TAGS 3¼"x1¼"x⅛"
1 KEY CHAIN 2½"x⅝"x⅛"
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1 AUTO LICENSE TAG 1½"x½"x⅛"

Your Choice of 5 Colors . . . Crystal Clear or Same with Black or Maroon Background. Fluorescent Red or Green

Print Name, Address, Initials and Auto License Number.

E & G PLASTIC CO.
108-11 - 101st AVENUE
RICHMOND HILL 19, N. Y.

EATING'S A GAME WITH *PERSONALIZED* POTTERY



Eating becomes a joy with THE ORIGINAL colorful stoneware set. Child's name and design hand-painted under glaze and fired in for permanence. Design differs for boy or girl. Set includes 9" dinner plate, 6" bread and butter plate, mug and bowl. Send child's name, sex. Safe delivery guaranteed. Make some child happy!

$5.00 postpaid. No C.D.D.'S please.

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Here's your chance to have fun and make a profit every month! The Fun & Profit Club sends you a complete handicraft kit every month. Each kit a surprise, each kit different. No extras to buy. For young and old, skilled or unskilled. Only $1 a month brings your kit postpaid—for fun and profit—or yearly membership for $10. Send $1 now for your first kit, instructions, free special folio of money-making ideas, club information. Use coupon below.

My $1 enclosed for my first Kit-of-the-Month.

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Street ....

City ....Zone ....State ....

CRANBERRY and CRYSTAL THUMBPRINT

glassware with the same original charm; made by the same original company. This beautiful warm pattern will make your table glow with mellow distinction.

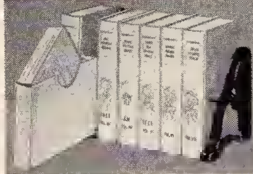
Bread and Butter or Canape Plates, $1.00 each postpaid.

Flared Cocktail Glasses..........$1.00 each postpaid.

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TERRY'S NEW CHEF-AN-ETTE



• AND WHAT A GIFT THEY MAKE •

The only recipe file that keeps your recipes in order without an index. Order yours today.
A seven volume recipe file, each volume hinged to a steel frame. Black design on lustrous white enamel. Overall dimensions 6½"x4"x8½". Comes with starter set of 68 recipes, 20 blank cards, has ample room for 700.
A wonderful decoration for your kitchen. The ideal gift for all occasions. Shower, wedding, birthday & Xmas.

7 Book Unit $3.50 — 5 Book Unit $3.00
Add 25c to cover packing and Postage.

Sorry, No C.O.D.'s. Order early.

TERRY'S ORIGIN-ETTES
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Leather and Gilt Compact Set

An unusually rich-looking compact and lipstick set in highly finished gilt metal adorned with fine calfskin back and front, with matching leather loop around lipstick holder. The owner's initials stamped in gold on the front complete this smart ensemble. In Red, Green, Wine or Brown. Size 3⅝" x 2½". Price **$5.25**, postpaid and giftboxed. Specify up to three initials when ordering (size of letters 3/16" deep). *Send for catalog of other smart gifts.*

Camalier & Buckley *Fine Leatherware*
1141 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.

WATCH YOUR YOUNGSTERS SPRUCE-UP WITH MIRROR-RACK!



ONLY $2.98 postpaid

Send cash, check or money order with first names. No C. O. D.'s, please.

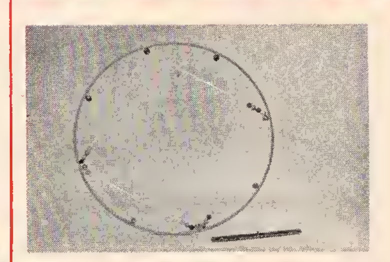
Helps form good grooming habits early by encouraging children in hair, teeth and hand care. Always at the right height as child grows!

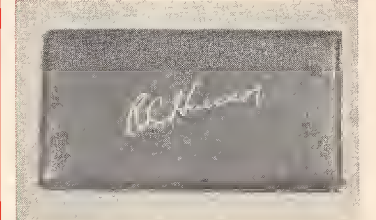
• Portable. • Personalized with first name. • Easily secured to wall by suction. • Unbreakable mirror. • Light, rustproof aluminum rack for towels, washcloths, etc.

• Colors: Blue, or pink.

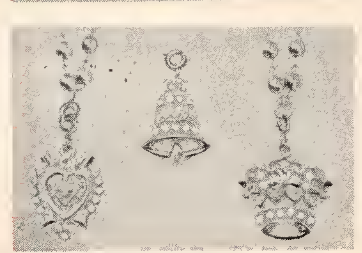
Josely Gifts Dept. EE, 1475 Broadway New York 18, N. Y.

.....shop with









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A Gift Any Woman Would Treasure



KNICK-KNACK WALL BRACKET

This graceful design, created in simplicity and beauty, has a modern blond or traditional mahogany finish.

An exquisite setting for your precious knick-knacks.

Size 12" by 14". $3.95 each. Sorry no COD's. Send check or money order to

ROBERT O. NORTON
15 Wilson Ave. Susquehana, Pa.

today's woman

Roll, roll, roll the hoop—and as it turns the wooden beads move back and forth and the bells tinkle. Hoop rolling is having a revival and the children will probably have trouble keeping their hoops from the adults. Red, blue, or yellow hoop in 22" size is $2 ppd.; in 28" size, $2.25 ppd. Bren Linda, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

A good job of forgery. Cigarette case in pin morocco has a signature across the top in golden metal. Wafer-thin case holds 18 cigarettes, comes in black or brown and is suitable for men or women. Include clear specimen of signature and allow 3 weeks. $14 includes tax, postage. Sterling signature, $17.50. Selden Cooper, George Vanderbilt Hotel, Asheville, N. C. No COD's.

Toy-toting sack. Child's first name in big red letters claims the bag for his own. He will use it to store toys, to carry them out to the yard or over to a friend's. Good for summer beach use, too. Bag is moisture-resistant rubberized fabric, over 24" long and 17" across. $1.79 ppd. Miles Kimball, 29 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.

Necklace or bracelet—it's both. Trifari's set of golden ball and link chain and charm is a necklace worn singly and converts to a bracelet by just doubling the chain. Comes with one of three charms—heart, bell or crown—all with rhinestones. $5.95 ppd. plus 20% tax. Extra charm is $2.95 plus tax. Richter's, 585 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.

LOSES 61 lbs.



REDUCING RECORDS

Prove to yourself, in just 7 days at home, that YOU, too, can take off pounds of excess weight. Reduce "spare-tire" waistline and bulging hips. FEEL BETTER the first day. WEIGH LESS the first week.

NO STARVATION DIETS —NO DRUGS

It's fun to "GET THIN TO MUSIC." You keep fit—stimulate circulation—follow nature's own laws. Regain your normal, healthy, well-proportioned figure NOW!

FREE PROOF

Accept this amazing offer of proof. You can soon start YOUR actual reduction. First reducing record and lesson sent prepaid and plainly wrapped. Try this full-sized, double-faced record 7 days at home. No payments to make now — no promise to pay later. Just an out-and-out FREE test as the coupon clearly states. Fill it in and mail today.

"When I made up my mind to really get serious about reducing, I lost 61 pounds with Wallace Records."

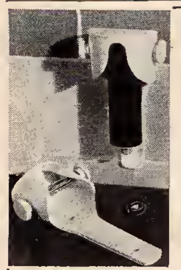
Mrs. Carleton D. Porter
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WALLACE RECORDS
Suite 1411 — 154 E. Erie St. — Chicago 11, Ill.

WALLACE, Suite 1411
154 E. Erie St., Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send record and first reducing lesson, FREE and postpaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record and lesson at the end of a 7-day trial. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ______________ Zone ____ State ____

ROLL-A-TUBE



HOLDER and DISPENSER

Made of acetate plastic with an aluminum shaft. Has no wearing parts and will not break. Easy to install and easy to use. Insert end of tube in slot and turn one quarter turn forward to lock tube in place. Turn knob as tooth paste, shaving cream or any tube materials are desired. To remove empty tube, pull down. Sanitary, economical and decorative. Three attractive pastel colors, blue, pink, and green, also black or white. Screws for installing are included.

Price 98c each plus 5c postage

ROLL-A-TUBE, INC.
Dept. 7 — Bedford, Ohio



★WHITNEY★ *Maple*

FURNITURE POLISH

Keep a satin sheen on your furniture with *the same polish used on famous Whitney Maple Furniture* at the factory. It preserves and beautifies maple and all fine antique or modern finishes. Not oily, not greasy, it gives a firm wax coating that will not show fingerprints, smear or gather dust. $1.00 per pint, postpaid. Use coupon.

W. F. WHITNEY, *Dept. N9*
South Ashburnham, Mass.

Enclosed find $.......... for .... pints of Whitney Maple Polish to be sent postpaid

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

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Order Now for Xmas
Wonderful as gifts for your own or any youngster. They'll love it. Order early for Xmas delivery.

Just the thing for your little ones. Now they can have their own little rockers. Hand-made in attractive, sturdy Ozark Red Oak with sanded oiled finish in natural Ozark color. Especially designed for active children from toddler stage to four years old. 22 inches high—won't tip or splinter.

Order your Tot's Rocker Today — **$3.95** Postpaid

OZARK ROCKERS Box 81 De Soto, Missouri

America's Oldest Coffee Mill

. . . is again available to discriminating coffee drinkers. There is only one way to capture true coffee flavor, and that is to grind immediately before making. This is the sure way to eliminate the harmful effect of air on ground coffee. The double adjustment knobs allow you to obtain any grind desired. Available in natural wood lacquered, or red or blue. The Eagle Mill has often been used as a spice grinder and has been adopted by collectors of bric-a-brac.



Write about our Coffee Mill Lamp, Kerosene Lamp and Sewing Bird.

$5.95 postpaid
Add 25c West of Miss.

Eagle Products
Box 84 A — Meriden, Conn.



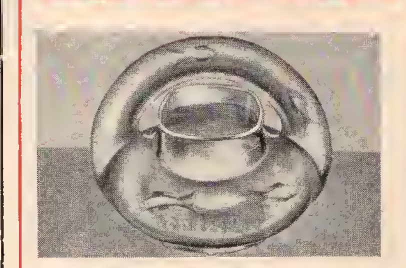
BEWITCHING NATIVES

Enchanting, unique reproduction in Hydrobisque. Handsomely finished in rich three tone walnut by skilled artists. Male 7⅛ in. tall, green earrings; female 6⅛ in. Superior workmanship. The gift for those of discriminating taste who have everything. Exclusively ours. Prompt shipment. $7.00 the pair, check or M. O.

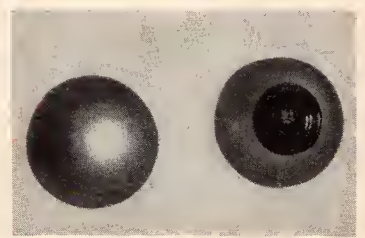
Sheesley's Studio, 1207 W. Washington, Boise, Idaho.



. . . . . *shop with*









Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by mail directly from the stores.

Handkerchiefs for Xmas— Estimates Submitted

IMPORTED Handkerchiefs from China, Madeira, Switzerland and Ireland, for Ladies, Men and Children, with and without initials.

Send $10.00, write us your requirements, and we will submit samples with estimate of boxed gift handkerchiefs, and so help to relieve you of some of your Christmas Gift Problems . . . this unusual service has been very much appreciated by the busy executive and the career woman.

You may purchase the sample handkerchiefs, or money refunded for any samples returned.

HANDKERCHIEF & LINEN GUILD
470 West 24th Street — New York 11, N. Y.

today's woman

Fish gotta swim... and here's a bowl that will make life much more interesting for the underwater set. Made of plastic, the bowl has a connecting overhead loop so that the fish can swim around in circles if they're so inclined. Fascinating to watch them make the trip. Bowl is $3.98 ppd. Bancroft's, 2435-37 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

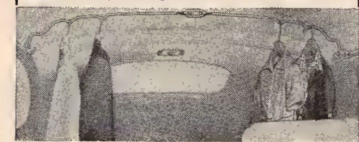
A clean sweep. After a long absence, the Bissell Little Queen toy carpet sweeper is back on the market in time for Christmas. Little girls will now be able to help their mothers with the housework with a sweeper that actually works. All metal with wood handle. $2.80 ppd. Reiss Brothers, 54 E. 59th St., New York 28, N. Y. No COD's.

Gaze into the crystal ball and see into the future. The fortune teller who uses this magic globe will be the hit of any party. Ask the crystal ball a question and ten seconds later the written answer will appear out of total darkness on the under side of the ball. $2.25 ppd. Gwendolyn Maloney, 170 E. 51st St., New York 22, N. Y.

Cuff links that clasp around the outside of French cuffs are a novel but practical Christmas gift for a man. Easier to fasten than the usual link that must be threaded through the cuffs. Gold-filled links engraved with two initials won't tarnish. $5.95 includes tax, postage, engraving. Hyde's, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.

NEW AUTO CLOTHES RACK
ENDS PACKING TROUBLES
Holds up to 32 garments FULL LENGTH



This amazing Hang-All Auto Wardrobe Rack fits flush with the roof of your car ABOVE doors or windows. Does not obstruct rear view vision or use of doors or windows. Attaches in seconds to any make or model car—instantly detachable if desired. Handsome nickel-plated steel rack will support one hundred pounds. Saves packing troubles—eliminates pressing bills—pays for itself the first trip. An unusual, practical Xmas gift. Send check, money order, or postal note today. $3.95 postpaid. Money back guarantee in 10 days.

DAMAR DISTRIBUTING CO.
Dept. TW11, 22 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.

REVERSIBLE WOOL HOOD

Here's a most flattering and versatile accessory. Wear it with either color out, and tie the ends under your chin or throw them back as a scarf. 100% virgin wool jersey—water repellent too. Lovely color combinations of navy and red, black and red, gray and scarlet, gray and hunter green, brown and powder blue. $4.95 postpaid.

Children's 100% wool jersey hood in navy or red. Fits boys and girls 3 to 10. $1.95.

Write for free catalog featuring selected New England merchandise—country apparel and accessories, quality gifts, food delicacies.

The unusual at reasonable prices



JOHNNY APPLESEED'S, INC.
Box 715 Beverly, Mass.

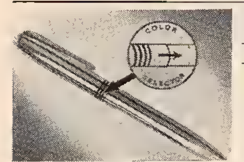


7 DAY PLACE MATS
3.50 ppd. a set

Set of seven washable place mats. Each with a Mother Goose rhyme and color picture children 3 to 6 especially love. A day of the week is stamped on the back of each. Sturdy and interesting, they may also be framed for child's room.

Write for FREE Christmas catalog.

YOUNG TREASURES, INC.—Dept. T
746 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21



Write In Four Colors
$2.95
Postpaid

Four-Riter is a guaranteed-for-life ball point pen that holds four different colored ink cartridges—red, blue, black and green, easily selected by just a gentle push on the top. The slim pen is 6" long and made of fine materials. No. L3304.

Write for Big Catalog . . . Free



Miles Kimball
KIMBALL BUILDING
29 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.

STOP FORGETTING!
Depend on the Pin-Up Helper
KITCHEN SECRETARY

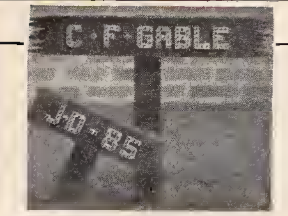
Cork surface board 12" x 13" simplifies housekeeping details. Gay red decorations. Complete with note paper, tacks, pencil.



$1.98 plus 25c postage

Write for Free Gift Catalog

GREENLAND STUDIOS
5700-T Wilkins Ave. Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



Abbey Day & Night Markers
made of Solid Carved California Redwood

Attractive—Durable—Weather Resistant

Shipped complete with 24" ground stake and screws—ready to install.
Complete marker with up to five 2" reflector letters or numerals $3.50
Complete marker with up to five 3" reflector letters or numerals $4.70
Extra 2" letters 45c each. Extra 3" letters 65c each
No charge for punctuation marks.
Not sold in stores. Shipped postpaid by

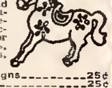
ABBEY DECORATIVE PRODUCTS CO.
Pleasant Valley T9, New York

IT'S EASY TO DECORATE
HOOKED RUGS FOR FUN AND PROFIT!

Make stunning Hooked Rugs in half the usual time. This big, new book, "HOOKED RUGS FOR FUN & PROFIT" shows you how! Amazing new methods to save time and work. PLUS more than 100 authentic and charming designs and patterns! DOZENS of novel effects such as stitched, knotted pile and "handkerchief" rugs.

CONTAINS EVERYTHING—ONLY $1 POSTPAID

DESIGNS FOR HOME DECORATING



Big, workable stencil designs and painting patterns for every decorative need and purpose. Contains designs in all sizes plus simple, picture-directions for hand painting or stenciling trays, fabrics, chests, gifts, leather, china, lamp-shades, etc.

50 PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH Designs	25¢
25 MEXICAN Designs	25¢
25 ANIMAL Designs	25¢
25 FRUIT & FLOWER Designs	25¢
25 CHINA & GLASS Designs	25¢
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
C.O.D.'s Accepted on $1 or More.

HOMECRAFTS 799 Broadway, Dept. TW-11 New York 3, N. Y.

YOUR name and address printed on colorful

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH
BRAND
PRESSURE SENSITIVE TAPE
(A PROD. OF MINNESOTA MIN. & MFG. CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.)

Ideal gift. Personalizes and labels in a jiffy.

Large Roll (500")...$3.50
Jumbo Roll (750")...$4.95

Dispenser Given With Each Order

This printed tape sticks everywhere . . . needs no moisture. The vivid backgrounds colorfully personalize your letters or gifts. Ideal for labeling checks, books, tools, sports equipment, records, etc. Seals envelopes and packages quickly.

Print name and address clearly. Indicate choice of White, Light Blue, Yellow, Silver. ¾" wide. Send check or money order today. No C.O.D.'s. Write Dept. TW11.

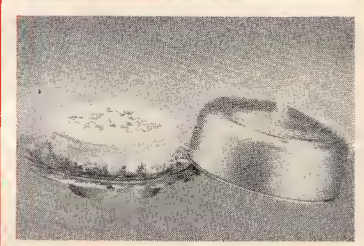
TRANSPARENT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
324 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

. . . . . shop with









Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by mail directly from the stores.

The WAY to MOM'S HEART is through BABY'S TUMMY!



Like a REAL MERRY-GO-ROUND, the animals of MERRY-GO-SIP go 'round and 'round as kiddies sip their milk! Fun for children—solution to Mommy's biggest problem! Will not spill when tipped. Colorful "long-life" plastic. Boxed.

No C.O.D's **$1.29** POSTPAID

Send for new catalog of Unusual Gifts

BREN LINDA Dept. TW, 545 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

today's woman

Junior navigator in a magnetic harbor. An ocean liner, a freighter and a four-masted schooner are maneuvered at will among the islands and docks of a painted sea, guided and powered under the play area by magnetic remote control. Board is 20¼" by 11¼" and is supported by steel legs. $2.45 ppd. Remotrol Co., 34 W. 37th St., New York 6, N. Y.

Buy of the month—a solid birch Lazy Susan at a price! Here's a wedding or Christmas gift that will be the center of attraction on a buffet table. Highly polished 13" tray revolves neatly on a felted base. $3.50 plus 50c postage. Chianti salt and pepper shakers are $1.10 ppd. Studio Shop, 557 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

Cray-on, Cray-off—it's as easy as that. Made from a soap base, Crayoffs are easily washed off all washable surfaces—furniture, walls, clothing and rugs. They last longer and won't break when dropped. Crayons and box of coloring cards that wipe clean to use again are $1.25 ppd. Randel Associates, 3203 Bergenline Ave., Union City, N. J.

Happy birthday to you—the Swiss music box base plays the tune while the crystal platter with the cake revolves. 11½" tray can be removed from the base, covered with the aluminum cover to store the birthday cake and keep it fresh. All three pieces are $5.98 plus 15c postage. Beaumond Dist., 133 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

All items except personalized ones may be returned and full refund will be made.



PERSONALIZED BIB SET for baby. Hand made of sturdy vinylite with pink or blue binding. Baby's first name hand-lettered in white. Easy to clean with damp cloth. Crumb-catcher pocket keeps food off floor and clothing. Cereal bowl is ivory polystyrene and is hand decorated and personalized to match. Set wrapped in cellophane and tied with bow $1.50 post paid.

PLEASE NO C.O.D.

SEND FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG

MADISON HOUSE, INC.,
25 POST ROAD, MADISON, CONN.



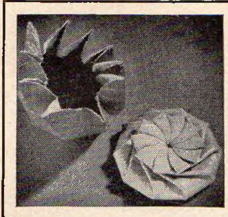
ELMER!—ELMER!!!

"Elmer" is guaranteed to promote abstinence. When the party starts he just sits there on your bar looking like any well behaved moron. After several rounds you surreptitiously turn "Elmer" around, and watch your guests' reaction. Height 8", hand painted ceramic.

$3.50 Postpaid—No C.O.D.s.

Send for Catalog of Smart Bar Accessories

the GAME ROOM
1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.



PETAL POUCH

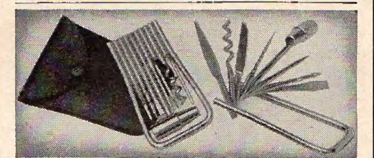
$1.00

Post-paid

A flat little 3" pouch, resembles a folded flower. To open, squeeze its sides slightly and there's your bus fare or newspaper change without fumbling. Genuine leather in lizard or alligator finish. Red, green, brown or black. Perfect for Xmas gifts.

Just $1.00 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

ELIZABETH McCAFFREY
200 West 16th St. Dept. T New York 11, N. Y.
Send for our catalog Mail Orders only



8 ROWe-O-Tools in Calfskin Case

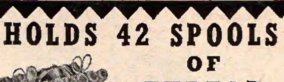
Handy compact set of 8 small hand forged, hand ground, hardened and bright nickeled tools. They consist of large and small size screw drivers, gimlet or drill, hammer, scriber, saw, cork screw and file. All fold flat in handle, but any one of tools when turned outward snaps rigidly into place for use. A useful item for housewives, motorists, travelers, sportsmen, hobbyist, office. AN IDEAL GIFT. Price **$3.95** ppd.

ROWE MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 4
1144 So. Broadway, Los Angeles 15, California



. . . Life-like, all-plush, excelsior-stuffed stroller horse. 20" high, 19" long, 9" wide. Mounted on all-metal wheel base—rubber tire steel wheels. Horse wears a simulated leather saddle and bridle. Sturdily built. No COD's. Send check or money order. Prompt delivery. Pay shipping charge on arrival. You must say this is an exceptional "buy" or your money back at once. *This unusual offer for limited time only.*

GUARANTY SALES CO.
226 West 42nd St., Dept. W5, New York 18, N. Y.





THREAD

COMPACT (7x3 in.)
WONDERFUL GIFT
LIGHTWEIGHT COLORFUL ALUMINUM

A unique spool holder that is the perfect sewing aid. Prevents tangled thread—speeds color matching—holds 42 spools of thread, plus 2 embroidery scissors. Available in rose or pastel blue. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED

SEND ONLY $1.00 plus 10c postage and handling for unfitted spoolholder.

- With protective transparent dust cover . . . $1.45 prepaid.
- With 42 spools of thread, 2 scissors & dust cover . . . . $4.95 prepaid.

Zierold Mfg. CO., Zierold Bldg.
1121 Chestnut St., Burbank 9, California

"Losa" Original Personalized Children's Tumbler Set $1.50 Postpaid

Tumbler is frosty white plastic, hand painted designs in pink, blue, or red. Matching nylon bristle brush. Child's own name on tumbler. Pink, Blue, or Red. Will Bend But Can't Break!

Available separately: Tumbler $1.00 pp. Brush 50c pp. Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.

La Palette 509 Fifth Ave. Dept. Y New York 17, N. Y.

"Losa" HAND-PAINTED FUR-TRIMMED CANADIAN SLIPPERS



Here's the warmest gift you can give! Genuine elk leather moccasins, cuffed with generous amount of dark fur. Left slipper hand personalized with first name. Right slipper is hand-painted with famous "Losa" hearts and flowers in gay contrasting colors.

Specify color: Wine, Red, Blue **$3.50** per pair postpaid

Specify sizes: 3 to 8 *No C.O.D.'s please*

Also available without name and in hearts and flowers design on both slippers, at the same price.

La Palette Gifts 509 Fifth Ave., Dept. MM New York 17, N. Y.

For him

La Palette's personalized barber pole bank attracts Gay Blades. An eye-catching, safe place for discarded razor blades. Red and white ceramic. Personalized with first name only $1.50 postpaid.

For her

Perfume Pencil. A mechanical writing pencil that doubles as a perfume dispenser. Tiny glass perfume vial is hidden in top. Choice of white, red, blue, green, and yellow, with gold trim. Personalized with first name. only $1.50 postpaid



La Palette 509 Fifth Avenue Dept. FF New York 17, N. Y.

[*Continued from page* 17]

I merely check photographs for questionable detail."

Subject A with Al Dorne is The Institute of Commercial Art. This is a brand-new home study course in art, established only a year ago by thirteen famous artists like Jon Whitcomb, Norman Rockwell, Ben Stahl, etc. As President of it, Al has put into it two years of Trojan work, and rightfully boasts that the school is not only beginning to make money, but is doing a wonderful job for aspiring artists.

Most of all, he loves to tell about the letters from students. Every student taking the course is required to send in four assignments a month. When these arrive the teacher takes out his records on the pupil, lays a sheet of tissue over the student's work to draw suggested improvements, then writes a long letter of criticism. Almost all students write thank-you letters. "You can't get tough enough," they say.

Probably Al Dorne was once the last person who expected to head an art school. He was never inside an art school until the time he entered one to lecture to a group of students. He learned the demands a printer makes on an artist the hard way—by working in a studio and "seeing how my beautiful work looked when it came back from the printer."

Al Dorne is a man of the world now, well-traveled, and acquainted in the world of movie stars, corporation presidents and famous literary and art figures. Where did he come from? "New York."

"How much of your life have you spent in the city?"

"I never saw a cow until I was twenty-one. They had only sheep in Central Park."

A childhood spent without a look at a cow? Unbelievable. "You mean, you were never outside of Manhattan?"

"I went to New Jersey for four months when I was ten," he admitted. "But no cows. It was wintertime. I went to Washington once. But I went on a night train. No cows."

This struck us as a serious handicap to an ambitious artist. "Oh no," he said, "I drew lots of cows before I ever saw one."

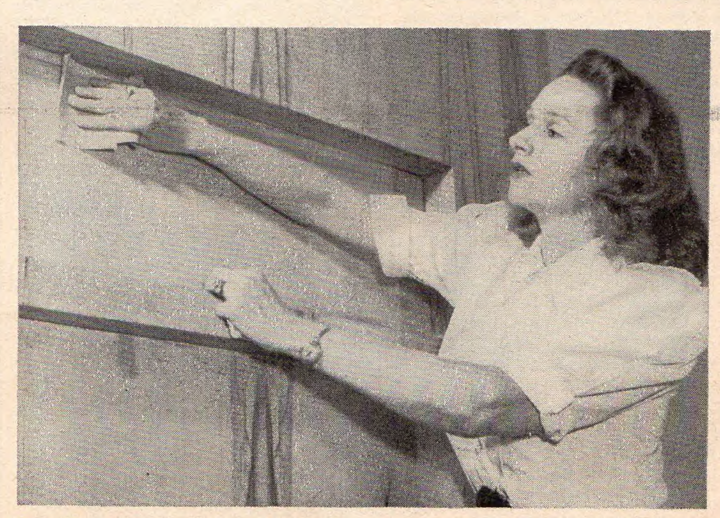
★★★We're proud to have a newcomer to TODAY'S WOMAN this month, Mary Fassett Hunt, author of Listening Heart (page 41). This is by no means her first story; Mrs. Hunt has written for twelve years, with many short stories to her credit and one novel, Family Affair.

She has one child, a son and, she says ruefully, "at the present time, only three boxer dogs. In the past we have had as many as twenty in all stages of development. I have done about a dozen stories about boxers for Boxer Briefs, a magazine which is devoted entirely to that breed."

Mrs. Hunt sent us a picture of herself, taken just before the Hunts moved into their new house in Birmingham, Alabama. "It shows me presumably sandpapering the paneling over the fireplace," she explains. "Something the photographer dreamed up."

★★★For all of you who "can't take the children, and can't leave them either": The great French Line ship, Ile de France, has two children's playrooms and two children's dining rooms.

And if you have dogs as well as children? You will be pleased to know that a special menu is printed for the ship's kennels—in French!—*G. E. R.*



Mary Fassett Hunt, author of the perceptive short story Listening Heart, loves writing, children and boxer dogs. The Hunt family roster: one child, three boxers



they do it on a budget





Jane wants us to come, too. Let's do...maybe we'll find out how they can afford to have company so often



This Port wine is wonderful, Jane. You say it costs only a few cents a glass to serve? And it's so easy. Just cool and serve

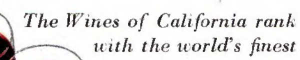
Port Wine *YOU'LL FIND, COSTS SO LITTLE . . . ADDS SO MUCH*

YOUR BUDGET needn't hold you back. If you'd *like* to entertain more often, just try serving wine.

When you have folks in for an evening, serve simple refreshments . . . *and Port wine. Easy?* You just cool the wine and serve. *Smart?* See how much your guests like Port wine. And it's *economical*, too. Actually, Port wine costs only a few cents a glass to serve.

Choose a California Port. For the wines of California are favored by seven out of eight American families who serve wine. You will find the wines of California featured whereever wine is sold.

For other good ways to entertain smartly and economically, write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, for the free booklet, "Easy Entertaining with the Wines of California."



California soil and climate are ideal for over 125 famous wine-grape varieties. From the pure fresh juice, California produces choice Sauternes and Rhine wines, Burgundies and Zinfandels for your dinner table...rich, full-bodied Ports to go with desserts and cheese . . . and fine Sherry wines to serve with light refreshments




BETTY CROCKER OF GENERAL MILLS

Betty Crocker's Cake Mix Secrets help

HUSBANDS BEAT WIVES

in cake baking contests from coast to coast

NOW EVEN AMATEURS BAKE BETTER CAKES THAN EXPERIENCED HOMEMAKERS USING THEIR BEST 2-EGG RECIPES

LOU'S CAKE A LULU!

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Caligaris of San Francisco

Large . . . light . . . and de-luscious! Lou Caligaris, like scores of husbands in coast-to-coast contests, baked a better cake with Party Cake Mix than his wife baked with her best 2-egg recipe. The kind of cake *you'd* like to bake for the most important dinner you'll ever serve . . . or to turn a regular dinner into a special occasion.

This larger, lighter, more luscious cake is made from Betty Crocker PartyCake Mix, water and 2 fresh eggs. If you want cakes like this, always insist on Betty Crocker PartyCake . . . a fresh-egg cake mix.

EASY ICING RECIPES THAT ARE TOPS FOR PARTYCAKES

With every PartyCake package, there are 4 simple basic recipes which you can vary to make scores of easy, glamorous icings. This Betty Crocker icing folder is a treasure you'll long cherish.

WHY *Betty Crocker Fresh-egg Cake Mixes give you larger, lighter, more luscious cakes!*

FRESH EGGS Mean Consistently Better Cakes. That's why Betty Crocker wants you to add them right in your own kitchen. She wants you to get light, rich, lovely cakes, that melt in your mouth.

BETTY CROCKER'S FAVORITE RECIPES—measured and blended more accurately than they could be at home. Recipes never released because they call for an ingredient unavailable in stores.

SPECIAL CAKE SHORTENING YOU CAN'T BUY In Stores—The shortening that goes into these Betty Crocker Cake Mixes is an improved special shortening developed only for fine cake making.

PREMIUM QUALITY CAKE FLOUR—Only Softasilk, milled for cakes alone, is used in Betty Crocker Mixes. This means high cakes, with a texture fresh from a dream . . . real Betty Crocker cakes!

General Mills

Betty Crocker Ginger Cake Cooky mix

Spicy Rich As Gingerbread, Tender Light As Cake

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